She's So Strange

Travis

She's so strange and she wore a black mustache
And she pilfered all the petty cash
She went to Birmingham
She'll soon be in the canShe's so cruel and she knew just what to do
And while the cats were all sniffing glue
They played their silly games
And now they'll take the blameShe's so poor, only now well she's looking back
She sees her story on a paperback
What will become of her
There's not much left for herShe's so poor

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