

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