

**The Death of Strangers**  
**Robert Edgar 2005**

**C**  
Rubber bands fit tightly around flower  
stems  
**G**  
Pregnant drops each hold an asphalt grain  
Just feet away the autos haunt the highway  
**C**  
Black roulette wheel tires spin the rain.

Slumping candles breathe a final spiral  
Ink on crumpled paper trails like tears  
Lines of ants lead from a box of chocolates  
A greasy iron trailer grinds its gears.

**Am7**            **G**  
Stare out your window  
**FMAJ7**  
The death of strangers  
**G**            **Am7**  
Makes cameo appearances.

You never met the folks who wrote the  
program  
That recognizes where it's never been  
You never met the people who have loaded  
the missiles into this dark submarine.

You'll never see the building that will  
crumble  
You'll never smell the odor from the burn  
The sound of the explosion will not reach  
you  
Introductions that you send will not return.

Stare at your monitor  
The death of strangers  
Makes cameo appearances.

**EMAJ7**  
Last time home I sat  
**C#m7**  
Wind blown on the island sand  
**A#MAJ7**            **G#MAJ7 G#MAJ7**  
I'd left to travel, and spend my  
**FMAJ7**  
life  
**Dm**            **C**            **Am7**  
Now I mourned the death of strangers.

A sixty-cycle hum suspends like incense  
Twice an hour a person at your door  
All the people passing through are gone  
now  
All the astronauts and troubadours

The midnight nurse bragged about your  
breathing  
Said she can tell that you're about to go.  
But anyone can hear a breath get shallow  
And guess when there will be no air to  
blow.

Stare out your yellowed eyes  
The death of strangers  
Makes cameo appearances.