

# Quietly Alone

[Kirsty MacColl](#)

There's an old jack crooning on my new TV  
So I go out for a quiet drink  
But it costs a packet and it's such a racket  
That I can't hear myself think  
There's a microchip one armed bandit with a screw loose  
A stripper in the corner with a face like thunder  
A terrible band playing Johnny B Goode  
So I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone  
I get up in the morning with the radio on  
I do my makeup and I go to look for work  
Somebody tells me that the job's just gone  
And I've been replaced by some computer jerk  
I would talk to my boyfriend but I never can  
'Cos a space invader stole my man  
There's a dreadful band playing Johnny B Goode  
So I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone  
Trying to keep my sanity is hard to do  
Living like a hermit all alone  
Find an occupation that won't deafen me  
My sense of reality's gone  
My temperature is getting higher and higher  
And I'm shaking in my jeans  
'Cause I get so angry when I'm shut in  
With one of those machines  
I would talk to my boyfriend but I never can  
'Cause a space invader stole my man  
And the synthesizer's playing Johnny B Goode  
Then I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone  
Quietly alone, quietly alone  
Quietly alone, quietly alone

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>