

## Peter Hammill "Stranger Still"

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Stranger still in another town,  
how normal to sit out the dance,  
eating the good meal by myself,  
toasting the empty glass;  
and they're already setting out  
the next place,  
already forgetting about the last.  
No, nothing could be less strange  
in entropy  
no change, no change, no change.  
No danger in a normal life,  
better steady down the adrenalin pump.  
Excess refraction in the mirror  
only leads to the quantum jump...  
Oh, but it leaves me in limbo;  
how strange, what a stranger I become.  
No, no, nothing could be less strange  
in entropy  
no change, no change, no change.

No, I know how to behave  
in the restaurant now,  
I don't tear at the meat with my hands;  
if I've become a man of the world somehow  
that's not necessarily to say  
I'm a worldly man.  
Keep on shuffling the menu  
and the order never comes on time.  
No, there's only diffraction patterns,  
no reading between the lines;  
only the rate of emission,  
and reason allows no rime.  
Nothing could be less strange  
in entropy  
no change, no change, no change.  
No, nothing could be less strange...  
Entropy...  
... a stranger, a worldly man.

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