

# 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 loves my company  
Lonely lonely lonely loves my touch