

## 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...