

Strangers

Ben Weasel

Where you going to, I don't mind.
I've killed my world and I've killed my time.
So, where do I go, what do I see,
I see many people coming after me.

So, where you going to, I don't mind,
If I live too long, I'm afraid I'll die.
So, I will follow you wherever you go,
If your offered hands' still open to me.

Strangers on this road we are on
We are not two, we are one.

So, you've been where I came from,
From the land that brings losers on.
We will share this road we walk,
And miles and miles be where I talk.
To peace I find, I'll tell you what I do,
All the things I own I will share with you.
And if I feel the morning, I can feel the day,
We will take what we want and give the rest away.

Strangers on this road we are on
We are not two ware are one.

Holding hands and hold it at least.
This love of life has got me weak in my knees.

So when we get there, make your place,
'Cause soon I feel you're going to carry us away
And I promised (something)
For many man, there are so much grief.
And my mind is wild, but it hates with rage,
And if I live to long I'm afraid I'll die.

Strangers on this road we are on
We are not two we are one.
Strangers on this road we are on
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