How Strange It Seems

Edwin Mccain

I'm a hack driver in new york city
I've got seven kids on the lower east side
I'm not a strong man, I'm not very pretty
But in rush hour hell you should see me driveI'm a dressmaker in louisiana
Stick my finger ain't that a shame
People come to haggle and paw on my artwork
But no two of my dresses are ever the sameHow strange it seems to be me
If tomorrow I opened my eyes
And found myself somewhere else
I wonder who I'd beI'm the house man at a place called the exit
The last band I heard bored me to tears
But every so often I hear one that moves me
Love for the music is what keeps me hereHow strange it seems to be me
I f tomorrow I opened my eyes
And found myself somewhere else
I wonder who I'd beI'm a rich man
I ain't talking 'bout money
I'm blues singer at the eight by ten
You go out searching for some grand tomorrow
Don't worry 'bout me just drop by now and thenHow strange it seems to be me
I f tomorrow I opened my eyes
And found myself somewhere else
I wonder who I'd be

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