

# Stranger

Lola Marsh

During my younger years  
Just like a fuse, they've got me burning like a rocket  
But I was so serene  
For I knew I had a bit of sunshine in my pocket

Conceal my broken wings, they were bruised and battered  
Reveal my shiny scars, a reminder of my courage

Stranger to my past, moving, jumping fast  
I am the wind, they are the mountains  
My only consolation is I'll always have some sunshine in my pocket  
Conceal my broken wings, they were bruised and battered  
Reveal my shiny scars, a reminder of my courage

Hmm...

Oh... oh...

Stranger to my past, moving, jumping fast  
I am the wind  
Stranger to my past, moving, jumping fast  
I am the wind  
Stranger to my past, moving, jumping fast  
I am the wind

Hush now, patience is a friend  
Take a breath towards your end  
Hmm...