

Strange

Reba McEntire

NEIL THRASHER; WENDELL MOBLEY; JASON SELLERS
I laid there feeling sorry for
myself

In a bed of kleenex
Stuffin chocolates in my mouth
On the phone with my best friend cussin my ex
He broke my heart
Felt like the world had ended
I cried myself to sleep
Thinkin I cant get over him
Strange
Talk about luck I woke up
And the sun was shining

Strange
I oughta be in bed with my head
In the pillow cryin over us
But I aint, aint love strange
Got half a mind to spend my whole paycheck
On one of those dresses
Those strapless black ones
That are famous for teaching lessons
Drop by his place
Pick up the rest of my things
He'll tell me I look good
I'll laugh and say yeah isn't time
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>