

He lives alone

Previn, Dory

He lives alone in his great big house
With collages on the walls and cathedral halls

And he eats at a table with room for eight
And each course is served on a separate place
And he sits by his pool and he waters his plants
And he does not dance, he does not dance

He lives alone in his great big house
With his Jacobean chairs and his marble stairs

And he sleeps in a room with a dozen locks
And his money is kept in a cardboard box
Underneath his bed
(With his mother's ring)
And he will not sing, he will not sing

Nothing burns in the fire place
Leather bound are the books
A silent film star lived there once
And a lady comes in and cooks
And looks after him
(Because he pays her well)

He lives alone in his great big house
And when his pulse begins to pound
At an alien sound

Then he calls in a voice that can't be heard
To a room down the hall where no woman stirred
And he thinks of her and he wishes her there
And he cannot share, he cannot share

He lives alone in his great big house
With collages on the walls and cathedral halls
And he thinks of her and he wishes her there
And he cannot share, he cannot share
He cannot share, oh no, he cannot share

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