Lonesome and Dry As a Bone

Ricky Skaggs

The shadows are creepin', across the dirt mound, way down in the bottoms below
And the willows are weepin', A sad mournful sound, that says she ain't comin' home
Chorus
And the moon rides high in the cottonwood trees, and the last birds of summer have flown
I'm high as a pine up on sycamore ridge, Lonesome and dry as a bone, Lonesome and dry as a bone
The springtime came early, along with it rain, and the fever was goin' around
It took the hand of my darlin', my prayers were in vain, now she's layin' in the cold, cold ground
Chorus
And the moon rides high in the cottonwood trees, and the last birds of summer have flown
I'm high as a pine up on sycamore ridge, Lonesome and dry as a bone, Lonesome and dry as a bone
Whoa how I loved her and lost her, but somehow I keep hangin' on, no doubt I'm bound for a lifetime
Lonesome and dry as a bone, lonesome and dry as a bone
Chorus
And the moon rides high in the cottonwood trees, and the last birds of summer have flown
I'm high as a pine up on sycamore ridge, Lonesome and dry as a bone, Lonesome and dry as a bone

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