

# *Alone*

[Maya Angelou](#) - 1928-2014

Lying, thinking  
Last night  
How to find my soul a home  
Where water is not thirsty  
And bread loaf is not stone  
I came up with one thing  
And I don't believe I'm wrong  
That nobody,  
But nobody  
Can make it out here alone.  
Alone, all alone  
Nobody, but nobody  
Can make it out here alone.  
There are some millionaires  
With money they can't use  
Their wives run round like banshees  
Their children sing the blues  
They've got expensive doctors  
To cure their hearts of stone.  
But nobody  
No, nobody  
Can make it out here alone.  
Alone, all alone  
Nobody, but nobody  
Can make it out here alone.

Now if you listen closely  
I'll tell you what I know  
Storm clouds are gathering  
The wind is gonna blow  
The race of man is suffering  
And I can hear the moan,  
'Cause nobody,  
But nobody  
Can make it out here alone.  
Alone, all alone  
Nobody, but nobody  
Can make it out here alone.

From *Oh Pray My Wings Are Gonna Fit Me Well* By Maya Angelou. Copyright ©  
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