The rain against the windshield endlessly For many years i cruised around the world I've finally disembarked my ship of fools A hero then, a stranger to return I'd trade my goldrush 'gainst your silvernets To know what happened after all this time And in your arms i'm lost forevermore I wonder how you ever felt in mine Isn't it strange, i still can hear your call Isn't it strange, i'm not a ghost at all Isn't it strange or is it just insane Isn't it strange, the glory and the fame Still falls the rain.. Do you remember how we used to play And how we waved our banners in the sun Do you remember how we gave ourselves away For some strange kind of fun And how we smiled as if we'd understood the writings on the wal And cooked our spice on silver spoons And if we wouldn't see the light We overdosed the foll'wing night Isn't it strange... I've got burnholes in my fingers that could not ease your pain Or was it me who killed the blue inside your eyes? When silence grew behind our shadows on the wall But if all was silent, could we hear a bit more? I wonder can you hear me now? - isn't it strange Ohhh... Isn't it strange, i still can hear your call Isn't it strange, i'm not a ghost at all Isn't it strange or is it just insane Isn't it strange, the glory and the fame Still falls the rain..