

# To a Stranger

## The Golden Palominos

It was the hour you make confidences to a stranger  
It seemed I'd become nearly human enough to think of another person's trouble  
And we were fellow strangers, then  
It was the hour you make confidences to a stranger  
Tell me all your secrets, tell me  
Tell me all your secrets, tell me  
I can't believe it you but I can keep a promise (tell me)  
So tell me, tell me all your secrets  
The day is so full of noise it might make you feel better  
It was one of my favourite years  
It was my favourite year  
And I thought to myself, I remember, this is what hope feel like  
Standing at the other end of your favourite year, you remember  
That when you posses a thing securely, you need never use it  
Hold back and let go, hold back and let go, let go  
Hold back and let go, hold back and let go, let go  
Despair can always produce an answer, and despair asks me now  
"Would you rather it was love and not lust?  
Would you rather it was love and not lust?"  
In cafes, on sidewalks, that man is waving at me,  
That man is waving at me  
On a trip to the bookstore or just sit down for awhile in the park  
That man is waving at me, that man is looking at me  
(Hold back and let go, hold back and let go, let go)  
To lie flat, to be pressed down upon  
(Hold back and let go)  
Your weight, your legs, your breath, your... your... your...  
(Hold back and let go, hold back and let go, let go)  
(Hold back and let go, hold back and let go, let go)  
And that name will dampen every mood of happiness or fun or  
Exhilaration with its reminder that love dies, and afternoon and  
Habit with the day  
So good... so good... so good...  
Say it, say it, say it, say it, say it, so good...  
It was the hour you make confidences to a stranger (so good)  
It seemed I'd become nearly human enough to think of another person's trouble (so good)  
And we were fellow strangers, then (so good)  
It was the hour you make confidences to a stranger (so good)  
I discovered that I measured love by the extent of my jealousy

Did I get it wrong?  
It was though our love were a creature caught in a trap  
And bleeding to death,  
I had to shut my eyes and wring it's neck  
(Would you rather it was love and not lust?)  
Did I get it wrong?  
Did I get it wrong?  
Did I? Did I get it wrong?  
(Would you rather it was love and not lust? Yes)  
Tell me all your secrets, tell me  
Tell me all your secrets, tell me  
I'll be watching, believe me, will you talk to me?  
It was the hour you make confidences to a stranger  
(I said it wrong)  
Would you rather it was love and not lust?  
How strange too and unfamiliar to think that one had been loved,  
That one's presence had once had the power to make a difference  
Between happiness and dullness in another's day?  
Would you rather it was love and not lust?  
(Tell me, tell me all your secrets, tell me,  
Tell me all your secrets, tell me)  
And as you carry on with the dance of exposure and camouflage  
You hold back and let go, hold back and let go,  
Hold back and let go, let go  
Hold back and let go, hold back and let go, let go  
And you can justify it in any way to make yourself feel better,  
And you try to think about different ways that you can justify it  
so you can feel a little better.  
(Hold back and let go, hold back and let go, let go)

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