

Alison Krauss

"Blue & Lonesome"

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The lonesome sound of a train going by, Make me
wanna stop and cry.

I recall the day he took you a way, I'm blue, I'm
lonesome, too.

When I'm hear that whistle blow, I wanna pack my
suitcase and go,

The lonesome sound of a train going by, Make me
wanna stop and cry.

In the still of the night, in the pale moonlight, The wind
it moans and sighs.

There awful blues, I just can't lose. I'm blue, I'm
lonesome, too.

When I'm hear that whistle blow, I wanna pack my
suitcase and go,

The lonesome sound of a train going by, Make me
wanna stop and cry.

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