Stranger In a Strange Land

Spock's Beard

Behold the boy, the stranger The working man's son With skin like white lightning

And eyes like two shots from a gunThey'll teach him to pray and work everyday

He'll learn how to sweat in the sun

But God has a place, a place for him in His plan

He won't be like his old man, he won't be made to crawlHis folks named him John

But everyone else called him Snow

With flesh bright as Sunday

And a face full of something unknownShunned as he grew, he finally withdrew

Asleep in a world all his own

Then he awoke like a child in the Promised Land

With barely the strength to stand and tears in his eyesHe's a stranger in a strange land from a world far away

Like a savior in the wasteland with a high price to pay

He's a stranger in a strange land and he can't find his way homeAt seventeen years old he awoke from his world of gray

He woke to a time gone away

With a gift ever-reaching and a calling he had to obey

They watched as he left home one day They all looked on while the prodigal son

Left the home of his father that day

He hit New York City with just the shirt on his back

With a tape deck and battery pack and no turning backHe's a stranger in a strange land from a world far away

Like a savior in the wasteland with a high price to pay

He's a stranger in a strange land, stranger in a strange land

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