

Talking to a Stranger

Rodney Crowell

And it's like talking to a stranger
Remember the panic in its delectable face, when I touched it
It was like talking to a stranger
Venetian candles penetrated its heart
It trembles like talking to a stranger
And Oh Miss Jesus tell me where are your black eyes?
Your baby was talking to a stranger, no no

And it's like talking to a stranger
You tasted mustard when she painted your face
And it was like talking to a stranger
And Oh Miss Jesus tell me where are your black eyes?
Your baby was talking to a stranger
Souvent pour s'amuser les hommes d'equipage
And it's like talking to a stranger

And it's like talking to a stranger
You tasted mustard when she painted your face
And it was like talking to a stranger
Remember the panic in its delectable face, when you touched it
It was like talking to a stranger
And Oh Miss Jesus tell me where are your black eyes?
Your baby was talking to a stranger
You're talking to a stranger
You're talking to a stranger, no no