

# The Stranger

Planet P Project

He sits alone in one small room  
Of a shabby railroad flat  
He reads his yellowed clippings  
Folds them up and puts them back

He knows that the world's not the place that it seems  
And oh, oh, oh he dreams  
There's somebody there  
He stifles his emotions

And he wipes them from his face  
He shuffles around his secret things  
Hidden in their secret place  
And nobody knows where the stranger will go

And oh, oh, oh he knows  
That nobody cares  
No nobody cares  
And he comes when he's summoned

And he does what must be done  
And he lives for the movement  
He takes pride in being one  
Of the lucky and the chosen

And the perfect men  
And the stranger  
Is with us again  
From a valley in the rhineland

To the deserts of Iran  
From a valley they called Jonestown  
To a meeting of the clan  
Nobody knows where the strangers will go

And oh, oh, oh you know  
They'll always be there  
They'll always be there  
And they comes when they're summoned

And they does what must be done  
And they lives for the movement  
They takes pride in being one  
Of the lucky and the chosen

And the perfect men  
And the strangers  
Are with us again  
Yes the strangers

Are with us again