

Earl Thomas Conley, Your Love Is Just For Strangers

Seems like the good times
Happen too early
Or maybe they just start out growing old

You slipped through my arms
In such a hurry
Searching for a softer love to hold

But that's the story of my life
A taste of what love might be like
That's how it is but not the way I chose
And your love is just for strangers, I suppose

Yes your love is just for strangers, I suppose
Oh but ain't it sad the way they come and go
But there's always someone lonely just down the road
And your love is just for strangers, I suppose

So you'll always find a place to hang your clothes
Cause your love is just for strangers, I suppose
Your love is just for strangers, I suppose