

Favourite Stranger

Fish

Sometimes I feel I lost something
In gaining everything
But I can't put my finger on what it was
It's just one of those nagging feelings
Like sitting with your back to an open door
Waiting on a favourite stranger

I find it hard to talk about, it's not easy
As you might expect
Just sitting here, waiting, trying to accept
That there's something missing
That there's something not quite there
And that's why you're sitting there
Listening to me as I try to explain that

You're my favourite stranger
But don't read between the lines
I could say that I love you at this moment
In passing time
But I could honestly tell you
I don't know why I'm here
Sharing all my problems with you
When you've already got your own share
From favourite strangers

Maybe it's just I need an audience to
Pretend it's all an act
But all I gain is your confidence
And a number in a filo fax
On the terms that it's a first name
That'll run one day in split champagne
And I'll recollect and just accept
That you were one of my favourite strangers

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