

The Rutles, Lonely-Phobia

You look forlorn
Too tired to yawn
As pale as the moon
on a bright afternoon

Your face is drawn
You've got Lonely-Phobia
and I only hope ya
get better

You sit and stare
beyond all care
But mirrors don't lie
and the look in your eye

is showing your despair
You've got Lonely-Phobia
and I only hope ya
get better

Another love could set you free
but you're afraid to go
Another love may prove to be
no better than the devil you know

It's late at night
You feel uptight
Your lover's in bed
while the thoughts in your head

are far from light
You've got Lonely-Phobia
and I only hope ya
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