

# Waterdeep, The Worst Is My Being Alone

"Aaron, have you ever had a burning in your chest  
That made you just want to be free?"  
It was a warm afternoon when she asked him this,  
As they sat on the shore of the sea

Well, Aaron just tugged at his hair and he took  
A very long time to reply  
And by the time that he spoke, she'd forgotten she asked  
And was lost in the clouds of the sky

He said, "Kelly, I don't think  
I've ever wanted as much  
To be free as I've longed to be known.  
And of the things that I hate  
As I look at my life,  
The worst is my being alone."

The rest of his words he kept from her ears  
Cause he thought she might not understand  
And she didn't reply. She couldn't figure out how,  
Cause the fire in her heart had been fanned

Oh, of all the things known that he could've spoken that day,  
He chose one from deep down inside  
Without intending her to, he caused her to confess  
Her false confidence and how she had lied

She said, "Aaron, I don't think  
I've ever wanted as much  
To be free as I've longed to be known.  
And of the things that I hate  
When I look at my life,  
The worst is my being alone."

And as they headed home, neither of them could speak a word  
And they held their own spirits to blame  
But at the pulse of the waves, they both turned around  
Surely someone was calling their name  
Someone was calling their name