

# Loneliness

Lars Eric Pointer

All the leaves are falling  
The sky is turning grey  
A winter time is coming  
Shortening up my days

Green is turning brown  
The wind is coming round  
The whining of the sound  
Of loneliness

The Sun sets on the rocks  
And the rocks set on the field  
I don't recall it ever  
Having seemed so real

My number's coming up  
The door is slamming shut  
There are no ifs or buts  
In loneliness

Piano solo

I feel the change a-walking  
Unsteady to his mark  
I feel the error standing  
As grey slips into dark

Cracking of the whip  
The wailing of the ship  
The weary days of trip  
In loneliness

The pine tree it stands tall  
Long silhouetted limbs  
A young girl walking past  
Afraid to talk to him

Disappearing moon  
Yellow in the gloom  
The never-ending tune  
Of loneliness