

I Never Talk to Strangers

Bette Midler

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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