

# Spock's Beard, Stranger In A Strange Land

NARRATOR:

Behold the boy - The stranger, the working man's son  
With skin like white lightning  
And eyes like two shots from a gun

They'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 crawl

His folks named him John  
But everyone else called him Snow  
With flesh bright as Sunday  
And a face full of something unknown

Shunned 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 eyes

He'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 home

At seventeen years old he awoke from his world of gray  
(He awoke 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  
Hit New York City with just the shirt on his back  
With a tape deck and battery pack  
And no turning back...

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Stranger in a strange land