

## Strange

Joe Brooks

One breath too late  
and you're gone for good  
twelve floors down, to the street  
funny how far it seems

but what could I do  
and what would I change  
when everything's strange  
why should I learn to fly  
when I can just hide away  
isn't it strange

under my skin  
scars turn to stone  
the freeway fades red to grey  
I guess you found another way home

but what could I do  
and what would I change  
now everything's strange  
why should I learn to fly  
when I can just drive away  
isn't it strange

standing on this ledge up here with a  
a choir of angels in my ear singing, welcome to my mind  
if I fall, if I break, will you hear the sound I make  
I don't need what we left behind

but what could I do  
and what would I change  
when everything's strange  
why should I learn to die  
when I could just fly away  
isn't it strange