

Living Alone

Loudon Wainwright III

You sit at a desk and you squirm in a chair
You stretch out on a couch, you could fall asleep there
But you lie in your bed and you try not to think
You put on your bathrobe and you stand at the sink
And then you look into the mirror and you unplug the
phone
You re-read the letter, you're living alone.

You clear out a closet and you listen to a clock
You wipe off a table and you pick up a sock
And then you put up your feet and you stand on your
head
You hate what you did and you regret what you said
And then you gaze at a spashot and wait for the tone
You talk to yourself, yeah, you're living alone.

You were always alone, but you just didn't know it
You tried living with someone but then you had to blow
it
And if there's one thing you learned after living with
her
Is that you're not the man now that you never were.

So you turn up the heat and you fight off a cold
You thumb through the Bible as you sit there on hold
But you're your own boss you can do as you please
Open a window and let in a breeze
You sit down to dinner, yeah, you cooked your own
You light a candle, you're living alone.

You think about her and how did it end
Your cleaning lady has become your very best friend
You're back in your hometown, you're living in fear
They wonder where has he been and why is he here
You're watching the reruns of the Twilight Zone
Your life in a nutshell, you're living alone.

You were always alone, but you just didn't see it
You tried to be someone different but you just couldn't
be it
And if there's one thing you learned after all of it
Is that you're usually fired before you can quit.

What you need is a dog, some goldfish or a cat
A boa constrictor and a laboratory rat
The end is at hand now and you have the means
A roll of toilet paper and the right magazines
Your parents are dead now and your kids are full grown
You're 53 now, you're 53 now, you're 53 now
You're living alone.