



And his thoughts are full of strangers, and his eyes too numb too see  
And nothing, that he knows of, and nowhere where he s been  
Was never quite like this

Repeat chorus 1

Ending:

**Bm/E C#m/E D/E**

**C# Bm/E C#m/E D/E C#m/E Bm/E C#m/E D/E**  
and at heart he s full of strangers, dodging on his train of thought

**Bm/E C#m/E D/E C#m/E** (to fade)