

# 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, Damaskan epiphany  
Swollen fascination with your own capability

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