

Walter Davis**"Don't the Clouds Look Lonesome?"**

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Don't the clouds look lonesome
Out across the deep blue sea?
Don't the clouds look lonesome
Out across the deep blue sea?
Don't my baby look good?
She's comin' after me.

Got the blues about my baby,
Detroit is on my mind;
Got the blues about me, baby,
Detroit is on my mind;
She live way out on the corner,
Way down on Slade and Vine.

Don't cry, baby,
Your papa will be home someday;
Don't cry, baby,
Your papa will be home someday;
I went away, baby,
But I did not go to stay.

Look at that long old freight train,
Rolling round the bend,
Look at that long old freight train,
Rolling round the bend,
A long time, baby,
'Fore you see my face again.

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