

# **Cold, Drunk, and Lonesome**

**Written by: Thomas Porter**

I'm restless sleepin', I'm down here on the floor  
It's been like this since yesterday, and every day before  
I sit here by the window, and watch the trains roll by  
I'm cold, drunk, and lonesome, with you on my mind

That train whistle's blowin', it's calling out my name  
I got no use to be here, to wallow in this shame  
I've got no possessions, All I got is time  
I'm cold, drunk, and lonesome, with you on my mind

Preacher said on Sunday, you reap just what you sow,  
Well I don't know just what I did, to make these thorns to grow  
But I asked the Lord to give me peace, that somethin' I can't find  
I'm cold, drunk, and lonesome, with you on my mind

I'm restless sleepin', I'm down here on the floor  
And I watch that old world go by, out through the boxcar door  
And my body's growin' weary, and I'm too sick to cry  
I'm cold, drunk, and lonesome, with you on my mind

I'm cold, drunk, and lonesome, with you on my mind.