

# Favourite Stranger

Fish

Sometimes I feel I lost something  
In gaining everything  
But I can't put my finger on what it was  
It's just one of those nagging feelings  
Like sitting with your back to an open door  
Waiting on a favourite stranger

I find it hard to talk about, it's not easy  
As you might expect  
Just sitting here, waiting, trying to accept  
That there's something missing  
That there's something not quite there  
And that's why you're sitting there  
Listening to me as I try to explain that

You're my favourite stranger  
But don't read between the lines  
I could say that I love you at this moment  
In passing time  
But I could honestly tell you  
I don't know why I'm here  
Sharing all my problems with you  
When you've already got your own share  
From favourite strangers

Maybe it's just I need an audience to  
Pretend it's all an act  
But all I gain is your confidence  
And a number in a filo fax  
On the terms that it's a first name  
That'll run one day in split champagne  
And I'll recollect and just accept  
That you were one of my favourite strangers

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