

Strangers

Bernard Fanning

There's nothing like a miracle to make you feel small
The neon light, the revelry, the blinking audacity
The futureless certainty, the shrivelled humanity
The endless pursuit of a failed opportunity

Some people in my orbit have a vision so small
The simpleton certitude, division is added to
The cowardly dance of the easy way out
The alluring romance to be one in the crowd

We're two strangers living for tomorrow
We fly away together, never touching down
And the darkness we push away forever
Bitter tears of sorrow never come around

Standing on a freeway in the alley of fear
The new masculinity, peacock divinity
Blank egomaniac, Damascan epiphany
Swollen fascination with your own capability

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