Lonesome and Dry As a Bone

Joe Diffie

The shadows are creeping across the dirt mound
Way down in the bottoms below
And the willows are weeping a sad mournful sound
That whispers she ain't coming home

And the moon rides high in the cottonwood trees
And the last birds of summer have flown
I'm high as a pine upon sycamore ridge
Lonesome and dry as a bone
Lonesome and dry as a bone

The springtime came early along with it rain
And the fever was going around
It took the hand of my darling, my prayers were in vain
Now she's laying in the cold, cold ground

And the moon rides high in the cottonwood trees

And the last birds of summer have flown
I'm high as a pine upon sycamore ridge
Lonesome and dry as a bone
Lonesome and dry as a bone

Whoa, how I loved her and lost her
But somehow I keep hanging on
No doubt I'm bound for a lifetime
Lonesome and dry as a bone
Lonesome and dry as a bone

And the moon rides high in the cottonwood trees
And the last birds of summer have flown
I'm high as a pine upon sycamore ridge
Lonesome and dry as a bone
Lonesome and dry as a bone

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!