

How Much Lonelier Can Lonely Be

Connie Smith

In my world there's no green grass or roses and the rainbow in
the sky is grey to me
There's no letter in the mailbox from my baby well how much lonelier
can lonely be
When a robin sings to me he sounds unhappy
And the smile is something I no longer see
I can't even hear a little baby laughing well how much lonelier
can lonely be
I forsake my very last possession if I could live one yesterday
with you
Without you in my arms my world is empty
And cold without the warm love we once knew
Sunrise finds me staring at the ceiling and crying cause the hurt
won't let me sleep
Every day without you grows more lonely but how much lonelier can
lonely be
But how much lonelier can lonely be