

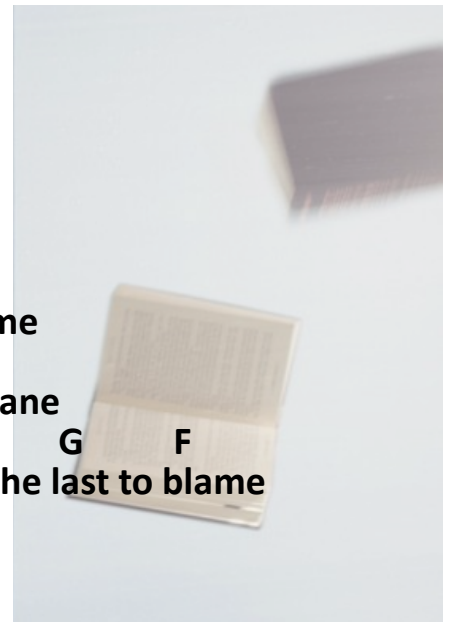
NEXT DOOR STRANGER

By Brian Kalinec

C G
These walls are so thin I can feel my neighbor sweat
G7 C
I can hear the ashes scatter off his danglin' cigarette
F G
I taste every cup of coffee that he fills
Am F G
I smell every shot of whiskey that he spills



C G
He's a flame when he's angry that smolders when he's just upset
G7 C
But he's truly at his worst when his Sunday paper's wet
F G
I feel every book he throws against the wall
Am F G
His conversations make no sense at all



Chorus: F C
He hasn't lived there long; I don't know his name
G C
But he seems a bit familiar and just a touch insane
F C G F
He'd probably be the first to tell you that he's the last to blame
G C
Ooh, that next door stranger.

I can hear him click those channels like popcorn on a fire
And it's hard to get much sleep as he scrolls the volume higher
Then he tosses the remote onto a shelf
I know more about this stranger
Than I know about myself.

CHORUS

Bridge: F G C
I thought it was time a couple words were spoken
F G C Am
I knocked on his door, and it flew right open
F G Am
No one lived there as far as I could see.
F C G
How could I have known the guy next door was me.



Chorus: C G
Guess he didn't live there long; And I never got his name
F
But he surely seemed familiar
G F G F G C
Ooh, that next door stranger.