

# Everyone Kisses a Stranger

The Walkabouts

Everyone kisses a stranger  
From here or from elsewhere  
He's a stranger  
He's a stranger

Like kisses without any proof  
A tongue without a passport

There's a frontier between kisses  
As if for every kiss  
You would have a card to show  
As if for every kiss  
You would know where to go

And if our kisses wait  
Someday they will dry  
Yes the tongue is sorry  
When the mouth is closed tight

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