

# Lonesome Day Blues

## “LOVE AND THEFT” - 2001

Well, today has been a sad ol' lonesome day  
Yeah, today has been a sad ol' lonesome day  
I'm just sittin' here thinking  
With my mind a million miles away

Well, they're doing the double shuffle, throwin' sand on the floor  
They're doing the double shuffle, they're throwin' sand on the floor  
When I left my long-time darlin'  
She was standing in the door

Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed in the war  
Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed in the war  
My sister, she ran off and got married  
Never was heard of any more

Samantha Brown lived in my house for about four or five months  
Samantha Brown lived in my house for about four or five months  
Don't know how it looked to other people  
I never slept with her even once

The road's washed out—weather not fit for man or beast  
Yeah, the road's washed out—weather not fit for man or beast  
Funny how the things you have the hardest time parting with  
Are the things you need the least

I'm forty miles from the mill—I'm droppin' it into overdrive  
I'm forty miles from the mill—I'm droppin' it into overdrive  
Got my dial set on the radio  
I'm telling myself I'm still alive

I see your lover-man comin'—comin' 'cross the barren field  
I see your lover-man comin'—comin' 'cross the barren field  
He's not a gentleman at all—he's rotten to the core  
He's a coward and he steals

Well my captain he's decorated—he's well schooled and he's skilled  
My captain, he's decorated—he's well schooled and he's skilled  
He's not sentimental—don't bother him at all  
How many of his pals have been killed  
Last night the wind was whisperin', I was trying to make out what it was  
Last night the wind was whisperin' somethin'—I was trying to make out what it was  
I tell myself something's comin'  
But it never does

I'm gonna spare the defeated—I'm gonna speak to the crowd

I'm gonna spare the defeated, boys, I'm going to speak to the crowd  
I am goin' to teach peace to the conquered  
I'm gonna tame the proud

Well the leaves are rustlin' in the wood—things are fallin' off of the shelf  
Leaves are rustlin' in the wood—things are fallin' off the shelf

You gonna need my help, sweetheart  
You can't make love all by yourself

