

## Kirsty Maccoll "Quietly Alone"

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There's an old ... coming on my new tv  
So I go out for a quiet drink  
But it costs a packet and it's such a racket  
That I can't hear myself think  
There's a microchip one armed bandit with a screw  
loose  
A stripper in the corner with a face like thunder  
A terrible band playing "johnny b goode"  
So I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone

I get up in the morning with the radio on  
I do my makeup and I go to look for work  
Somebody tells me that the job's just gone  
And I've been replaced by some computer jerk  
I would talk to my boyfriend but I never can  
'cos a space invader stole my man  
There's a dreadful playing "johnny b goode"  
So I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone

Trying to keep my sanity is hard to do

Living like a hermit all alone  
Find an occupation that won't deafen me  
My sense of reality's gone

My temperature is getting higher and higher  
And I'm shaking in my jeans  
'cos I get so angry when I'm shut in  
With one of those machines  
I would talk to my boyfriend but I never can  
'cos a space invader stole my man  
And the synthesizer's playing "johnny b goode"  
Then I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone  
Quietly alone  
Quietly alone  
Quietly alone  
Quietly alone

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