

# strangers

Alexander Stewart

Got so used to calling you "baby"  
Calling you by name don't feel right  
Got so used to thinking we'd make it  
The thought of you with him makes me cry

All nights out with you on the Westside  
Photographs yeah you always got the best side  
Empty space on my bed on the left side  
I'm going out my mind

Don't know how to be strangers  
Don't know how to hate you  
'Cause part of you still has a part of me  
So I'll leave the door open  
If you ever wanna walk back in  
And fall right back to us so easily  
Don't know how to be  
Strangers

How to be  
Strangers

I say don't wanna know what you're doing  
But I'm out here asking all of our friends  
Where you been where you go on the weekend?  
Are you thinking of me when you sleeping?  
In his sheets does it have any meaning?  
I'm going out my mind

Don't know how to be strangers  
Don't know how to hate you  
'Cause part of you still has a part of me  
So I'll leave the door open  
If you ever wanna walk back in  
And fall right back to us so easily  
Don't know how to be  
Strangers

How to be  
Strangers

Strangers

I don't know how to be  
Strangers

Don't know how to be strangers  
Don't know how to hate you  
'Cause part of you still has a part of me