

Vonda Shepard, Alone again

In a little while from now
If I'm not feeling any less sour
I promise myself to treat myself
And visit a nearby tower
And climbing to the top will throw myself off
In an effort to make it clear to whoever
What it's like when you're shattered
Left standing in the lurch at a church
Where people saying: "My God, that's tough"
"She stood him up"
"No point in us remaining"
"We may as well go home"
As I did on my own
Alone again, naturally
To think that only yesterday
I was cheerful, bright and gay
Looking forward to, who wouldn't do?
The role I was about to play?
But as if to knock me down
Reality came around
And without so much as a mere touch
Cut me into little pieces
Leaving me to doubt
Talk about God in His mercy
Who, if He really does exist,
Why did He desert me?
In my hour of need
I truly am indeed
Alone again, naturally
It seems to me that there are more hearts
Broken in the world that can't be mended
Left unattended
What do we do? What do we do?
(instrumental interlude)
Alone again, naturally
Looking back over the years
And whatever else that appears
I remember I cried when my father died
Never wishing to hide the tears
And at sixty-five years old
My mother, God rest her soul
Couldn't understand why the only man
She had ever loved had been taken
Leaving her to start with a heart so badly broken
Despite encouragement from me
No words were ever spoken
And when she passed away
I cried and cried all day
Alone again, naturally
Alone again, naturally