

Lee Rick

"Strangers"

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Strangers (c) 1992, 1995, Rick Lee & Holly Gettings,
Natick Music, BMI

Recorded on "Natick," Waterbug 0016 (CD and
cassette), released 7/18/95

That's my old man on the park bench,

And my child up on the swing.

But I know that you won't trust me

Or the promise that I bring.

You'll never know these strangers

We'll never know you back.

But, for the risk of being curious,

You might find here what you lack.

You can ask that old panhandler

What he does with your spare change.

When he asked you for that quarter

Did you ask him, "What's your name?"

When you see us on the TV,

Faces worn and marked with fear

Can you put yourself in our place

"Can that really happen here?"

bridge:

Just like you, I'd make a living.

Just like you, I'd have a place.

Just like you, I'd learn to get by,

Showing nothing on my face

Just like me, you'd have your job cut

Just like me, you'd wanna scream,

Just like me, beneath the surface,

You'd be more than you first seem.

(instrumental verse break)

The face before you on the subway,

She has family far away.

She has sorrows and frustrations,

She goes off to work each day.

I'm the man who sells umbrellas,

Sunny days I'll sell cold drinks.

Ask about the place I came from

And I'll tell you what I think.

bridge:

Just like you, I'd make a living.

Just like you, I'd have a place.

Just like you, I'd learn to get by,

Showing nothing on my face.

Just like you, we have our hard times.

Just like you we have our dreams.

Just like you, beneath the surface,

We are more than we first seem

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