

Split Shift

"Stranger In A Strange Land"

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NARRATOR:

Behold the boy - The stranger, the working man's son
With skin like white lightning
And eyes like two shots from a gun

They'll teach him to pray and work everyday
He'll learn how to sweat in the sun
But God has a place - A place for him in His plan
He won't be like his old man
He won't be made to crawl

His folks named him John
But everyone else called him Snow
With flesh bright as Sunday
And a face full of something unknown

Shunned as he grew, he finally withdrew
Asleep in a world all his own
Then he awoke like a child in the Promised Land
With barely the strength to stand
And tears in his eyes

He's a stranger in a strange land from a world far away
Like a savior in the wasteland with a high price to pay
He's a stranger in a strange land
And he can't find his way home

At seventeen years old he awoke from his world of
gray
(He awoke to a time gone away)
With a gift ever-reaching and a calling he had to obey
(They watched as he left home one day)
They all looked on
While the prodigal son
Left the home of his father that day
Hit New York City with just the shirt on his back
With a tape deck and battery pack
And no turning back...

He's a stranger in a strange land from a world far away
Like a savior in the wasteland with a high price to pay

He's a stranger in a strange land
Stranger in a strange land

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