

Feist, Lonely Lonely

Water, water on the seeds
To my left they rose and leaf
To my right cross Seven Seas

Maybe maybe they'll stay true
My seeds will cross and then take root
And leave you to an empty room
Lonely, lonely that is you
Lonely, lonely that is you

Paper paper obsolete
How will you reach out to me
I thought you'd ask me not to leave
Lonely, lonely that is me
Lonely, lonely that is me

Distance makes the heart grow weak
So that the mouth can barely speak
Except to those who hide their needs
And I have read the golden seal
That tells of how the seedlings feel
Reminds my heart what love can yield

By my only things are clear
Baby boy I'm staying here
Lonely, lonely that was you
Lonely and so untrue