

Scott Matthews, Passing Stranger

See the sign up ahead, it calls out your name,
it's a meaningful sign; but it makes no sense.

So you pass on through with only one shoe
and a mystified mind, with an Angel for a guide.

There's a destiny song that's meant for me
but I'm weary of the soles of my innocent feet.

Like a single shot you know it's all you got,
so be sure to aim true with your eyes on full view.

There's nobody you can accuse,
the mirror reflects a bold truth
and from inside I feel bruised.

The mask that I wear is unsure,
unable to find a known cure
so I'll hide for evermore.

I'm a Passing Stranger
with a name I can't remember
I am going blind from the dust in my eyes.

but the ground back home seems so far away
and I'm coughing up my lungs,
but I know I've gotta stay.

I'm moving slow with nowhere to go
I stumble on a sign 'One Mile to Dine'.
It takes a little time, and I'm barely alive
But I'll make it none-the-less, with a shortage of breath.

the coffee you poured me is cold,
the paper I'm reading is old
and that smile is not your own.

The clothes that I wear are soaked through
I'm all out of luck for you
and there's a million things I can do (can do; I can do)

There's something strangely familiar about were I am
I'm sitting next to the man with the unsteady hands
he said "How are you Son? Where you been all week?"
I recognise his voice, even in my sleep

Lord only knows what I got up to
maybe it's best for me if I just find my shoes
and confirm my suspicions for heaven's sake
and pick up my trail from my front gate.

There's nobody you can accuse,
the mirror betrays a bold truth
and from inside is what you do.

Start digging around and you'll find;
missing for years, your own life
You're better off trying not to hide.
Not to hide...