

# 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

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