

Heather Nova, Talking To Strangers

I'm talking to strangers
To see what I feel,
Your face is changing now
And nothing seems real.

These things I know
Are like a baby how they grow in me;
I pull them out
Just like a baby for you to see them all.

I'm talking to strangers
To see what I need;
This love between us now,
How it's twisting in me.
I want to get it out,
I want to feel the breathing,
I want to really love,
I want to know the meaning,
I want to share all these things.

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