

Billie Holiday, SOLITUDE

Duke Ellington / Eddie DeLange / Irving Mills

In my solitude

You haunt me

With dreadful ease

Of days gone by

In my solitude

You taunt me

With memories

That never die

I sit in my chair

And filled with despair

There's no one could be so sad

With gloom everywhere

I sit and I stare

I know that I'll soon go mad

In my solitude

I'm afraid

Dear Lord above

Send back my love