

# 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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