

# When I Was Alone

Andy Fite

Ballad, freely

When I was a-lone, I would dream of you We would  
 talk on the phone eve-ry night And so now that we're to-geth-er and the  
 dream-ing's through if we do talk at all there's a fight.  
 I'm lear-nig how to hide my-self dir-ect-ly in front of your eyes.  
 And though I am be-side my-self I can't help but re-a-lize  
 When I was a-lone I was mis-e-rable Eve-ry day was as gray as could  
 be But I did-n't have to make my-self in-vis-i-ble and for  
 what it was worth I was free There's no de-ny-ing that in  
 spite of all the cry-ing my life was at least my own  
 I was ne-ver this lone-ly when I was a-lone.