

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
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