

The Stranger
Mr. Denim

[Intro]

G Bm Em D (x2)

[Verse 1]

G Bm Em D G Bm Em D
I m going to find all the ugliest words in any human language, gonna define myself.

G Bm Em D G Bm Em D
But part of me thinks I d just be wasting my time, there are no words for me, you can t ask anybody else.

G Bm Em D G Bm Em D
Mall-dwelling tweens have claimed werewolves and vampires, and Frankenstein was blessed with his maker nearby.

G Bm Em D G Bm Em D
So, I haven t got foresight, I ve given myself a short while to sneak off and die, so nobody might

G B Em D G B Em D
think anything crazy or make any bold moves. No, it s time to get going, now it s time to choose between
G B Em D G B Em D
living my life the way that I want to, or ending it all like I was born to lose.

[Interlude]

G B Em D (x2)

G Bm Em D G Bm Em D
So here we find ourselves, the crux and the crossroads. It seems like I got here using wisdom I ve borrowed

G B Em D G B Em D
from punk rock songs and the handful of novels I ve lived vicariously through.

[Chorus]

C G Em D C G Em D
Albert Camus, you showed me a stranger. A far cry from the one we found in the manger.

C G Em D
And neither of whom I would like very much, I d wager.

G Em C D
But that s what you get when you spend eighteen fucking years like I did.

[Interlude]

G B Em D (x2)

[Verse 2]

G B Em D G B
Em D

I was too focused on who I wanted to be, wrapped up in the folds of my mind I
was snug as could be.

G B Em D G B Em
D

I was living in filth that I made by myself, with every old me I put back on the
shelf.

G B Em D G B Em
D

Look at me now, I don't care in the least. I just wanted a new me, I just wanted
to sleep.

G B Em D G B Em
D

I just wanted to die, I wanted someone to listen, and I wanted to shine and I
wanted to glisten.

G B Em D G B Em
D

And I wanted to live like a bum and a prophet. I wanted to live with no money in
pocket.

G B Em D
Look at me now, I should be petty and careless.

G B Em D
I should get drunk with my friends and not chain-smoke into excess,

G B Em D G B
Em D

trying to stimulate what brain cells I can muster to write any words I won't
scratch out in a fluster

G B Em D
or a flurry of pen strokes, I'll write til my hand cramps,

G B Em D
I'll scream til the veins in my neck pop like paint cans.

G B Em D
And only they can know the illness I feel of all the

G B Em D
pressure inside of all the words I'll never have the courage to say

G B Em D
or would never come out the way I wanted it to. Don't you see why I'm like this?

G B Em D
I'm not fucking clever, I'm insane.

G