

# I Never Talk to Strangers

Tom Waits

Bartender, I'd like a Manhattan please  
Stop me if you've heard this one  
But I feel as though we've met before  
Perhaps I am mistaken  
But it's just that I remind you of  
Someone you used to care about  
Oh, but that was long ago  
Now tell me, do you really think I'd fall for that old line  
I was not born just yesterday  
Besides, I never talk to strangers anyway  
Hell, I ain't a bad guy when you get to know me  
I just thought there ain't no harm  
Hey, yeah, just try minding your own business, bud  
Who asked you to annoy me  
With your sad, sad repartee?  
Besides I never talk to strangers anyway  
Your life's a dime-store novel  
This town is full of guys like you  
And you're looking for someone to take the place of her  
You must be reading my mail  
And you're bitter 'cause he left you  
That's why you're drinkin' in this bar  
Well, only suckers fall in love with perfect strangers  
It always takes one to know one, stranger  
Maybe we're just wiser now  
Yeah, and been around that block so many times  
That we don't notice  
That we're all just perfect strangers  
As long as we ignore  
That we all begin as strangers  
Just before we find  
We really aren't strangers anymore  
Aw, you don't look like such a chump (aw, hey baby)

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