

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

Nostalgia hits like a tonne of bricks and leaves me wishing tha  
t  
We could begin again

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