

Peter Hammill, Stranger Still

Stranger still in another town,
how normal to sit out the dance,
eating the good meal by myself,
toasting the empty glass;
and they're already setting out the next place,
already forgetting about the last.
No, nothing could be less strange in entropy
no change, no change, no change.

No danger in a normal life,
better steady down the adrenalin pump.
Excess refraction in the mirror
only leads to the quantum jump...
Oh, but it leaves me in limbo;
how strange, what a stranger I become.
No, no, nothing could be less strange in entropy
no change, no change, no change.

No, I know how to behave in the restaurant now,
I don't tear at the meat with my hands;
if I've become a man of the world somehow
that's not necessarily to say I'm a worldly man.

Keep on shuffling the menu
and the order never comes on time.
No, there's only diffraction patterns,
no reading between the lines;
only the rate of emission,
and reason allows no rime.
No, nothing could be less strange in entropy
no change, no change, no change.
No, nothing could be less strange in entropy
no change, no change, no change.
No, nothing could be less strange in entropy...

Entropy...
...a stranger, a worldly man.