

# Eloy, The Stranger

I'm walking down a street with no end  
an evening wind is blowing cold  
ethereal tune a radio voice  
alone in the heart of the crowd  
what's in the air  
the feeling they share  
looking full of hope  
oh no no no  
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been waiting for  
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been praying for  
the savior from afar  
collar up high, a fresh cigarette  
vacant windows line the way  
men on the news with nothing to say  
they tell the same tales every day  
suffering alone whispering cries  
trying to call  
I can't help you  
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been waiting for  
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been praying for  
the savior from afar  
[ahhh aaaaa's]  
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been waiting for  
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been praying for  
the savior from afar