

Bing Crosby - All By Myself

All by myself in the morning

All by myself in the night

I sit alone in my cozy Morris chair

So unhappy there, playing solitaire

I'm all by myself and I get lonely

(Yes, as he gets lonesome by himself)

Watching the clock on the shelf

I'd love to rest my weary head on somebody's shoulder

(Just lay it here)

I hate to grow older

All by myself