

The Worst Is My Being Alone

Waterdeep

"Aaron, have you ever had a burning in your chest
That made you just want to be free?"
It was a warm afternoon when she asked him this,
As they sat on the shore of the sea

Well, Aaron just tugged at his hair and he took
A very long time to reply
And by the time that he spoke, she'd forgotten she asked
And was lost in the clouds of the sky

He said, "Kelly, I don't think
I've ever wanted as much
To be free as I've longed to be known.
And of the things that I hate
As I look at my life,
The worst is my being alone."

The rest of his words he kept from her ears
Cause he thought she might not understand
And she didn't reply. She couldn't figure out how,
Cause the fire in her heart had been fanned

Oh, of all the things known that he could've spoken that day,
He chose one from deep down inside
Without intending her to, he caused her to confess
Her false confidence and how she had lied

She said, "Aaron, I don't think
I've ever wanted as much
To be free as I've longed to be known.
And of the things that I hate
As I look at my life,
The worst is my being alone."

And as they headed home, neither of them could speak a word
And they held their own spirits to blame
But at the pulse of the waves, they both turned around
Surely someone was calling their name
Someone was calling their name