

# B. J. Thomas And The Triumphs, I'm So Lonesome

Hear the lonesome whippoorwill  
He sounds too blue to fly  
The midnight train is winding low  
I'm so lonesome I could cry  
I've never seen a night so long  
Where time goes crawling by  
The moon just went behind a cloud  
To hide its face and cry

The silence of a falling star  
Lights up a purple sky  
And as I wonder where you are  
I'm so lonesome I could cry  
I'm so lonesome I could cry  
I'm so lonesome I could cry