

## Stranger to Himself

Fairport Convention

He was a stranger to himself  
A spy in his own camp  
And his money was his health  
All thrown to the dust by his very own hand  
Yet his beauty lingered still  
Beyond the draining of the sand  
But greener was the other side of the hill  
Richer was the other man's land  
But we loved him, loved him just like brothers would  
We loved him, loved him like no others could  
And she loved him, loved him like a lover should  
Take good care of an aching heart  
You never can replace it  
You know you are the master of your heart  
You'll realise that when you think it fit  
Those orbs of blue are jading away  
No laughter from them dances  
Yet you're bound to remember this one day  
Hazards are risks and risks are chances  
You can run for cover, run for cover like a frightened hare  
Till it's all over, all over and there's no-one there  
'Cos you daren't discover, daren't discover that we really care