

Strangers

Elton John

Two people caught on a string
A high-wire act above the center ring
While the audience is wondering
If we'll make it back

Two people up on a wire
Overhead and under fire
While the audience enquire
If it's just a knack

Strangers, after all, we find we're strangers
After all this time
We've made the long and the lonely climb
And now we've reached the part
Where we find we're strangers
We were strangers from the start

Two people caught in the tide
On the edge of love and pride
And both afraid to approach the side
And fall again

Two people playing the part
But which is life and which is art
And isn't it a little late