

# Richard Thompson, Strange Affair

(Richard Thompson)

This is a strange affair  
The time has come to travel but the road is filled with fear  
This is a strange affair  
My youth has all been wasted and I'm bent and grey with years  
And all my companions are taken away  
And who will provide for me against my dying day  
I took my own provision, but it fooled me and wasted away

Oh where are my companions?  
My mother, father, lover, friend, and enemy  
Where are my companions?  
They're prisoners of death now, and taken far from me  
And where are the dreams I dreamed in the days of my youth  
They took me to illusion when they promised me the truth  
And what do sleepers need to make them listen,  
Why do they need more proof?  
This is a strange, this is a strange affair

Won't you give me an answer?  
Why is your heart so hard towards the one who loves you best?  
When the man with the answer  
Has wakened you, and warned you, and called you to the test  
Wake up from your sleep that builds like clouds upon your eyes  
And win back the life you had that's now a dream of lies  
Turn your back on yourself and if you follow,  
You'll win the lover's prize  
This is a strange, this is a strange affair