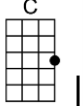
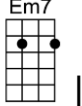
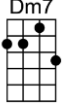
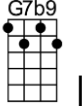
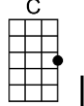


# ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY)-Gilbert O'Sullivan

4/4 1...2...1234 (slow count)


**Intro:** |  |  |  |  |  |






In a little while from now, if I'm not feeling any less sour,  
To think, that only yester-day I was cheerful, bright and gay




I promise myself to treat myself, and visit a nearby tower  
Looking forward to, well, who wouldn't do, the role I was about to play

And, climbing to the top, will throw myself off  
But, as if to knock me down, re-ality came around

In an effort to make it clear, to who-ever, what it's like when you're shat-tered,  
And, with-out so much as a mere touch, cut me into little pie - ces

Left standing in the lurch, at a church where people saying,  
Leaving me to doubt talk a-bout God, in his mercy

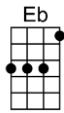
 

"My God, that's tough, she stood him up, no point in us remaining.  
For, if He really does exist, why did he desert me

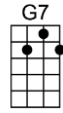
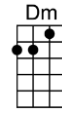
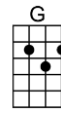
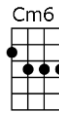
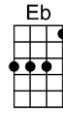
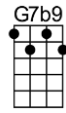
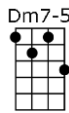
      

We may as well go home," as I did on my own, a-lone again, natural-ly (2nd verse)  
In my hour of need, I truly am in-deed, a-lone again, natural-ly

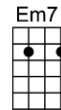
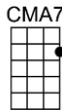
**p.2. Alone Again (Naturally)**



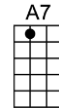
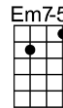
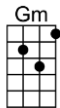
**It seems to me that there are more hearts broken in the world**



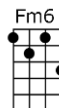
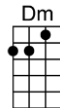
**That can't be mended, left unat-tended. What do we do? What do we do?**



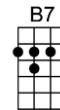
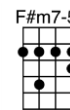
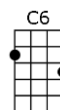
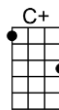
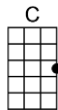
**Now, looking back over the years, and what-ever else that appears,**



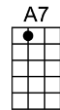
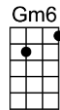
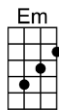
**I re-mem-ber I cried when my father died, never wishing to hide the tears**



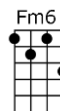
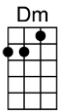
**And at sixty-five years old, my mother, God rest her soul**



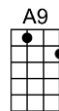
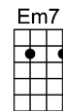
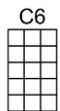
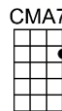
**Couldn't understand why the only man she had ever loved had been tak - en**



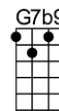
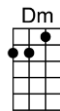
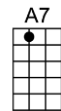
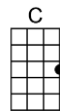
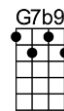
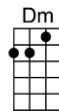
**Leaving her to start, with a heart so badly broken**



**De-spite encouragement from me, no words were ever spoken**



**And when she passed a-way, I cried and cried all day,**



**A-lone again, natural-ly, a-lone again, natural-ly**

# ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY) -Gilbert O'Sullivan

4/4 1...2...1234 (slow count)

Intro: | C | Em7 | Dm7 G7b9 | C |

CMA7 C6 Em7  
In a little while from now, if I'm not feeling any less sour,  
Gm Em7b5 A7  
I promise myself to treat myself, and visit a nearby tower  
Dm Fm6  
And, climbing to the top, will throw myself off  
C C+ C6 F#m7b5 B7  
In an effort to make it clear, to who-ever, what it's like when you're shat - tered,  
Em Gm6 A7  
Left standing in the lurch, at a church where people saying,  
Dm Fm6  
"My God, that's tough, she stood him up, no point in us remaining.  
CMA7 C6 Em7 A9 Dm G7b9 C  
We may as well go home," as I did on my own, a-lone again, natural-ly  
CMA7 C6 Em7  
To think, that only yester-day I was cheerful, bright and gay  
Gm Em7b5 A7  
Looking forward to, well, who wouldn't do, the role I was about to play  
Dm Fm6  
But, as if to knock me down, re-ality came around  
C C+ C6 F#m7b5 B7  
And, with-out so much as a mere touch, cut me into little pie - ces  
Em Gm6 A7  
Leaving me to doubt talk a-bout God, in his mercy  
Dm Fm6  
For, if He really does exist, why did he desert me  
CMA7 C6 Em7 A9 Dm G7b9 C  
In my hour of need, I truly am in-deed, a-lone again, natural-ly  
Eb Bb  
It seems to me that there are more hearts broken in the world  
Dm7b5 G7b9 Eb Cm6 G Dm G7  
That can't be mended, left unat-tended. What do we do? What do we do?  
CMA7 C6 Em7  
Now, looking back over the years, and what-ever else that appears,  
Gm Em7b5 A7  
I re-mem-ber I cried when my father died, never wishing to hide the tears  
Dm Fm6  
And at sixty-five years old, my mother, God rest her soul  
C C+ C6 F#m7b5 B7  
Couldn't understand why the only man she had ever loved had been tak - en  
Em Gm6 A7  
Leaving her to start, with a heart so badly broken  
Dm Fm6  
De-spite encouragement from me, no words were ever spoken  
CMA7 C6 Em7 A9  
And when she passed a-way, I cried and cried all day,  
Dm G7b9 C A7 Dm G7b9 CMA7  
A-lone again, natural-ly, a-lone again, natural-ly