

## Dee dee Bridgewater "I'm A Stranger Here Myself"

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Tell me is love  
Still a popular suggestion,  
Or merely an obsolete art?  
Forgive me for asking  
This simple question;  
I'm unfamiliar with this part  
I am a stranger here myself

Why is wrong  
To murmur, "I adore him!"  
When it's shamefully obvious I do?  
Does love embarrass him,  
Or does it bore him?  
I'm only waiting for my clue  
I'm a stranger here myself

I dream of a day  
Of a gay warm day  
With my face between his hands  
Have I missed the path?  
Have I gone astray?  
I ask and no one understands

Love me or leave me  
That seems to be the question  
I don't know which tactics to use  
But if he should offer  
A personal suggestion  
How could I possibly refuse  
When I'm a stanger here myself?

Please tell me  
Tell a stranger  
My curiosity goaded  
Is there really any danger  
That love his now out-moded?  
I'm interested especially  
In knowing why you waste it  
True romance is so freshly  
With what have you replaced it?  
What is your latest foibal?  
Is Gin Rummy more exquisite?

Is skiing more enjoyable?  
For heaven's sake what is it?

I can't believe  
That love has lost it's glamour  
That passion is really passe  
If gender is just a term in grammer  
How can I ever find my way?  
Since I'm a stranger here myself

How can he ignore my  
Available condition?  
Why these Victorian views?  
You see here before you  
A woman with a mission  
I must discover the key to his ignition  
And then if he should make  
A diplomatic proposition  
How could I possibly refuse?  
How could I possibly refuse  
When I'm a stranger here myself?

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