

Top Secret

The Strangers

Sits in his room at night
Flits back and forth round the world
As he calls in the moonlight
Sees all the empires fall
Writes it all down with his pen
In free hand once for all

He sees something to tell but
He's got no one to tell
The top secret
And he means it

All day his mind troubles
Him as he cures all the ills
Of the world with his knife
Centuries pass when he dies
And the answers get buried
And mistook for life

He sees something to tell but
He's got no one to tell
The top secret
And he means it

All day his mind troubles
Him as he cures all the ills
Of the world...