

# 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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