

Outfield

"Stranger In My Own Town"

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J. spinks, t. lewis
I still remember what I saw last night
Three small kids stealing money from a poor man
Now that ain't right - no that ain't right
I'm still thinking 'bout the things I heard
Poor old man - he was frightened and afraid of every
word
- and it's all so absurd

But times are changing now and I still care
There must be something we can do out there
I'm like a stranger in my own town baby
I'm like a stranger in my own town baby

I keep on walkin' through these run down streets
Graffiti walls - this ain't nothing like it used to be
Not for you or for me
This town's never been so down before
Looks like a photograph - someone mighta taken in
The second world war
Oh but what was that for

So many people gave their lives for this
There's nothing left for us to reminisce
I'm like a stranger in my own town baby
I'm like a stranger in my own town baby

When those sad days were over
I'm sure they all thought that weld won
But now as I look around
We're still invaded by everyone

Things won't ever be the same again
I've not lost a town - I've lost my only friend
Oh but where does it end
We'll never change these times with good intent
But right now I know I don't feel content

I'm like a stranger in my own town baby
I'm like a stranger in my own town baby

