

## How Strange It Seems

Edwin McCain

I'm a hack driver in New York City  
I've got seven kids on the lower east side  
I'm not a strong man, I'm not very pretty  
But in rush hour hell you should see me drive

I'm a dressmaker in Louisiana  
Stick my finger ain't that a shame  
People come to haggle and paw on my artwork  
But no two of my dresses are ever the same

How strange it seems to be me  
If tomorrow I opened my eyes  
And found myself somewhere else  
I wonder who I'd be

I'm the house man at a place called the exit  
The last band I heard bored me to tears  
But every so often I hear one that moves me  
Love for the music is what keeps me here

How strange it seems to be me  
If tomorrow I opened my eyes  
And found myself somewhere else  
I wonder who I'd be

I'm a rich man  
I ain't talking 'bout money  
I'm a blues singer at the Eight by Ten  
You go out searching for some grand tomorrow  
Don't worry 'bout me just drop by now and then

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And found myself somewhere else  
I wonder who I'd be