

Mr. Lonely

Midland

We got debutantes and socialites
And mommas from the PTA
We got bachelorettes dressed up in white
And little black dress divorcees

Long live the blues
They're keeping me in business
Some wanna dance, some wanna party
Whatever they need they call me

Mr. Lonely, Mr. Goodtime
Mr. One you gonna want on a Saturday night
When you're lonely, lyin' in the dark
I'm the number that you know by broken heart
No I ain't Mr. Right, I'm Mr. Right Now
The one all the girls are talking about
The one and only, Mr. Lonely

Yeah some are in from out of town
Just looking for some fun
For a couple of hours or more
Yeah I can be the one

Long live the blues
I'm booked up through November
You can find me in the book or on a bathroom wall
When they all wanna rendezvous they call

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So if you got a girl you better treat her right
You better never tell a lie, you better never start a fight
'Cause when she hangs up on you, guess who's on the other line?
It's never hard to find

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Long live the blues