

Words and Music by Raymond O'Sullivan

In a little while from now  
If I'm not feeling any less sour  
I promise myself to treat myself  
And visit a nearby tower  
And climbing to the top will throw myself off  
In an effort to make it clear to whoever  
What it's like when you're shattered  
Left standing in the lurch at a church  
Where people saying: "My God, that's tough"  
"She stood him up"  
"No point in us remaining"  
"We may as well go home"  
As I did on my own  
Alone again, naturally

To think that only yesterday  
I was cheerful, bright and gay  
Looking forward to, who wouldn't do?  
The role I was about to play?  
But as if to knock me down  
Reality came around  
And without so much as a mere touch  
Cut me into little pieces  
Leaving me to doubt  
Talk about God in His mercy  
Who, if He really does exist,  
Why does He desert me?  
In my hour of need  
I truly am indeed  
Alone again, naturally

It seems to me that there are more hearts  
Broken in the world that can't be mended  
Left unattended  
What do we do? What do we do?

(instrumental interlude)

Alone again, naturally

Looking back over the years  
And whatever else that appears  
I remember I cried when my father died  
Never wishing to hide the tears  
And at sixty-five years old  
My mother, God rest her soul  
Couldn't understand why the only man  
She had ever loved had been taken  
Leaving her to start with a heart so badly broken  
Despite encouragement from me  
No words were ever spoken  
And when she passed away  
I cried and cried all day  
Alone again, naturally  
Alone again, naturally