

# No One There

## Martha and The Vandellas

The axe, the bottle, and the rope  
The feeling there really is no more hope  
The thought of the great unknown  
And facing it alone  
The dark, the silent, and the cold  
The feeling I have come to the end of my road

Yes these are the things I spend my remaining moments withWhen the wind blows through my heart

Shivers me one last time  
As I now reach out in the dark  
No one thereWhy did it have to be so hard  
For us to live our lives

Again I reach out in the dark in despairThe desperation and the snow  
The feeling of finally coming back home

The melancholy and the hole in the soil so hard and coldWhen the wind blows through my heart  
Shivers me one last time

As I now reach out in the dark  
No one thereYour love for me, my love for you  
Things we somehow managed to lose  
Now there's only the ruthless wind

To blow right through

If freezes my heart, my desperate heart

To think we both will die aloneWhen the wind blows through my heart  
Shivers me one last time  
As I now reach out in the dark  
No one there

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