Stranger in a Strange Land

Spock's Beard

Behold the boy, the stranger, the working man's son
With skin like white lightning
And eyes like two shots from a gunThey'll teach him to pray and work everyday
He'll learn how to sweat in the sun
But God has a place, a place for him in His plan
He won't be like his old man
He won't be made to crawlHis folks named him John
But everyone else called him Snow
With flesh bright as Sunday
And a face full of something unknownShunned as he grew, he finally withdrew
Asleep in a world all his own
Then he awoke like a child in the Promised Land
With barely the strength to stand
And tears in his eyesHe's a stranger in a strange land from a world far away
Like a savior in the wasteland with a high price to pay
He's a stranger in a strange land
And he can't find his way homeAt seventeen years old he awoke from his world of gray
(He awoke to a time gone away)
With a gift ever-reaching and a calling he had to obey
(They watched as he left home one day)
They all looked on
While the prodigal son
Left the home of his father that day
Hit New York City with just the shirt on his back
With a tape deck and battery pack
And no turning backHe's a stranger in a strange land from a world far away
Like a savior in the wasteland with a high price to pay
He's a stranger in a strange land
Stranger in a strange land

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