

Walkabouts

"Comfort of a Stranger"

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A stranger came
To this forsaken place
To shake me from my whiskey guilt
To cure my tremblin' ways

Now there is not a door
That I will not kick down
No lock I will not break
No guilty verdict found
Ever since you been around

You won't believe the lenghts I've travelled
To medicate the danger
But all the medicines, seem wasted
In the comfort of a stranger

You ain't some fool that came here for the fakin'
A racetrack prize that can be overtaken
You give the comfort of
Give me the comfort of a stranger

You recognize the genius of this place
The shadows hide the cynic on my face
You give the comfort of
Give me the comfort of a stranger

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