

A Strange Song

Harry Belafonte

It's a strange song
'Bout a boy who went wrong
Who tried to make it up
Inside his heart and start again
To make a manse

For livin' his strange life
He's never made a change life
Until one day he found himself alone
With only him
And oh how dim his future seemed

On that day
He searched to find a better way to be a man
And as he tried
He cast away his foolish pride
And I understand

His strange song
Then he came a sing along
Where every note was just a proper one
To hum and sing and have a thing
That's groovy with

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