

One of the Lonely Ones

[Roy Orbison](#)

I'm cold inside, the day just died,
The night has just begun,
I'm out having lonely fun,
Waiting for the rising sun,
I run with the lonely ones. I wish that they would turn and say,
"Get out, you don't belong,"
But misery loves company,
So I just tag along,
Alone with the lonely ones. All they ever offer me,
Are things they used to do.
Every one has lost someone,
The way that I lost you,
Chained to the lonely ones. I'm sick and tired, uninspired,
I'd rather be deaf and dumb,
Than to be what I've become,
One of the lonely ones.

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