

## Strange Things

John Holt

Strange things happen on a Friday night,  
girls meet boys ,  
there's a lot of hugging and kissing,  
under the golden moon that shines a silver light,  
oh oh I'd like to be one of them,  
but I'm like a wandering sheep,  
a wandering sheep on this island,  
with no one to love me,  
with no one to kiss me,  
that's why I say,  
someone please take my hand and let us go,  
I keep on thinking I wish that it was me.

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