

# Talk To Strangers

Phil Mills

Capo 2

G D C G G

A bar on some back - wa - ter world, with  
Two who stand on watch may speak of

D C

time and space to rest, I could be in - clined to get my  
home as they pre - pare, Of fam - i - ly re - mem - bered and of

D G C D

trou - ble off my chest. A - cross the room, you're laugh - ing with a  
loves for - got, then swear The on - ly sound they heard, if both should

Em C G

rich man... some - one new. When you talk to strang - ers, is it  
make it un - til light, Was some - thing wild an hope - less out there,

D7 C G D G C

eas - i - er for you? I talk to strang - ers, don't wor - ry what they  
howl - ing at the night.

D C D G

think of me. I talk to strang - ers, care lit - tle of the man they see.

Em D Em

But I won - der 'bout your hopes and dreams, the ones you'd have come

true. I talk to stran-gers; I nev-er talk to you. There's

men who'd shoot me dead on sight, I've told a - bout my fears For

I can lie to stran-gers, say what they want to hear. With two of us to-

geth-er, cramped in - side this co - zy spot, I try to be pro-

fes-sion-al while hop-ing that you're... not. I feel some kind of

com-fort act-ing gruff; You and I weren't stran-gers long - e - nough.

But I won - der 'bout your hopes and dreams, what you'd do if you were

free And I no-tice, some-times stran-gers talk to me.

History:

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