

Bill Anderson, Best of Strangers

Love is full of happiness but love is full of dangers
The very best of sweethearts and became the best of strangers

I only knew that your two lips could kiss and whisper sweet
I never stopped to think that those two lips could also cheat
Your precious love was mine at least that's what I told myself
Until I found you in the arms of someone else
I only saw the happiness I overlooked the dangers
Until the best of sweethearts became the best of strangers
And now they see us in the crowd and think we've never met
Each time they introduce us makes it harder to forget
But you keep on pretending I'm somebody you don't know
I'm not the stranger but the one who loves you so
Love is full of happiness...