

As Far As Lonely Goes

Michelle Wright

Underneath the neon sign
Of Harry's Bar and Grill
Someone hugs a bottle
To take away the chill.
Oh
But the wind still blows
Carries his sleeping soul
As far as lonely goes.

Upstairs in a penthouse
Behind a golden door
Someone's drinking pink champagne
To keep from being board.
Between the highs and lows
The icy wind still blows
As far as lonely goes.

You would never buy a bottle
To wash away your troubles.
If you could buy a suitcase for your soul.
You would make a pretty package
Of all your extra baggage.
Look it up and send it down the road

As far as lonely goes.
From the has-bents to the haves
From the mansions to the alleys
From the riches to the rags
Underneath our clothes.
We're all the same
You know
As far as lonely goes.

I would never buy a bottle
To wash away my troubles