

Weird

Clem Snide

You tell me you're different
You tell me you're strange
You tell me that there is something wrong with your brain

So your mother found God
And your dad likes to drink
But you're not weird as you'd like me to think

You painted your sneakers
You talk to yourself
You won't eat with me cause you care for your health

Well you wrote me a poem
And it didn't rhyme
You're not as weird as you act all the time
No, you're not as weird as you act all the time

You tell me you're different
You tell me you're strange
You tell me that there is something wrong with your brain

So what if your mother found God
And your dad likes to drink
You're not weird as you'd like me to think
No, you're not as weird as you'd like me to think