

Stranger to Himself

Fairport Convention

(Sandy Denny)

He was a stranger to himself
A spy in his own camp
And his money was his health
All thrown to the dust by his very own hand
Yet his beauty lingered still
Beyond the draining of the sand
But greener was the other side of the hill
Richer was the other man's land
But we loved him, loved him just like brothers would
We loved him, loved him like no others could
And she loved him, loved him like a lover should
Take good care of an aching heart
You never can replace it
You know you are the master of your heart
You'll realise that when you think it fit
Those orbs of blue are jading away
No laughter from them dances
Yet you're bound to remember this one day
Hazards are risks and risks are chances
You can run for cover, run for cover like a frightened hare
Till it's all over, all over and there's no-one there
'Cos you daren't discover, daren't discover that we really care

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