

The Stanley Brothers, Rank Strangers

I wandered again to my home in the mountains
Where in youth's early dawn I was happy and free
I looked for my friends but I never could find them
I found they were all rank strangers to me

Everybody I met seemed to be a rank stranger
No mother or dad not a friend could I see
They knew not my name and I knew not their faces
I found they were all rank strangers to me.

Now they've all moved away said the voice of a stranger
To a beautiful home by a bright crystal sea
And some day I'll meet them all up in Heaven
Where no one will be a rank stranger to me.