

Connie Smith

"How Much Lonelier Can Lonely Be"

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In my world there's no green grass or roses
And the rainbow in the sky is gray to me
There's no letter in the mailbox from my baby
Well, how much lonelier can lonely be

When a robin sings to me he sounds unhappy
And the smile is something, I no longer see
I can't even hear a little baby laughing
Well, how much lonelier can lonely be

I forsake my very last possession
If I could live one yesterday with you
Without you in my arms my world is empty
And cold without the warm love we once knew

Sunrise finds me staring at the ceiling
And crying 'cause the hurt won't let me sleep
Every day without you grows more lonely
But how much lonelier can lonely be
But how much lonelier can lonely be

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