

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...