

Elvis Presley, Stranger In The Crowd

(Winfield Scott)

I've been standing on a corner
Since a quarter after seven
I was down to my last cigarette
And the clock in the window
At a quarter to eleven

I was watching all the people
Passing by me going places
Just the loneliest guy in the town
Looking for a friendly smile
But all I see were faces

And then, just like the taste of milk and honey
I found the stranger I've been looking for
Like a wave, my cup of love was overflowing
I knew the stranger in the crowd
And I would be stranger no more

The love that comes on the corner
At a quarter to eleven
I thought you were too good to be true
All my life I had believed
That angels only live in heaven
But now, we share the taste of milk and honey
Each day is sweeter than the day before

My cup runned overflowing
because the stranger in the crowd
And I would be stranger no more

Deep inside, my cup of love was overflowing
I found the stranger I've been looking for
Like a wave, my cup of love was overflowing
I knew the stranger in the crowd
And I would be stranger no more