

# 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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