

# 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...