

# Strangers

Rayland Baxter

Where you going? I don't mind  
I killed my world and I killed my time  
So, where do I go? What do I see?  
I see many people coming after me  
So, where you going to? I don't mind  
If I live too long, I'm afraid I'll die  
So I will follow you wherever you go  
But if your offered hand is still open to me  
Strangers on this road we are on  
We are not two, we are one

So ya been where I just been  
From the land that brings losers home  
So we will share this road we walk  
Mind our mouths and beware our talk  
Till peace we find, tell you what I'll do  
All the things I own, I will share with you  
And if I feel tomorrow like I feel today  
We'll take up what we want and give the rest away  
Strangers on this road we are on  
We are not two, we are one

Holy man and holy priest  
It's a love alive, makes me weak in my knees  
And when we get there, make your plate  
Soon I feel you're gonna carry us away  
In a promise lie you made us believe  
For many men there is so much greed  
And my mind is proud but it aches with rage  
And if I live too long I'm afraid I'll die  
Strangers on this road we are on  
We are not two, we are one  
Strangers on this road we are on  
We are not two, we are one