

# Lonely-phobia

The Rutles

You look forlorn  
Too tired to yawn  
As pale as a moon  
On a bright afternoon  
Your face is drawn

You've got lonely-phobia  
And I only hope ya get better

You sit and stare  
Beyond all care  
But mirrors don't lie  
And the look in your eye  
Is showing your despair

You've got lonely-phobia  
And I only hope ya get better

Another love could set you free  
But you're afraid to go  
Another love may prove to be  
No better than the devil you know

It's late at night  
You feel uptight  
Your lover's in bed  
While the thoughts in your head  
Are far from light

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