

## Talking to a Stranger

Rodney Crowell

And it's like talking to a stranger  
Remember the panic in its delectable face, when I touched it  
It was like talking to a stranger  
Venetian candles penetrated its heart  
It trembles like talking to a stranger  
And Oh Miss Jesus tell me where are your black eyes?  
Your baby was talking to a stranger, no no

And it's like talking to a stranger  
You tasted mustard when she painted your face  
And it was like talking to a stranger  
And Oh Miss Jesus tell me where are your black eyes?  
Your baby was talking to a stranger  
Souvent pour s'amuser les hommes d'equipage  
And it's like talking to a stranger

And it's like talking to a stranger  
You tasted mustard when she painted your face  
And it was like talking to a stranger  
Remember the panic in its delectable face, when you touched it  
It was like talking to a stranger  
And Oh Miss Jesus tell me where are your black eyes?  
Your baby was talking to a stranger  
You're talking to a stranger  
You're talking to a stranger, no no