

Augie March, Stranger Strange

Some go high and very low, none too different or the same you know, I know cos I've seen them come
When summer comes the valley hums with medicine trucks on
the sidewalks, laid out those hands could be holy...

Stranger, stranger, hard earned familiar,
I've got no jokes,
And you hit me up for more than just my shrapnel and smokes.

Some go high and very low, none too different or the same you know,
I know cos I've seen them come and go...

Stranger, stranger, strange you should be listening like a river to
the end of my curdled song,
Nobody knows what madness could come along.
Now if you see a being borne into a trap you free it,
They know kindness when they see it,
Stranger Strange would it come if you could call it?

Some go high and very low, none too different or the same you know, I know cos I've seen them come

It's quiet now, the streets are silent,
When music out of the arms of community flies...

Stranger Strange I knew I knew you,
Now the bug lights in the bank imbue you
With eyes like decals and a voice like an iron file.
Stranger strange, though the earth be an anvil,
I'm not waiting for the hammer to fall,
I'm not waiting for anything at all.