

## 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