

# Talking To Strangers

Maisie Peters

There's a man in a shop  
Worked there for years  
He knows your birthday  
And I know that's weird

He keeps a scratchcard  
Aside every week  
'Cause you're superstitious  
Haven't missed one since you were sixteen

Oh, I can't stop, I can't just not  
Tell the whole wide world and this room  
No, I can't stop, even if I wanted to  
Talking to strangers about you  
Talking to strangers about you

There's a guy on a plane  
Who knows you hate flying  
The girl doing laps in the pool knows  
Knows you learnt how to swim in Hawaii

Don't know I do it, I catch myself sometimes  
I catch myself sometimes  
So I try change the subject  
'Cause I get not everyone sees you the way that I'd like

But I can't stop, I can't just not  
Tell the whole wide world and this room  
No, I can't stop, even if I wanted to  
Talking to strangers about you  
Talking to strangers about you

Babe, if you knew, even half of a clue  
What I'm telling these strangers  
In every bar, every bus stop, every car  
They talk 'bout the news, I just talk about you

'Cause I can't stop, I can't just not  
Tell the whole wide world and this room  
No I can't stop, even if I wanted to  
Talking to strangers about you  
Talking to strangers about you  
Talking to strangers about you