

Deep Song

Billie Holiday

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 it 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 up above
Never hope to understand, love is a barrel land
A lonely land, a lonely land