

Billie Holiday, Left Alone

Billie Holiday / Mal Waldron

Where's the love that's made to fill my heart?
Where's the one from whom I'll never part?
First they hurt me, then desert me
I'm left alone, all alone

There's no house that I can call my home
There's no place from which I'll never roam
Town or city, it's a pity

I'm left alone, all alone

Seek and find they always say
But up to now it's not that way
Maybe fate has let him pass me by
Or perhaps we'll meet before I die
Hearts will open, but until then

I'm left alone, all alone