

Ed Bruce, Lonesome Is Me

Did you ever say I'm lonesome and stop to wonder really what lonesome is
Lonesome is a little boy standing in a crowd a telephone ringing in an empty house
Lonesome is an autumn leaf that first falls from its tree lonesome is me

Lonesome is a footstep with out of place to go
Or summer is last robin in winter's first snow
Lonesome is a little dog lost out in the street lonesome is me
Lonesome is an empty bottle a half filled glass of wine
The sound that a clock makes when all you have is time
Lonesome is a heart that breaks when love has turned to hate
The dying sun at the close of day
Lonesome is a jail of tears that won't set me free lonesome is me
Lonesome is me lonesome is me