

## 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

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 crying over us  
But I aint, aint love  
Strange  
Strange

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

Strange, talk about luck I woke up  
And the sun was shining  
Strange, strange