

# Strange Times

## The Black Keys

Kings and sons of god  
Travel all the way to earth  
Coming restless mile

Easing all of them, all of them for youStrange times, hereScratch you in the square

Meant so much when we first met  
People come from far and near

Bless them me, bless them everyoneStrange times, hereStay here to dry your tear

I will be the one  
To pull you through the mirror  
Before you come, before you come undoneStrange times, here

Songwriters

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