

Shakra, Stranger

I'm just a lonely boy and I play
With my red kite in the sky
I hold the string in both of my hands
Try to teach it to fly

But then the wind becomes much stronger
And breaks my dream in two
I see the light at the end of the tunnel
And I'm running back to you

Now I'm awake
With the eyes of a stranger
And I'm awake
Out of my world of danger

I'm looking 'round in our bedroom
What the hell is going on
I see an orange dressed foreign man
Hanging on his telephone

But then a voice tries to tell me
What's going on tonight
I had a fit a mental blackout
I'll say goodbye to my red kite