

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

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?

And climbing to the top and show my anger off  
In an effort to make it clear to who - ever  
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

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 did 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?  
(tussenspel)*

Looking back over the year  
Whatever else appeared  
I remember I cried when my - father died  
Never wishing to hide my tears  
And at eighty-two years old  
My mother deep in her soul  
Could not 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  
When he passed away  
I cried and cried all day  
Alone again, naturally  
Alone again, naturally

Alto

# Alone-Again

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN

NON TROPPO MAART 2020

**A** **3**

and clim-bing to the top and  
shout my an-ger off in an ef-fort to make it clear to who-e-ver  
what's it like when you're sha-ttered like stan-ding in the lurch at the church  
— where peo-ple say-ing my God that's tough she stood him up No  
point in us-re-mai-ning we may as well go on a lone  
— a gain **C** na-tu'rly-y  
Seems to me that there are more hearts Bro-ken in the world than can be me  
-en-ded Left un-at-te-en-ded What do we do?  
What do we do?—

41 **D** **3**

46 and at eigh - ty two years old my

48 mo - ther deep in her soul could not un - der - stand why the on - ly man she e - ver

**4**

49 loved had been ta - ken when he passed a - way

54

55 Cried and cried all day A - lone\_\_ a - gain na - tu - r'ly -

56

57 y A lone\_\_ a - gain na - tu - r'ly - y