

# Lonely Man

By Danny Schwarze

A man walks in and sits down at the bar  
He settles at the end by himself  
The line on his drawn and haggard face tell a tale  
of a time he's lost and cannot find again

His eyes don't see, his ears don't seem to hear  
as he stares into the depths of his drink  
Heedless of the world around, the only thing that's real  
is the bottom of his glass and what it holds

No one else seems to see him there  
sitting on his stool, his head bent  
Lost within himself, a lonely boat out on a sea  
too vast to even know he's there

No one knows the lonely man  
No one heeds him at all  
No one grieves the lonely man  
No one needs him at all

It's late and he decides it's time to go  
He calls for one more drink before he leaves  
And as she pours, the barkeep says to him, "Good night, and safe home."  
He pauses and stares into the gin  
as this woman shares a moment with him  
Then he simply walks away and grins