

Wilburn Brothers

"The Lonely 1"

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After the show you walked right past.
Arms reached out for your autograph.
And as you flashed your backstage pass.
I caught your eye with a camera's flash.
When the band came out they stood behind you.
Cymbals crashed, the lights went blue.
You stood alone in the halo's haze.
Shiny guitar hung on gold lamã©.
And you, you were the lonely one.
You were the lonely one.
When you perform it's so intense.
When the critics pan I write in your defense.
I understand I'm just a fan, I'm just a fan.
When I get home I turn off the alarm.
I've checked the phone, no messages on.
I play the ones from yesterday.
I play you're song just to hear you say that...
You, you're the lonely one.
You are the lonely one.
You, you're the lonely one.
You are the lonely one.

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