

# Strange

Reba McEntire

NEIL THRASHER; WENDELL MOBLEY; JASON SELLERSI 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 himStrange  
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 timeStrange  
Talk about luck I woke up  
And the sun was shining  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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