

# Feist, Lonely Lonely

Water, water on the seeds  
To my left they rose and leaf  
To my right cross Seven Seas

Maybe maybe they'll stay true  
My seeds will cross and then take root  
And leave you to an empty room  
Lonely, lonely that is you  
Lonely, lonely that is you

Paper paper obsolete  
How will you reach out to me  
I thought you'd ask me not to leave  
Lonely, lonely that is me  
Lonely, lonely that is me

Distance makes the heart grow weak  
So that the mouth can barely speak  
Except to those who hide their needs  
And I have read the golden seal  
That tells of how the seedlings feel  
Reminds my heart what love can yield

By my only things are clear  
Baby boy I'm staying here  
Lonely, lonely that was you  
Lonely and so untrue