

# Lonesome Whistle

## Mandolin Orange

All eyes out on the railroad,  
all eyes out on the sea.  
All these mean of travel darling  
mean nothing once your soul has been set free.  
So hear that lonesome whistle blowing,  
in the shadows of the sin. Winds are high and the tides are flowing, that high ball's rolling down the rail. Little red  
bird in the corn,  
there's a black bird at the door.  
And Lord I know if he should ever cross over the blood would hit the floor.  
So hear that lonesome whistle blowing,  
hear that engine call from line.  
See those black sails meet horizon,  
that old black bird knows its time.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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