

# The Single Man

Frank Sinatra

I live alone, that hasn't always been easy to do for just a single man  
Sometimes it's nice the walls talk back to me,  
They seem to say, wasn't yesterday a better day?  
Always alone, at home or in a crowd,  
A single man off on his private cloud,  
'Cause in a world that few men understand,  
I am what I am, the single man.  
Once was a time, I can't remember when,  
The house was filled with love, but then again,  
It might have been imagination's plan  
To help along a single man.