

Connie Smith, How Much Lonelier Can Lonely Be

(How much lonelier can lonely be)

In my world there's no green grass or roses and the rainbow in the sky is grey to me

There's no letter in the mailbox from my baby well how much lonelier can lonely be

When a robin sings to me he sounds unhappy

And the smile is something I no longer see

I can't even hear a little baby laughing well how much lonelier can lonely be

I forsake my very last possession if I could live one yesterday with you

Without you in my arms my world is empty

And cold without the warm love we once knew

Sunrise finds me staring at the ceiling and crying cause the hurt won't let me sleep

Every day without you grows more lonely but how much lonelier can lonely be

But how much lonelier can lonely be