

Squeeze, Stranger Than The Stranger On The Shore

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Acid casualties and angry young men
The litmus test of a guitar and pen
Revolve around date sheets lost lonely rooms
And this is my home and I will leave soon
For a house with a tower
Where there's visiting hours
And the day leaves its taste on a spoon
The black eye of the camera bruised by my blush
Leaves another chin and another hair cut
The image in focus the shot aims to kill
And I'm cropped at the waist as I run through the mill
So I'm lost for an encore
The kodachrome wants more
Now I'm snapped with my head in the still

The contract's been signed with a stroke of my blood
I'm drowned by the name that sinks in the mud
Thrown from emotion to swim back to the shore
Where the sound of a drum beats time to applause
Now my life's in danger
Of ending up stranger
Than the stranger who walked on the shore

Stranger than the stranger
Who walks by my bed
Shares in my life
Lives although dead
Stranger than the stranger I am sure
Stranger than the stranger on the shore