

# Rhonda Vincent, Lonesome Wind Blues

I hear the wind a-blowing through the lonesome pine  
And I know my love is gone too  
I hear the wind a-blowing through the lonesome pine  
That's why I'm blue, love, so blue

He's gone so far away that's why I'm grieving  
He's left me here alone among the trees  
And all that I have left is just a memory  
And it always haunts me with a breeze

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I'll leave the day they try to find my darling  
I don't know where on earth he can be  
I know that I can't ever live without him  
For each night in dreams his face I see

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