

Fish, Favourite Stranger

(Dick/Usher)

Some times I feel I lost something
In gaining everything,
But I can't put my finger on what it was,
It's just one of those nagging feelings,
Like sitting with your back to an open door
Waiting on a favourite stranger.
I find it hard to talk about, its not easy
As you might expect
Just sitting here waiting, trying to accept
That there's something missing,
That there's something not quite there
And that's why you're sitting there.
Listening to me as I try to explain that
chorus: You're my favourite stranger
But don't read between the lines,
I could say that I love you at this moment
In passing time,
But I could honestly tell you
I don't know why I'm here,
Sharing all my problems with you
When you've already got your own share,
From favourite strangers.
Maybe it's just I need an audience to
Pretend it's all an act,
But all I gain is your confidence
And a number in a filofax
On the terms that it's a first name
That'll run one day in split champagne
And I'll recollect and just accept
That you were one of my favourite strangers.

(chorus)

Sometimes I know I lost everything
In gaining something,
But I can't put my finger on what it was
Its just one of those nagging feelings
like sitting with your back to an open door,
Expecting favourite strangers.