

# 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.