

*them*  
*solitaire*  
*blues . . .*

A man's not meant to be lonely;  
A man's not like a cat, to walk alone;  
A man needs friends, his own kind;  
Ain't nothin' good about a man alone:

a man ain't never had the blues,  
till he's sung them all alone:  
don't wanna moan them blues,  
them lonely solitaire blues:

Ain't no love at all when you're alone.

A man's alone and he's empty;  
pale-blue desolate sound  
echoing . . . echoing . . . .  
inside a hollow shell.

Ain't no love at all when you're alone.

And a man's not like a cat, to walk alone,  
a single, separate soul:

A man's not a cat . . . . sing that cat, man,  
that solid, solitary cat, he walks alone,  
all by himself, he's happy:

but a man ain't built that way.

A man is a lonely hunter,  
hunting a similar heart:  
and sings as he goes,  
the song of a lonely soul . . . .

He's singin' them solitaire blues,  
the kind you never lose,  
them oh-so-lonely, all-alone-solitaire blues.

Ain't no love at all when you're alone.

Listen man . . . . . You hear it?  
sorta soft and low,  
all sad and fulla echoes,  
pale-blue and solitary?

That man he's singin' the solitaire blues . . . . .

Ain't no love at all when you're alone.

— Larry Mark, *Ag. Grad.*