Them Solitaire Blues

Larry Mark*

*Iowa State College

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Abstract

A man’s not meant to be lonely; A man’s not like a cat, to walk alone; A man needs friends, his own kind; Ain’t nothin’ good about a man alone;...
\textit{them}

\textit{solitaire}

\textit{blues} . . .

A man's not meant to be lonely;
A man's not like a cat, to walk alone;
A man needs friends, his own kind;
Ain't nothin' good about a man alone:

\begin{verbatim}
a man ain't never had the blues,
till he's sung them all alone:
don't wanna moan them blues,
    them lonely solitaire blues:
\end{verbatim}

Ain't no love at all when you're alone.

\begin{verbatim}
A man's alone and he's empty;
pale-blue desolate sound
    echoing . . . echoing . . .
inside a hollow shell.
\end{verbatim}

Ain't no love at all when you're alone.
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And a man's not like a cat, to walk alone,
a single, separate soul:

A man's not a cat . . . . sing that cat, man,
that solid, solitary cat, he walks alone,
all by himself, he's happy:

but a man ain't built that way.

A man is a lonely hunter,
hunting a similar heart:
and sings as he goes,
the song of a lonely soul . . . .

He's singin' them solitaire blues,
the kind you never lose,
them oh-so-lonely, all-alone-solitaire blues.

Ain't no love at all when you're alone.

Listen man . . . . . You hear it?
sorta soft and low,
all sad and fulla echoes,
pale-blue and solitary?

That man he's singin' the solitaire blues . . . .

Ain't no love at all when you're alone.

— Larry Mark, Ag. Grad.