

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.