

# Gene Watson, One Sided Conversations

If I must live alone, I'd rather do it by myself  
For I've never known a mirror to shake it's head and turn and walk away  
Lookin' at myself and all the things that I believe in  
Left dying in the silence of the things you never say.

I'm sleeping by myself, somehow I've never had you  
Oh, I wish I knew the reason, I'm sure there's an answer to it all  
Talking to myself is something else that I've grown used to  
One-sided conversations with a narrow-minded wall.

Talk to me, oh, can't you see  
That I can't bear to give my dream to someone  
Who would stand and let it fall.

A prisoner to myself, I'm the only one that holds me  
In one-sided conversations with a narrow-minded wall.  
In one-sided conversations with a narrow-minded wall.