

Miserable Strangers

King Creosote

I've done with being brave
And oh how we slaved to pave our way
And only to be dropped upon this quay
And only to be press-ganged overseas
Is this the end of the begining or the begining of the end
And these miserable strangers will be the making of our friends
They've been dropped upon this quay
Just the same as you and me
With each step forward there's two looks back
Are you so bewildered inside
But you know we'll have the new life that we talked of loud and proud
Hack them high and hold them dear
For we'll soon forget these faces in the crowd blurred by our tears
And yet we'll miss them year on year
So let's pull ourselves together like the others
We'll throw our hats into the air
And try to raise a hearty cheer
And at the back of my mind and I was always hoping I might just get back
At the back of my mind and I was always hoping I might just get back
Always hoping I might just get back
At the back of my mind I was always hoping I might just get back
At the back of my mind I was always hoping I might just get back
Always hoping that I might just get back
Always hoping that I might just get back

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