Solitude

Etta Jones

In my solitude
You haunt me
With dreadful ease
Of days gone by

In my solitude
You taunt me
With memories
That never die

I sit in my chair
And filled with despair
There's no one could be so sad
With gloom everywhere
I sit and I stare
I know that I'll soon go mad

In my solitude
I'm afraid
Dear Lord above
Send back my love
I sit in my chair

Filled with despair
There's no one, no one
No onecould be so sad
With gloom everywhere
I sit and I stare
I know that I'll soon go mad

In my solitude
I'm afraid
Dear Lord above
Send back my love

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