

## Lonesome Picker

Jim Sullivan

I often get the feeling that I'm talking to the wind and no one  
hears  
No one listens in  
Then I start singing songs and music makes the whole world feel  
like home  
Sing a song and you're not alone

Lilly McLean, you are standing in the rain and you are cold  
Hungry and afraid  
And you're waiting for the sunrise, the sunrise makes you feel  
very small  
Darling Lilly, aren't we all?

Oh I'm believing, believing  
Believing that when I'm dead and gone  
Baby, some lonesome picker will find some healing in this song

Yeah Julie get the gun, and throw it in the river, let it roll  
Far on out to sea  
Let it carry the confusion, all the worry and the hatred here i  
n me  
A river rolling out to sea

Oh I'm believing, believing  
Believing that when I'm dead and gone  
Baby, some lonesome picker will find some healing in this song  
Yeah maybe some lonesome picker gonna find some healing in this  
song  
Baby, some lonesome picker just like me