

Jean Shepard, Stranger Nine To Five

Well there she goes again and the hurt begins
But I must pretend I don't know she's alive
There he stands so close we can touch almost
But we must act like strangers nine to five
The ones who work here every day musn't know we feel this way
So we must hide our feelings for a while
But when each endless day is through I'll try to make it up to you
For acting like a stranger nine to five
It's all that I can do to keep from kissing you
When I see you say I love you with your eyes
Just one tender touch would show I care too much
So we must act like strangers nine to five
But when each endless day is through I'll try to make it up to you
For acting like a stranger nine to five