

Stranger

Lissie

I thought you said that you were single
So what's that thing hanging around your finger
You caught me all alone
When a knock came at the door
That brought me to my feet
And dropped you to the floor

Oh wait a minute now stranger
I'm not sure I like your angle
No I gotta go.. oh whoa...

When shove comes to push
And push comes to shove
You're not the kind of man
That I want to give my love
I covered up my bruises
And gave away my sins
So what makes you think that I would let you in

No wait a minute now stranger
I'm not sure I like your angle
No I gotta go... oh no... I gotta go

And my manner is a matter of taste
I warned you that you were only wasting your time
I asked nicely, please get out of my face
Excuse me, I'm not yours I am mine
I am mine

Oh wait a minute now stranger
I'm not sure I like your angle
I gotta go
So save yourself the trouble
When this thing blows you'll just be rubble... oh
Yeah, yeah... gotta go gotta go...

Oh wait a minute now stranger
I'm not sure I like your angle
No I gotta go.. oh whoa...