

Quimby, As Perfect Strangers

as perfect strangers

All over the world
the time is the same the time
when we are changing
New ways to find
old ones to blame
just save a smoke for the morning
I could cry, cry for the Savior
for I hope every evening t
hat my flame sleeps away
and the whole wide world
is an ashtray for me in the morning
As perfect strangers
I wear down the world
meeting bad angels
down on the earth
Under the sky the scene is the same
we sin and then comes the praying
Wounded girls wounded games
they try to keep on playing
I had a tale and I had a partner
but now they're gone with the night train
There must be a wind up or down under
that shows me the right way
As perfect strangers
I wear down the world
meeting bad angels
down on the earth
Fellows, it seems I'm losing the flame
and running out of dreams
with the morning train