

High Lonesome

Sheb Wooley

The fur trader's endless quest
Brought him to the peaks of the great Northwest
And he called the mountains High Lonesome

I hear the old High Lonesome callin' me callin' me
There on the old High Lonesome I'll be free I'll be free
To live my life the way I choose

The land they call High Lonesome mountains high as the sky
Sometimes it's oh so lonesome I could die I could die
But there alone my soul's my own

I hear you old high lonesome callin' me callin' me
Oh I hear you old high lonesome callin' me callin' me