

Holiday Billie

"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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