

## **Billie Holiday** **"Deep Song"**

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George Cory / Douglass Cross

Lonely grief is hounding me  
Like the lonely shadow hounding me  
It's always there just out of sight  
Like a fragling tree on a lightening night  
Lonely wind cries out my name

Sad as haunted music in the rain  
It's born of grief and born of woe  
But I hear it call and I've got to go  
Where can I be headed for  
The blues call in my north

To lick my heart once more  
Love lives in a lonely land  
Where there's no helping hand to understand  
Why does it bring this hate to me  
Why it don't matter why  
I only know misery has to be part of me  
Never hope to count on love  
To be a partner of that heaven above  
Never hope to understand  
Love is a barrel land  
A lonely land, a lonely land

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