

I'm A Stranger Here Myself

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Tell me is love
Still a popular suggestion,
Or merely an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking
This simple question
I'm unfamiliar with this part
I am a stranger here myself

Why is wrong
To murmur, "I adore him!"
When it's shamefully obvious I do?
Does love embarrass him,
Or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my clue
I'm a stranger here myself

I dream of a day
Of a gay warm day
With my face between his hands
Have I missed the path?
Have I gone astray?
I ask and no one understands

Love me or leave me
That seems to be the question
I don't know which tactics to use
But if he should offer
A personal suggestion
How could I possibly refuse
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Please tell me
Tell a stranger
My curiosity goaded
Is there really any danger
That love his now out-moded?
I'm interested especially
In knowing why you waste it
True romance is so freshly
With what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foibal?
Is Gin Rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoyable?
For heaven's sake what is it?

I can't believe
That love has lost its glamour
That passion is really passe
If gender is just a term in grammer
How can I ever find my way?
Since I'm a stranger here myself

How can he ignore my
Available condition?
Why these Victorian views?
You see here before you
A woman with a mission

I must discover the key to his ignition
And then if he should make
A diplomatic proposition
How could I possibly refuse?
How could I possibly refuse
When I'm a stranger here myself?