Stranger to Himself

Sandy Denny

He was a stranger to himself,
A spy in his own camp,
And his money was his health,
All thrown to the dust by his very own hand.Yet his beauty lingered still,
Beyond the draining of the sand,
But greener was the other side of the hill,
Richer was the other man's land.But we loved him, loved him just like brothers would.
We loved him, loved him like no others could,
And she loved him, loved him like a lover should.Take good care of an aching heart,
You never can replace it.
You know you are the master of your art,
You'll realise that when you think it fit.Those orbs of blue are jading away,
No laughter from these dances.
Yet you're bound to remember this one day,
Hazards are risks, and risks are chances.You can run for cover, run for cover like a frightened hare,
Till it's all over, all over and there's no-one there,
'cause you daren't discover, daren't discover that we really care.

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