

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