

## **O.C. Smith**

# **"Isn't Lonely Together"**

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Every day it's easier to see  
That you're gonna be a mother.  
So here we are, honeymoon,  
Hotel room, married to each other.

And the smile upon your trembling lips is brave,  
But it don't cover up those tears you've cried.  
And though I'm trying hard  
All the emptiness I feel, is just too big to hide.

Chorus:  
And we've got nothing in common,  
But our name, and our shame, and the blame  
For letting passion's foolish flames run wild.  
And now we've got to cover up the fact  
With an act, to atone for our mistake  
And to protect the child.  
And we've agreed to try  
To try and live a lie.  
But baby, I think it's all in vain.  
We're just not birds of a feather.  
Isn't it lonely, together?

Repeat Chorus

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