Robert Johnson, Love In Vain (Take 2)

And I followed her to the station, with my1 suitcase in my hand And I followed her to the station, with my1 suitcase in my hand Well, it's hard to tell, it's hard to tell, when all your love's in vain All my love's in vain

When the train rolled up to the station, I looked her in the eye When the train rolled up to the station, and I looked her in the eye Well, I was lonesome, I felt so lonesome, and I could not help but cry All my love's in vain

When the train, it left the station, with two lights on behind When the train, it left the station, with two lights on behind Well, the blue light was my blues, and the red light was my mind All my love's in vain

Ou hou ou ou ou, hoo, Willie Mae Oh oh oh oh oh hey, hoo, Willie Mae Ou ou ou ou ou ou hee vee oh woe All my love's in vain

Note 1: alternatively "a" instead of "my"