

Vonda Shepard, Alone Again, Naturally

To think that only yesterday
I was cheerful, bright and gay
Looking forward to who wouldn't do
The role I was about to play
But as if to knock me down, reality came around
And without so much, as a mere touch
Cut me into little pieces
Leaving me to doubt
Talk about God and His mercy
Who if He really does exist
Why does He desert me?
In my hour of need I truly am indeed
Alone again, naturally

Seems to me that there are more hearts
Broken in the world that can't be mended
Left unattended
What do we do, what do we do?