

A Man Alone

Frank Sinatra

In me you see a man alone
Held by the habit of being on his own
A man who listens to the trembling of the trees
With sentimentals ease

In me you see a man alone
Behind the wall he's learned to call his home
A man who still goes walking in the rain
Expecting love again.

A man not lonely
Except when the dark comes on
A man learning to live with
Memories of midnights
That fell apart at dawn

In me you see a man alone
Drinking up Sundays and spending them alone
A man who knows love is seldom what it seems
Only other people's dreams.

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