

# Ella Fitzgerald, All By Myself

I'm so unhappy  
What'll I do?  
I long for somebody who  
Will sympathize with me  
I'm growing so tired of living alone  
I lie awake all night and cry  
Nobody loves me  
That's why

All by myself in the morning  
All by myself in the night

I sit alone with a table and a chair  
So unhappy there  
Playing solitaire

All by myself I get lonely  
Watching the clock on the shelf

I'd love to rest my weary head on somebody's shoulder  
I hate to grow older  
All by myself