

## **Alone, Part 2**

November 5, 12, '98

And now I wonder what he's thinking,  
When it's not a girl.  
What goes on within the depths  
Behind those pale blue pearls.  
Alone, awake, it's two a.m.  
'What's he doing now?'  
Alone, awake, it's three a.m.  
'Doth e'er he wonder how?'  
His mind is sharp; his heart a puzzle.  
He doesn't even know.  
I won't ever have the nerve to tell him,  
And so the pain can grow.  
I watch him as he walks right by--  
And wonder what he's thinking.  
I watch him as he walks right by--  
Well, I assume he's thinking.