

Moanin'

Hank Snow

Moanin' my life slowly away
Sittin' here waitin' for the new commin' day
They try to cheer me as I trudge on my way moanin' for you
Can't seem to hide it and why should I try
Good Lord he knows it up there in the sky
A million heartaches with your last goodbye left me moanin' for you
Work these poor fingers way down to the
bone
When things seemed right my whole world went wrong
Since I found your letter baby sayin' so long I've been moanin' for you
[steel]
They find me alone at the close of the day
Counting each petal from your rose bouquet
Guess I'll be here till eternity moanin' for you
This old rocking chair I have rocked it apart
The last spark of flame in my fireplace is dark
But this old flame that's burning deep down in my heart
Keeps me moanin' for you
Work these poor fingers...

Songwriters

SNOW, HANK Published by

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