

Ella Fitzgerald, All By Myself

I'm so unhappy
What'll I do?
I long for somebody who
Will sympathize with me
I'm growing so tired of living alone
I lie awake all night and cry
Nobody loves me
That's why

All by myself in the morning
All by myself in the night

I sit alone with a table and a chair
So unhappy there
Playing solitaire

All by myself I get lonely
Watching the clock on the shelf

I'd love to rest my weary head on somebody's shoulder
I hate to grow older
All by myself