

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 you Strange times, here Scratch you in the square
Meant so much when we first met
People come from far and near
Bless them me, bless them everyone Strange times, here Stay here to dry your tear
I will be the one
To pull you through the mirror
Before you come, before you come undone Strange times, here

Songwriters

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