

# George Fox, Strange Days

an old lady helps me as I'm crossing the road  
she sees the direction and the weight of my load  
she points to a man taking peace to the poor  
and a record is broken by the arm of the law

and you and I as we skate, pitch or ride  
we seek our adventures in the places we hide  
the pendulum dances, opinion poles swing  
not to mention the meaning of contemporary things

we're chasing the feeling that our money can't buy  
our pocket books empty but we're ready to try

on strange days everything is stranger  
and don't I know nothing comes without danger  
on strange days everything is stranger  
don't I know nothing comes without danger

drowning not waving in a film title end  
our mothers and fathers have postcards to send  
we calculate the loss and unfortunate things  
and the healthy economy that good warfare brings

we're chasing the feeling that our money can't buy  
our pocket books empty but we're ready to try

on strange days everything is stranger  
and don't I know nothing comes without danger  
on strange days everything is stranger  
don't I know nothing comes without danger