

As I hitched out of Kolding it was ten degrees below
I was trying to get to Norway that's a long long way to go
Standing by the roadside and the snow was piling down
Before I became a snowman I had to leave this town

So I walked into the station and asked for Fredrikshavn
A kindly voice behind asked do you come here often
I laughed, no, but do you though as a puddle formed round my feet
If we're both trying to get to Norway it's lucky we should meet

On the train we swapped our stories of life out on the road
As the steam rose from our clothes I felt a lightening of my load
For sure I'd get to Norway on the last boat of the night
Since meeting with this stranger everything was right

*It's the kindness of strangers that makes life worthwhile
That lifts up our hearts and brings on a smile*

Well, I made it back to Oslo by the middle of next day
And I thought back on my journey, I'd come a long long way
But the furthest I had travelled was the journey in my mind
And meeting with the stranger who proved that some are kind

*It's the kindness of strangers that makes life worthwhile
That lifts up our hearts and brings on a smile*