

Wet Afternoon

The Strangers

Hands around a circle
In the candlelight
Now a childlike voice comes
From the other side

There behind the curtain
I saw something move
I couldn't tell for certain
Maybe it was you
She wants to speak to daddy
But daddy doesn't come
We only try to help her
We mean nobody harm

Keeping dry on a wet afternoon
This is no place for tears
The table turns on a wet afternoon

God has mighty powers
No one can explain
He chose us for his agents
To help our fellow man
They say it's an illusion
What we do in here
And for the richest pocket
We are the most sincere

Keeping dry on a wet afternoon
This is no place for tears
The table turns on a wet afternoon

Someone's pulled the curtains
All the lights turned out
Taps upon the table
In an empty house

Keeping dry on a wet afternoon
This is no place for tears
The table turns on a wet afternoon

Keeping dry on a wet afternoon
This is no place for tears
The table turns on a wet afternoon