

# Strangers

Slaine

Living my life alone, I'm trying to keep a grip with my ice that's on  
A glove hanging on tight, don't slip, love life  
Broads in strip clubs, the glare of a starry night  
Selling pussy ain't wrong but it's hardly right  
I hardly write anymore, becoming numb  
Plus no one could understand where my words are coming from  
Just a lost soul, birthed to the wrong earth  
At a crossroads, cursed with a thirst to look at the worst  
Plus I'm cynical and always thinking crooked at first  
And these chemicals are gonna have me put in a hearse  
So in general I'd say I got one foot in the dirt  
In my words of a man on his last stand, damn  
The foul odor coming out the dirty trash can stinks  
You can smell it, why you listen what the last man thinks  
Speak your own mind, be your own man, not your own kind  
Or is it really that you're just scared to walk a long climb?

A thug changes and love changes  
And best friends become strangers I guess  
Are we really just strangers?  
Cause I don't wanna be strangers

It's like that, all gone with the wind  
Stranded in the past, god damnit I want it again  
All I want is my friend  
Wanna write this story to the end  
We're weaving our tale, I ain't putting down the pen  
Cause I have been walking through the streets hearing sirens  
Violins, putting rhymes to the violence  
Wake up and do it again  
It's an ugly world searching for a beautiful thing  
Everywhere I look it's Lucifer and Judas' king  
Streets full of evil, needles you can shoot in your skin  
Who couldn't sin? We slide then we sinfully grin  
We gotta do what we gotta, fucking pencil me in  
Cause

So these are the days of our lives  
And sometimes in sadness there's so many ways you can cry  
Without never shedding a tear out the hazelst eyes  
And fear walks around in the strangest disguise  
But who's strangers? Are we strangers?  
Can we never go back where we came from?  
I been saying the same thing from day one  
Now you wanna just turn backs and play dumb  
I understand, hun but we knew the rain could come  
That would be the true test so I guess you ain't the one  
You aim that gun, I'll take that slug  
Girl, the love change her now you hate that thug  
But