

(L.Hambro/R.Heller)
There is a very quiet girl
They call the lonely one
The sorrow in her face
And sadness in her eyes
And if you look into the heart
Within the lonely one
You'll find it's been deceived
That broken was in lies

Is it good to have cried?
With the longing to hide
On your heartaches and fears
Is it wise to be cold, to struggle, to hold back with tears
If you could only see the girl
They call the lonely one
You'd know that since you're gone
The lonely one is me

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