

Strangers

Billy Raffoul

One, two, three, four

Same restaurant

Trying to make it through some bad small talk

She's nice enough

Said where she was from but I forgot

Because I keep going back to that night

When it was you sitting in that seat

Rolling your eyes at me

Why'd I have to know you like the back of my hand

Every scar, every freckle, and the way you like to dance

Why'd I have to go and build my world around you

If in the end we would have to pretend to be

Strangers again

I sit across

From somebody new at some old bar

Getting a sense

Of whether or not

I'll see him again

Because I keep going back to that night

When it was you sitting in that seat

Falling in too deep

Why'd I have to know you like the back of my hand

Every scar, every freckle, and the way you like to dance

Why'd I have to go and build my world around you

If in the end we would have to pretend to be

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Nostalgia hits like a tonne of bricks and leaves me wishing that

We could begin again

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