

# Loneliness

## The Ghost Of Paul Revere

Empty drawers, unswept floors,  
Pacing figure eights through every open door.  
Dirty pans, stacked up cans,  
30 years of smoking color cut up hands.  
Trips avoid the bathroom mirror,  
Couldn't show you any clearer now.  
The blinds left drawn, the TV's on,  
I'm always late, I'm always wrong.

Because loneliness is living without you.  
Loneliness is living without you.

In your head, you stay in bed,  
Try to get yourself up, fall back down again  
Is anybody even there?  
A siren calls, beckoning from empty chair.  
And there it is, you can't avoid  
The sound that's welling in the void now.  
You want to leave and not exist  
Now that you've found loneliness

Because loneliness is living without you.  
Loneliness is living without you.

Don't worry about me, I'm doing just fine.  
You live your life and, man, well I'll live mine.  
You've got a reason to live? Well I've found  
Loneliness is living without you.  
Loneliness is living without you.  
Loneliness is living without you.  
Loneliness is living without you.  
Loneliness, loneliness, is living without you.