Lonely-Phobia

The Rutles

You look forlorn
Too tired to yawn
As pale as a moon
On a bright afternoon
Your face is drawnYou've got lonely-phobia
And I only hope ya get betterYou sit and stare
Beyond all care
But mirrors don't lie
And the look in your eye
Is showing your despairYou've got lonely-phobia
And I only hope ya get betterAnother love could set you free
But you're afraid to go
Another love may prove to be
No better than the devil you knowIt's late at night
You feel uptight
Your lover's in bed
While the thoughts in your head
Are far from lightYou've got lonely-phobia
And I only hope ya get betterAnother love could set you free
But you're afraid to go
Another love may prove to be
No better than the devil you knowYou look forlorn
Too tired to yawn
As pale as a moon
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Your face is drawnYou've got lonely-phobia
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