

Lonely

Beth Orton

Shall we go out dancing with the loon
My best friend in the whole wide room
The night is never long enough
The morning whisper's "all is not lost"
I hear you singing in the wire
And I fall open as a flower
You're the hope, you're what is left
When all has emptied and has fled

I ask my Pa
Say, what'll I be?
And I ask the question
Like I know the answer already

I'm falling falling I can see
I don't know what is wrong with me
But lonely, lonely, lonely
Likes my company

Will you be nostalgia in the autumn
Will you be the hell I've known of heaven
Will you be the smile under my nose
Will you be the naked I can't clothe
Will you be the Welsh choir on the wind
All roarin' and swearin' at the ocean
Will you be the ash of a well-tended fire
Will you be the ambush
Of my desire

I ask my Ma
What'll I do?
She said shut your mouth
If someone desire's you

And I'm falling falling I can see
I don't know what is good for me
But lonely, lonely, lonely likes my company

And who'd dare to love me, I'm a whore
I'm too exposed, honey I'm rubbed raw
And all that makes it better is your touch

Lonely lonely lonely lonely lonely lonely lonely lonely
Lonely loves my company
Lonely lonely lonely loves my touch