

Lonesome Standard Time

Kathy Mattea

Do you feel a kindred spirit, to the sound of pouring rain?
Does your heart start to yearning when you hear a distant train?
If you'd like to take that train and ride, to someone left behind
You don't need the wind to tell you, you're on lonesome standard time
Do you sit alone and think about, an old
love from the past?
Do you feel a bit more empty every time you raise your glass?
The memory of his kisses sends a shiver up your spine
You don't need a watch to tell you, you're on lonesome standard time
When you hear the little sad songs, do you
hang on every word?
Do you swear a crying fiddle, has the sweetest sound on earth?
If you shudder at the music of a hoedown in the pines
You're on lonesome standard time
There's a bigger clock a-ticking, it crosses every zone
The first time your old heart broke, was the time you turned it on
It don't never need a-winding 'cause if it works like mine
Well, there ain't no doubt about it, you're on lonesome standard time
Oh, when you hear the little sad songs, do
you hang on every word?
Do you swear a crying fiddle, has the sweetest sound on earth?
If you shudder at the music of a hoedown in the pines
You're on lonesome standard time
Well if you shudder at the music of a hoedown in the pines
You're on lonesome standard time

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