

# Strange Feelin' In The Air

Ryan Bingham

Well, I'm feelin' strange  
In this town  
Well, I feel deranged  
As I look around

Above and below  
I hear these sounds  
With nowhere to go  
I hit the ground

There's a strange feelin' in the air  
Oppressive minds sit and stare  
There's a strange feelin' in the air  
Pointed fingers must beware

Tattoos and chains  
Aren't welcome here  
They tell me to pray  
Or I'll go to hell

So rattle them bones  
And cook up that spell  
Turned into ghost  
What's that smell?

There's a strange feelin' in the air  
Stealin' minds without a care  
There's a strange feelin' in the air  
Telling me I must be scared

There's a strange feelin' in the air  
Whispered lies and knocked wood, glass  
There's a strange feelin' in the air  
Pointed fingers must beware

Look at my face  
It's blood and tears  
A shameless disgrace  
For your eyes to fear

Forget my name  
I'm a-leavin' here  
I'll be to blame  
If I go nowhere

There's a strange feelin' in the air  
Oppressive minds sit and stare  
There's a strange feelin' in the air  
Pointed fingers must beware