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 ofblack 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