

Strange

Reba McEntire

I laid there feeling sorry for myself
In a bed of Kleenex
Stuffing chocolates in my mouth
On the phone with my best friend
Cussing my exHe broke my heart
Felt like the world had ended
I cried myself to sleep
Thinking I can't get over himStrange, talk about luck
I woke up and the sun was shining
Strange, I ought to be in bed
With my head in the pillow crying
Over us, but I hate, hate love
StrangeGot half a mind
To spend my whole pay check
On one of those dresses
The strapless black ones
That are so famous
For teaching lessonsDrop by his place
Pick up the rest of my things
He'll tell me I look good
I'll laugh and say, now isn't timeStrange, talk about luck
I woke up and the sun was shining
Strange, I ought to be in bed
With my head in the pillow crying
Over us, but I hate, hate love
Strange, strangeStrange, talk about luck
I woke up and the sun was shining
Strange, I ought to be in bed
With my head in the pillow crying
Over us, but I hate, hate love
StrangeStrange, talk about luck
I woke up and the sun was shining
Strange, strange