

Together Alone

John Conlee

She watches stories but he don't
He watches football but she won't
They've got one lonely house to haunt together

His Playboy pictures turn him on
Her heart's a cold and lonely stone
Yet they go on and on and on together

Together alone
Together alone
They're at the house but they're not at home
Together alone

No angry words that they'll regret
They never fuss or fighting yet
Sleep side by side but seldom get together

They own a plot outside of town
With elms and maples scattered round
Someday they'll lie beneath the ground together

Together alone
Together alone
They're not unlike so many I've known
Together alone
Together alone