

# Stranger -Live-

## Soul Asylum

I said, "Hey, brown girl, I seen your tears through the window  
Of the junk shop downtown"  
Sellin' trinkets from your far off homeland  
Did the Promised Land let you down?

I said "Hey, young boy, I notice that you ain't afraid to walk next to me  
Old man, you look like you're dying  
Is that all you want is a quarter from me?"

Oh, you know, sometimes I feel like a stranger, I feel like a stranger

I'm just another face in a faceless crowd  
I'm just another king in a headless crown  
I'm so alone, you know, I live here in this city  
But this place, it just ain't nobody's home

Now how many times do I got to tell you?  
There's no such thing as a man made world  
And how many times I got to tell you?  
There's no such thing as a man-tamed girl

Sometimes I feel like a stranger, I feel like a stranger

I want to buy some flowers for my mother, if I only had a mother  
You see, I, I got a happy family, but that's, oh, so far away  
Oh, I've got it all here inside me, but I just can't seem to get it out  
But I know that with a little imagination  
We can work this whole goddamn thing out

Oh, don't make me feel so strange and I feel like a stranger

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