

www.practicetracks.co.uk

I'm A Stranger Here Myself

Reference number PT0482

Tell me, is love still a popular suggestion,
or merely an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking this simple question,
I'm unfamiliar with his heart,
I'm a stranger here myself,

Why is it wrong to murmur, I adore him,
when it's shamefully ob'ous I do?
Does love embarrass him, or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my cue,
I'm a stranger here myself

I dream of a day, of a gay warm day,
With my face between his hands.
Have I missed the path, have I gone astray?
I ask, and no one understands.

Love me, or leave me, that seems to be the question:
I don't know the tactics to use.
But if he should offer a personal suggestion,
How could I possibly refuse,
when I'm a stranger here myself?

Please tell me, tell a stranger by curiosity goaded,
Is there really any danger that love is now out-moded?
I'm int'rested espec'ly in knowing why you waste it;
True romance is so fleshly, with what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foibal?
Is Gin Rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoy'ble?
For heaven's sake what is it?

I can't believe that love has lost its glamour,
That passion is really passé?
If gender is just a term in grammar,
How can I ever find my way,
since I'm a stranger here myself?

How can he ignore my available condition?
Why these Victorian views?
You see here before you, a woman with a mission;
I must discover the key to his ignition.
And then if he should make a diplomatic proposition,
How could I possibly refuse,
When I'm a stranger here myself?