

Strange

Reba McEntire

I laid there feeling sorry for myself
In a bed of kleenex
Stuffin chocolates in my mouth
On the phone with my best friend cussin my ex
He broke my heart
Felt like the world had ended
I cried myself to sleep
Thinkin I cant get over him

Strange, talk about luck I woke up
And the sun was shining
Strange, I ought a be in bed with my head
In the pillow cryin over us
But I aint, aint love
Strange

Got half a mind to spend my whole paycheck
On one of those dresses
Those strapless black ones
That are so famous for teaching lessons
Dropped by his place
Picked up the rest of my things
He'll tell me I look good
I'll laugh and say yeah wastin time

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Strange, strange