

Tarnation, Is She Lonesome Now

Is she lonesome now ? Is she all alone ?
I wonder where that good gal's gone ?
Hear the whistle blow, hear the tracks moan
I hear the train coming home.
Lonesome is the name of the north bound train,
The hills are green she's gone.
Has she made up her mind to leave sorrow behind,
On her way back home?
There is a place where her shining face still smiles.
Does she sing a sad song or is she glad I'm gone ?
I hear her voice laugh in a dream.
How near she seemed when she whispered her sad farewell