

# The Comfort Of Strangers

Julia Fordham

I'm jam packed full of movie clips and other junk  
TV shows and videos and another whole bunch of stuff  
It's like a snippet of a song that no longer belongs  
And I'm looking to the comfort of strangers

It's noisy and disjointed in this tangled mess  
I'm jarred and jangling on a raw and jagged edge  
It's like a picture that has faded the colours have all blurred  
And I'm drawn to the comfort of strangers.

And I see myself lying in your arms  
When I close my eyes at night  
No complex conversation  
Ooh to taste the comfort of strangers

I'm fit to burst with CD tracks and stereo  
Coupled with bad memories that just never seem to go  
And you'd have think that I'd learnt that I always get burned  
When I take refuge in the comfort of strangers

Still I see myself lying in your arms  
When I close my eyes at night  
No complex conversation  
Ooh to taste the comfort of strangers

Oh lead me not into temptation  
To fight these feelings of frustration  
I want a stillness inside and a silence of mind  
And to stop dreaming of the comfort of strangers

And I see myself lying in your arms  
When I close my eyes at night  
And I see myself lying in your arms  
When I close my eyes at night  
No complex conversation  
Ooh to taste the comfort, I want to taste the comfort  
Oh please give me the comfort of your arms

The comfort of strangers  
The comfort of strangers  
It's you, only you  
The stranger I've been dreaming of  
I close my eyes and I'm lying in your arms  
Your arms, with you, with you  
The stranger I've been dreaming of  
I close my eyes  
The comfort of strangers  
The comfort of strangers