

Perfect Strangers

Shirley Bassey

An afternoon of sad affairs
Shared in the hope of mending broken dreams
The constant struggle after simple pleasures
Finds us perfect strangers you and I

You know I hate to see you cry
And through the tears that fall like winter rain
You say you're tired of merely just surviving
We've so much in common that we're

Perfect strangers singing perfectly in tune
From separate corners of the room
Held together by our hunger to get by
Perfect strangers you and I

Let's make a toast to no regrets
Wet down the painful sting of sweet love lost
Let evening find us whispering in our whiskey
Come and sit beside me for a while

You know I love to see you smile
And if perhaps you're only passing through
At least we tried to reach an understanding
And for just one moment we were

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