

Bill Anderson

"Stranger's Story"

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STRANGER'S STORY

(Pete Stamper)

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Oh come hear a story a stranger just told me
Of a woman who meant everything
So proud he once owned her but he has her no longer
For she wears another man's ring
He talked of the good time they'd had in the springtime
Before she was stolen away
He blamed her oh no none he said she was too young
And that's why she wanted to stray
We drank to her new love that it might be true love
Her future both happy and bright
With his eyes growing misty he drank down the whiskey
That was telling his story that night
And though he didn't even know me he told me all of
his story
And not one single word did he say without pride
And then he asked me if I blamed her but oh when he
named her
I wanted to run out and hide
How could I tell him the man that had dealt him
His sadness and sorrow was me
I ran from the table while I was still able
To hold back my own misery
And now a wonder comes to me that maybe he knew
me
And he told me just so I'd cry
But without his knowing my teardrops were flowing
For she had just told me goodbye

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