

Cole Jude, Stranger To Myself

Through the back door, my heart pounding
Up the stairwell it's dark and dingy
I can feel the cold sweat on my fingertips
What is this power you have over me
You with your black eyes and your red dress
In the afternoon the sun shines on Temple Street
All the Mexicans smile freedom
But you're not like them, you got a heart of black ink
And since I met you I'm a stranger to myself
Since I met you I'm a stranger to my
Stranger to myself, oh
So many women walking beautiful
With L.A. dreams and eyes big as basketballs
But you've got a cold look that could paint them silly
And I don't care if it's good or evil
Since I met you I'm a stranger to myself
Since I met you I'm a stranger to my
Stranger to myself, whoa
I can hear your footsteps on the floor
Devil or angel come and let me through your door
Your door, oh
(Solo)
Since I met you I'm a stranger to myself
Since I met you I'm a stranger to myself
Oh, since I met you I'm a stranger to myself
Oh, since I met you I'm a stranger to my
Stranger to myself, oh
(Stranger to myself, oh a stranger to myself)
Stranger
(Stranger to myself, whoa, a stranger)
To myself
(Stranger to myself, oh a stranger to myself)
Oh, a stranger
(Stranger to myself, oh, a stranger)
Well you know, darling
Since the day I met you, huh
I'm just a long, tall, dark, handsome
Stranger to myself
Whoa, a stranger