**"Stranger Song"**

It's true that all the men you knew were dealers   
who said they were through with dealing   
Every time you gave them shelter   
I know that kind of man   
It's hard to hold the hand of anyone   
who is reaching for the sky just to surrender,   
who is reaching for the sky just to surrender.

And then sweeping up the jokers that he left behind   
you find he did not leave you very much   
not even laughter   
Like any dealer he was watching for the card   
that is so high and wild   
he'll never need to deal another   
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger   
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger   
  
And then leaning on your window sill   
he'll say one day you caused his will   
to weaken with your love and warmth and shelter   
And then taking from his wallet   
an old schedule of trains, he'll say   
I told you when I came I was a stranger   
I told you when I came I was a stranger.   
  
But now another stranger seems   
to want you to ignore his dreams   
as though they were the burden of some other   
O you've seen that man before   
his golden arm dispatching cards   
but now it's rusted from the elbows to the finger   
And he wants to trade the game he plays for shelter   
Yes he wants to trade the game he knows for shelter.   
  
Ah you hate to see another tired man   
lay down his hand   
like he was giving up the holy game of poker   
And while he talks his dreams to sleep   
you notice there's a highway   
that is curling up like smoke above his shoulder.   
It is curling just like smoke above his shoulder.   
  
You tell him to come in sit down   
but something makes you turn around   
The door is open you can't close your shelter   
You try the handle of the road   
It opens do not be afraid   
It's you my love, you who are the stranger   
It's you my love, you who are the stranger.   
  
Well, I've been waiting, I was sure   
we'd meet between the trains we're waiting for   
I think it's time to board another   
Please understand, I never had a secret chart   
to get me to the heart of this   
or any other matter   
When he talks like this   
you don't know what he's after   
When he speaks like this,   
you don't know what he's after.   
  
Let's meet tomorrow if you choose   
upon the shore, beneath the bridge   
that they are building on some endless river   
Then he leaves the platform   
for the sleeping car that's warm   
You realize, he's only advertising one more shelter   
And it comes to you, he never was a stranger   
And you say ok the bridge or someplace later.

*Le strofe seguenti sono uguali alla seconda e terza*

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