

It Gets Lonely Early

Frank Sinatra

When you're all alone
All the children grown
And, like starlings, flown away
It gets lonely early, doesn't it?
Lonely early, doesn't it?
Ev'ry single endless day

When your twilight nears
And one face appears
Turning winter years to May
It gets lonely early, doesn't it?
Lonely early, doesn't it?
Still the old heart's young enough to say

"It was really more than lovely, wasn't it?
"Truly lovely, wasn't it?"

Ev'ry single lovely day