

# Bill Anderson, Stranger's Story

(Pete Stamper)

Oh, come hear a story a stranger just told me  
Of a woman who meant everything  
So proud he once owned her but he has her no longer  
For she wears another man's ring.

He talked of the good time they'd had in the springtime  
Before she was stolen away  
He blamed her oh no none he said she was too young  
And that's why she wanted to stray.

We drank to her new love that it might be true love  
Her future both happy and bright  
With his eyes growing misty he drank down the whiskey  
That was telling his story that night.

And though he didn't even know me he told me all of his story  
And not one single word did he say without pride  
And then he asked me if I blamed her but oh when he named her  
I wanted to run out and hide.

How could I tell him the man that had dealt him  
His sadness and sorrow was me  
I ran from the table while I was still able  
To hold back my own misery.

And now a wonder comes to me that maybe he knew me  
And he told me just so I'd cry  
But without his knowing my teardrops were flowing  
For she had just told me goodbye...