

## As Perfect Strangers

Quimby

All over the world  
the time is the same the time  
when we are changing  
New ways to find  
old ones to blame  
just save a smoke for the morning

I could cry, cry for the Savior

for I hope every evening t  
hat my flame sleeps away  
and the whole wide world  
is an ashtray for me in the morning

As perfect strangers  
I wear down the world  
meeting bad angels  
down on the earth

Under the sky the scene is the same  
we sin and then comes the praying  
Wounded girls wounded games  
they try to keep on playing

I had a tale and I had a partner  
but now they're gone with the night train  
There must be a wind up or down under  
that shows me the right way

As perfect strangers  
I wear down the world  
meeting bad angels  
down on the earth

Fellows, it seems

I'm losing the flame  
and running out of dreams  
with the morning train