

Strangers

Albert Hammond, Jr.

Whoever brought me here will have to take me home
I don't belong
I could be wrong
For a guy completely down, why spill your sad around?
I don't belong
I could be wrong

Strangers
How strange the feeling to be strangers
Who got it wrong?
Strangers
How strange the feeling to be strangers
Who strains the feeling?
We're all strangers
How strange the feeling to be strangers

La-la-la-la...

Battle lines drawn with people
Your conscious mind was left behind
Battle lines drawn with people
The war's begun, we'll all have guns
Dreaming of Babylon
I feel I don't belong
I could be wrong
Man, time's so long

Strangers
How strange the feeling to be strangers
Who's strained for feeling?
We're all strangers
How strange the feeling to be strangers
Time to move on

(Welcome to the show!
Clap your hands, clap your hands!)

Suitcase, too late
I've got people who got people

La-la-la-la...