

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 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

*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

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 did He desert me?  
In my hour of need  
I truly am indeed  
Alone again, naturally