

The Grownup Noise

"Proper Stranger"

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(Bachman-Cummings)

Dark day, windy city

Raincoat on my shoulder

So take my hand and show me where to go

'Cause don't you know I'm the proper stranger

Traffic lights, dusty sidewalks

Freeway people on the move

So take my hand and show me where to go

'Cause don't you know I'm the proper stranger

I'm the proper stranger

Nobody knows my face or

Knows my name

Nobody knows where I'm goin' or

How I came

Lost and found, no one claimed me

All alone with a million others

So take my hand and show me where to go

'Cause don't you know I'm the proper stranger

Broke my mind, had no spare

Nothing left and no tomorrow

So take my hand and show me where to go

'Cause don't you know I'm the proper stranger

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