

The Be Good Tanyas, The Littlest Birds

Well I feel like an old hobo,
I'm sad lonesome and blue
I was fair as the summer day
Now the summer days are through
You pass through places
And places pass through you
But you carry 'em with you
On the soles of your travellin' shoes

Well I love you so dearly I love you so clearly
Wake you up in the mornin' so early
Just to tell you I got the wanderin' blues
I got the wanderin' blues
And i'm gonna quit these ramblin' ways one of
these days soon
And I'll sing

The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs...

Well it's times like these
I feel so small and wild
Like the ramblin' footsteps of a wanderin' child
And I'm lonesome as a lonesome whippoorwill
Singin these blues with a warble and a trill
But I'm not too blue to fly
No I'm not too blue to fly cause

The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs...

Well I love you so dearly
I love you so fearlessly
Wake you up in the mornin' so early
Just to tell you I got the wanderin' blues
I got the wanderin' blues
And I don't wanna leave you
I love you through and through

Oh I left my baby on a pretty blue train
And I sang my songs to the cold and the rain
I had the wanderin' blues
And I sang those wanderin' blues
And I'm gonna quit these ramblin' ways
One of these days soon
And I'll sing...

The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs....

I don't care if the sun don't shine
I don't care if nothin' is mine
I don't care if I'm nervous with you
I'll do my lovin' in the wintertime