

Julia Fordham, The Comfort Of Strangers

i'm jam packed full of movie clips and other junk
tv shows and videos and another whole bunch of stuff
it's like a snippet of a song that no longer belongs
and i'm looking for the comfort of strangers

it's noisy and disjointed in this tangled mess
i'm jarring and jangling on a raw and jagged edge
it's like a picture that has faded the colours have all blurred
and i'm drawn to the comfort of strangers

and i see myself lying in your arms
when i close my eyes at night
no complex conversation
oooh to taste the comfort of strangers

i'm fit to burst with cd tracks and stereo
coupled with bad memories that just never seem to go
and you'd have think that i'd learnt that i always get burned
when i take refuge in the comfort of strangers

still i see myself lying in your arms
when i close my eyes at night
no complex conversation
oooh to taste the comfort of strangers

oh lead me not into temptation
to fight these feelings of frustration
i want a stillness inside and a silence of mind
and to stop dreaming of the comfort of strangers

and i see myself lying in your arms
when i close my eyes at night
and i see myself lying in your arms
when i close my eyes at night
no complex conversation
oooh to taste the comfort, i want to have the comfort
oh please give me the comfort of your arms

the comfort of strangers
the comfort of strangers
it's you, only you
the stranger i've been dreaming of
i close my eyes and i'm lying in your arms
your arms, with you, with you
the stranger i've been dreaming of
i close my eyes
the comfort of strangers
the comfort of strangers