

Solitaire

Janis Ian

You play your solitaire in solitary rooms
Time out from Eliot to rest your head
"Did Robert Frost mean suicide?" you ask a friend
And wash your hair before you go to bed

Reading Nietzsche in the dark
Superman without the spark
Lonely heart

You count your friends as many
Though they number two
You throw small parties
Attended by few
And spend the evening
Criticizing all you do
As if your being honest meant your being true

Still it's better to wound a friend
Someone who'll understand
Someone who can defend
Lonely man

The window, shut, admits no perfume
Your bed is empty occupied by only you
Who plays his solitaire in solitary rooms
Do you think the poets really wrote for you?

Death cannot enter through the window
And life is left behind
Because there is no time
Lonely mind
Solitaire