

John Miles, Stranger In The City

Buildings tower round me like they're waiting for the kill.
For days I haven't eaten and I really do feel ill.
If I cry for help, will you hear my call?
If I stumble now, would you let me fall?
Won't you give me a hand?
Try to understand,
I'm a stranger in the city.

Stuck inside these streets it's like a human traffic jam.
People walk right over me now, they don't give a damn.
If I ask for death, would you give me a gun?
If I took your hand, would you turn and run?
Won't you pity me,
Just try to see,
I'm a stranger in the city.

All my friends were saying that the streets were paved with gold.
I couldn't wait to get there from the stories I'd been told.
There's everything that I could want, it sounded like a dream.
But my money's gone
And I've got no-one.
Friends are nowhere to be seen.

Concrete jungle all around can't hear the birds and bees.
I've walked for miles, I can't believe what happened to the trees.
If I need someone, would you help me to get by?
If I come to you, would you give it a try?
I'm all alone,
So far from home.
I'm a stranger in the city.