

## The Outfield

# "Stranger in My Own Town"

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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

Like a stranger in my own town, baby  
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 might've 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

Like a stranger in my own town, baby  
Like a stranger in my own town, baby

When those sad days were over  
I'm sure they all thought that we'd won  
But now as I look around  
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

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