Strange

The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart

When everyone was doing drugs,
we were just doing love
A stranger said you're strange like me
Ana, our dreams are coming true
Don't tell me that a day will come
when we dress like everyone

'cuz I can tell you're strange like me
Don't say the hour's growing late
Don't say we should be going straight
'cuz I can tell you're strange like me
And dreams can still come true,
and it's coming true for you

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