

# Graham Coxon, R U Lonely

When all the nights are dream  
And not really what they seem  
I'd cut my hair in spite  
And set my hands on fire  
Are you lonely?  
Are you lonely?  
Are you lonely?

In the daylight hours  
I go out and kill the flowers  
Faces all too clear  
Keep on looming near

Are you lonely?  
Are you lonely?  
Are you lonely?