

## Stranger Strange

Augie March

Some go high and very low,  
None too different or the same you know,  
I know cos I've seen them come and go.  
When summer comes the valley hums with medicine trucks on  
the sidewalks, laid out those hands could be holy

Stranger, stranger, hard earned familiar,  
I've got no jokes,  
And you hit me up for more than just my shrapnel and smokes.

Some go high and very low, no two different or the same you know,  
I know cos I've seen them come and go

Stranger, stranger, strange you should be listening like a river to  
the end of my curdled song,  
Nobody knows what madness could come along.  
Now if you see a being borne into a trap you free it,  
They know kindness when they see it,  
Stranger Strange would it come if you could call it?

Some go high and very low,  
none too different or the same you know,  
I know cos I've seen them come and go.

It's quiet now, the streets are silent,  
When music out of the arms of community flies

Stranger Strange I knew I knew you,  
Now the bug lights in the bank imbue you  
With eyes like decals and a voice like an iron file.  
Stranger strange, though the earth be an anvil,  
I'm not waiting for the hammer to fall,  
I'm not waiting for anything at all.