

Allan Taylor

"The Stranger"

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A stranger came in from the night
And he stood as if lost in a dream.
His smile was as sad as a true love denied
And his voice was a song in the wind.

I have travelled for many-a-mile
And my journey I cannot delay,
But I must rest for a while
For I'm weary and cold
And tomorrow I'll be on my way.

Give me fire to keep out the cold.
Close the shutters and make false the door.
Give me food for the night and a candle for light
And I will make up my bed on the floor.

I have nothing to give for my keep
And your favours I cannot repay,
But a gift is not measured in silver and gold ...
It's a memory that's treasured each day.

The stranger arose with the dawn
And he shouldered his travelling load.
Without making a sound he took one look around
And the stranger - he took to the road.

When the cold wind hounds in the night
And the rain beats hard on the door,
A voice in the wind seems to echo again
And the stranger is travelling once more

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