

Deep Song (1945-48) (George Cory, Douglas Cross)

[Billie Holiday](#)

Lonely grief is hounding me
Like the lonely shadow hounding me
It's always there just out of sight
Like a fragling dream on a lightening nightLonely wind cries out my name
Sad as haunted music in the rain
It's born of grief and born of woe
But I hear it call and I've got to goWhere can I be headed for
The blues call in my north
To lick my heart once more
Love lives in a lonely land
Where there's no helping hand to understandWhy does it bring this hate to me
Why it don't matter why
I only know misery has to be part of me

Songwriters

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