I Found a Stray

Richard Thompson

I found a stray at my back door
She was a hungry shivering soul
Her dress was rags, her shoes were holes
I found a stray at my back doorI washed the dirt from off her face
I tucked her clean into my bed
But I could never wash away
The voices calling in her headSometimes a smile played on her lips
That gave me joy where there was none
Until the shadow crossed her face
Like the moon across the sun
Whatever life she had to live
It was a life of moving on
I woke up one day to find
My little stray had come and goneAnd she'll be out there on the road
If she's not picked up by the law
Or she'll be lying, nearly dying
At another stranger's door
I found a stray at my back door
She was a hungry shivering soul
Her dress was rags, her shoes were holes
I found a stray at my back door
I found a stray at my back door
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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