

Extraordinary

The Suicide Machines

Sunny day in the park and we sit out on the grass
I knew if I stole you'd chase me to get'em back
Because I know that...There's an extraordinary thing about you
That I can't put my finger on or figure out it's funnyYou chased me around a tree and into a big patch of shrubs
I came out with some sticks in my hair and somebody's old pair of gloves
But I still say that...There's an extraordinary thing about you
That I can't put my finger on or figure out it's funnyAlthough I never thought about it I must really like teasing
you
And if you're wondering why I look at you the way that I do becauseThat day will be etched in my mind as the
day that I made you mine
That day will live in my head as the biggest mistake of my life
Only kidding cause...There's an extraordinary thing about you
That I can't put my finger on or figure out it's funnyThere's an extraordinary thing about you
That I can't put my finger on or figure out it's funny

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