

Planet P

"The Stranger"

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he sits alone in one small room
of a shabby railroad flat
he reads his yellowed clippings
folds them up and puts them back
he knows that the world's not the place that it seems
and oh, oh, oh he dreams
there's somebody there
he stifles his emotions
and he wipes them from his face
he shuffles around his secret things
hidden in their secret place
and nobody knows where the stranger will go
and oh, oh, oh he knows
that nobody cares
no nobody cares
and he comes when he's summoned
and he does what must be done
and he lives for the movement
he takes pride in being one
of the lucky and the chosen
and the perfect men

and the stranger
is with us again
from a valley in the rhineland
to the deserts of iran
from a valley they called jonestown
to a meeting of the clan
nobody knows where the strangers will go
and oh, oh, oh you know
they'll always be there
they'll always be there
and they comes when they're summonned
and they does what must be done
and they lives for the movement
they takes pride in being one
of the lucky and the chosen
and the perfect men
and the strangers
are with us again
yes the strangers
are with us again

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