Being Alive

Stephen Sondheim

Someone to hold me too close.
Someone to hurt me too deep.
Someone to sit in my chair,
And ruin my sleep,
And make me aware,
Of being alive.
Being alive.Somebody need me too much.
Somebody know me too well.
Somebody pull me up short,
And put me through hell,
And give me support,
For being alive.
Make me alive.
Make me alive.Make me confused.
Mock me with praise.
Let me be used.
Vary my days.But alone,
Is alone,
Not alive.

Songwriters
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