

How Strange It Seems

Edwin McCain

I'm a hack driver in New York City
I've got seven kids on the lower east side
I'm not a strong man, I'm not very pretty
But in rush hour hell you should see me drive

I'm a dressmaker in Louisiana
Stick my finger ain't that a shame
People come to haggle and paw on my artwork
But no two of my dresses are ever the same

How strange it seems to be me
If tomorrow I opened my eyes
And found myself somewhere else
I wonder who I'd be

I'm the house man at a place called the exit
The last band I heard bored me to tears
But every so often I hear one that moves me
Love for the music is what keeps me here

How strange it seems to be me
If tomorrow I opened my eyes
And found myself somewhere else
I wonder who I'd be

I'm a rich man
I ain't talking 'bout money
I'm a blues singer at the Eight by Ten
You go out searching for some grand tomorrow
Don't worry 'bout me just drop by now and then

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If tomorrow I opened my eyes
And found myself somewhere else
I wonder who I'd be