

# Proper Chronic Lonely

[Aaron Wright](#)

The bailiff's coming round tomorrow morning,  
He's come to seek possessions that I own,  
He's claiming he's given me several warnings,  
I'm claiming I didn't receive them all. I've taken my television to a mate's house,  
And I've hidden my guitar beneath the sink,  
And I've written this all down in my diary,  
It's enough to turn a monk onto the drink,  
When I'm alone. I'm prone to feeling lonesome now you're gone,  
And stars don't shine at half their strength,  
When you realise what's wrong.  
There's no amount of "sorry"s to ever bring you home,  
When I'm alone. My chest feels it's collapsing now you're gone,  
I'm proper chronic lonely and you realise what's wrong,  
There's nothing I can say to ever bring you home. The courthouse, they've issued me a summons,  
Oh I'm off to plead not guilty to a judge,  
I'm just hoping he'll take pity on my broken heart,  
If he chooses not to I won't hold no grudge. I'm guessing now your parents do not like me,  
Well I took their hospitality to the brink,  
I'm hearing you're seeing someone in the army,  
I'm wishing I was him, more than you may think,  
When I'm alone. I'm prone to feeling lonesome when you're gone,  
And stars don't shine at half their strength,  
When you realise what's wrong.  
There's no amount of "sorry"s to ever bring you home,  
When I'm alone. My chest feels it's collapsing now you're gone,  
I'm proper chronic lonely and you realise what's wrong,  
There's nothing I can do to ever bring you home,  
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And stars don't shine at half their strength,  
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When I'm alone. My chest feels it's collapsing now you're gone,  
I'm proper chronic lonely...

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