

George Strait, Stranger In My Arms

There's a stranger in my arms tonight
And I know the reason why
I've left her all alone one two many times
She use to tremble at my touch
And her kiss was soft and warm
But tonight, there's a stranger in my arms

She's still look's the same
And she still talks the same
And she answers when I call her by the same name
But now to late I realize
I let her love for me die
There's a stranger in my arms tonight

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