

# Neil Diamond, Love With The Proper Stranger

I could fall in love with the proper stranger  
If I heard the bells and the banjos ring  
If two certain eyes with the look of danger  
Smiled a welcome warm as spring

If the beating in my heart  
Sounded out a warning  
&quot;Don't let her,&quot;  
&quot;Don't let her walk through the door&quot;  
&quot;This is the one you've been waiting for&quot;  
Oh, yes, I'd know  
However wild it seems,  
You know I'd know

And I'd whisper  
&quot;Come take my hand, proper stranger&quot;  
&quot;Don't go through life as a stranger&quot;  
&quot;For I'm a poor proper stranger, too&quot;

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