

# 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