

Eloy

"The Stranger"

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I'm walking down a street with no end
an evening wind is blowing cold
ethereal tune a radio voice
alone in the heart of the crowd
what's in the air
the feeling they share
looking full of hope
oh no no no
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been waiting
for
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been praying
for
the savior from afar
collar up high, a fresh cigarette
vacant windows line the way
men on the news with nothing to say

they tell the same tales every day
suffering alone whispering cries
trying to call
I can't help you
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been waiting
for
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been praying
for
the savior from afar
[ahhh aaaaa's]
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been waiting
for
sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not the one you've been praying
for
the savior from afar

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