

Amazulu, The Things The Lonely Do

Close my eyes and count to ten
I go to work and back again
There ain't nothing in between
The things the lonely do

I go thumbing through the invites
Always settle for the low lights
I don't like to fill my life
With things the lonely do

I don't try to understand the talk at parties
'Cause I'm never free
I don't try to make believe the invitations
Are meant for me

Oh, independence always looked fine
So one day I thought I'd make it mine
But I never talk about
The things the lonely do
Are you lonely too

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No, nothing
(Are you lonely too)
Nothing
No, nothing
(Are you lonely too)
Nothing
No, nothing
(Are you lonely too)
Nothing
No, nothing
(Are you lonely too)
No, nothing
Nothing.