

# Bob Dylan, Rank Strangers To Me

I wandered again to my home in the mountain  
Where in youth's early days 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.

Ev'rybody 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.

They all moved a way, said a voice of a stranger  
&quot;To that beautiful home by the bright crystal sea&quot;;  
Some beautiful day I'll meet 'em in heaven  
Where no one will be a stranger to me.

Ev'rybody 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.