

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

Soprano

Alone-Again

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN

NON TROPPO MAART 2020

A

In a lit-tle while for now If I'm not fee-ling a-ny less sour I

4

pro-mised my self to treat_ my self and vi - sit a near by tower and

6

clim-bing to the top and shout my an - ger off in an

8

ef - fort to make it clear to who - e - ver what's it like when you're sha - ttered like

10

stan-ding in the lurch at the church__ where peo - ple say - ing my

12

God that's tough she stood him up No point in us__ re-mai-ning as

15

I did on my own a lone__ a gain na - tu 'rly - y

18 **B**

15

34 **C**

Seems to me_ that there are more hearts Bro-ken in the world than can be me

36

- en-ded Left un at-te - en-ded What do we do?

38

— What do we do?—

41 **D**

3

and at eigh-ty two years old my

46

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

48

4

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

54

Cried and cried all day A - lone__ a - gain na - tu - r'ly -

56

y A lone__ a - gain na - tu-r'ly - y

