

Stranger In My Home Town

Foghat

Who's that stranger walking out in the cold?
Standing on the corner with his Kodachrome roll?
He may be a psychopath, he's acting so strange,
Lying to himself, saying nothing has changed.
He stares across at a house on the block,
Trying to find the courage to go over and knock.
What will he say when they open the door?
"This was my home, but it ain't no more."

He can't get Brixton, out of his system.
It seems so pathetic, yeah, but it's hard to forget it.

Way back in '59, a young boy was crying, he didn't want to leave,
but what could he say?
Jumped into the lorry, left there in a hurry, never knowing he'd
back some day.

Stranger in my home town, I'm just a stranger in my home town.
Could this street be a part of me? I can't believe it - this ain't
no place to be.

Who's that Peeping Tom climbing the wall?
Staring at the back yard, he's gonna fall.
He looks so suspicious, I should called the law,
I wish I could remember where I've seen him before.

Sunrise to sundown, stumbling through London town.
He acts like he's stranded, but that's how he planned it.

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Stranger in my home town, I'm just a stranger in my home town.
Stranger in my home town, whoo! Stranger in my home town. I'm just
a stranger.

I'm a stranger, a stranger - I'm a stranger, a stranger, a stranger.