

The Stranger

Planet P Project

He sits alone in one small room
Of a shabby railroad flat
He reads his yellowed clippings
Folds them up and puts them back

He knows that the world's not the place that it seems
And oh, oh, oh he dreams
There's somebody there
He stifles his emotions

And he wipes them from his face
He shuffles around his secret things
Hidden in their secret place
And nobody knows where the stranger will go

And oh, oh, oh he knows
That nobody cares
No nobody cares
And he comes when he's summoned

And he does what must be done
And he lives for the movement
He takes pride in being one
Of the lucky and the chosen

And the perfect men
And the stranger
Is with us again
From a valley in the rhineland

To the deserts of Iran
From a valley they called Jonestown
To a meeting of the clan
Nobody knows where the strangers will go

And oh, oh, oh you know
They'll always be there
They'll always be there
And they comes when they're summoned

And they does what must be done
And they lives for the movement
They takes pride in being one
Of the lucky and the chosen

And the perfect men
And the strangers
Are with us again
Yes the strangers

Are with us again