

Michael Feinstein

"Who Are These Strangers?"

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WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS we know have been here
Since the dawn of this old human race?
WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS whom we fill with fear
And we treat as a social disgrace?

They're our sisters and brothers and parents and, yes,
They're our daughters and sons, and what's more,
They're among us at school and at work and, I guess,
Very frequently, right next door.

WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS denied self-esteem?
All they ask is to live here in peace.
Most of these strangers share our every dream,
And they may be your nephew or niece.

If a man loves a man or a girl loves a girl,
Should we listen when told we must hate them?
If they've truly been evil since ages primeval,
Why then does our God still create them?

WHO,
I ask You,
ARE THESE STRANGERS?

2nd Verse:

WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS who gave all that art?
Michelangelo soon comes to mind.
Name some composers who wrote from the heart?
And Tchaikovsky's the first of his kind.

While they hid their identity, they gave their all
With an unknowing world in their debt;
Filling every museum and symphony hall
Were they really thanked? Not as yet.

WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS in our world of pop?
There's Cole Porter and Coward as well.
Where would the theatre be? Start from the top ...
Does the name Oscar Wilde ring a bell?

Jerry Robbins, Nureyev, Nijinsky for dance,
Marcel Proust, Herman Melville, the novel;
After all their enriching the world of romance,
Many people would still have them grovel.

WHO, (James Baldwin, Langston Hughes)
I ask You, (Tennessee Williams, Somerset Maugham)
ARE THESE STRANGERS?

3RD Verse:

WHO

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