

# Living Alone

Loudon Wainwright III

You sit at a desk and you squirm in a chair  
You stretch out on a couch, you could fall asleep there  
But you lie in your bed and you try not to think  
You put on your bathrobe and you stand at the sink  
And then you look into the mirror and you unplug the  
phone  
You re-read the letter, you're living alone.

You clear out a closet and you listen to a clock  
You wipe off a table and you pick up a sock  
And then you put up your feet and you stand on your  
head  
You hate what you did and you regret what you said  
And then you gaze at a spashot and wait for the tone  
You talk to yourself, yeah, you're living alone.

You were always alone, but you just didn't know it  
You tried living with someone but then you had to blow  
it  
And if there's one thing you learned after living with  
her  
Is that you're not the man now that you never were.

So you turn up the heat and you fight off a cold  
You thumb through the Bible as you sit there on hold  
But you're your own boss you can do as you please  
Open a window and let in a breeze  
You sit down to dinner, yeah, you cooked your own  
You light a candle, you're living alone.

You think about her and how did it end  
Your cleaning lady has become your very best friend  
You're back in your hometown, you're living in fear  
They wonder where has he been and why is he here  
You're watching the reruns of the Twilight Zone  
Your life in a nutshell, you're living alone.

You were always alone, but you just didn't see it  
You tried to be someone different but you just couldn't  
be it  
And if there's one thing you learned after all of it  
Is that you're usually fired before you can quit.

What you need is a dog, some goldfish or a cat  
A boa constrictor and a laboratory rat  
The end is at hand now and you have the means  
A roll of toilet paper and the right magazines  
Your parents are dead now and your kids are full grown  
You're 53 now, you're 53 now, you're 53 now  
You're living alone.