

Stranger in My Own Town

The Outfield

I still remember what I saw last night
Three small kids stealing money from a poor man
Now that ain't right, no, that ain't right I'm still thinking 'bout the things I heard
Poor old man, he was frightened and afraid of every word
And it's all so absurd But times are changing now and I still care
There must be something we can do out there Like a stranger in my own town, baby
Like a stranger in my own town, baby I keep on walkin' through these run down streets
Graffiti walls, this ain't nothing like it used to be
Not for you or for me This town's never been so down before
Looks like a photograph
Someone might've taken in the second world war
Oh, but what was that for So many people gave their lives for this
There's nothing left for us to reminisce Like a stranger in my own town, baby
Like a stranger in my own town, baby When those sad days were over
I'm sure they all thought that we'd won
But now as I look around
Still invaded by everyone Things won't ever be the same again
I've not lost a town, I've lost my only friend
Oh, but where does it end We'll never change these times with good intent
But right now I know I don't feel content Like a stranger in my own town, baby
Like a stranger in my own town, baby Like a stranger in my own town, baby
Like a stranger in my own town, baby Like a stranger in my own town, baby
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