

# Weird

Hanson

Isn't it weird. Isn't it strange.  
Even though we're just two strangers on this runaway train  
We're both trying to find a place in the sun  
We've lived in the shadows, but doesn't everyone  
Isn't it strange how we all feel a little bit weird sometimes  
Isn't it hard. Standing in the rain.  
You're on the verge of going crazy and your heart's in pain  
No one can hear though you're screaming so loud  
You feel all alone in a faceless crowd  
Isn't it strange how we all get a little bit weird sometimes.  
Sitting on the side waiting for a sign, hoping that my luck will  
change.  
Reaching for a hand that can understand, someone who feels the  
same.  
When you live in a cookie cutter world being different is a sin  
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So you don't stand out. But you don't fit in. Weird.  
Sitting on the side waiting for a sign, hoping that my luck will  
change.  
Reaching for a hand that can understand, someone who feels the  
same.  
When you live in a cookie cutter world if you're different you  
can't win.  
So you don't stand out but you don't fit in. Weird.  
Isn't it strange how we all feel a little bit weird  
Strange, how we all get a little bit...  
Strange, 'cause we're all just a little bit weird sometimes.