

# 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