

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";