

Strange

Alabama 3

You woken up on the backstage
Hallelujah the red light's on
She said I'm gonna put on something comfortable
You just take your Gucci jacket off now
Hey people, let's talk about yer preferences
An' you wanna get it on
I know you like to look just like a lady
'Cos yer momma always said that it was wrong
Well, I'm yer mamma tonight

You bin looking for Strange
Up and down here
You rode right to the top
But it keeps rolling back to you

You could never be alone
So now you value company
I seen you leaving a rockhouse last night
In search of lowlife sympathy

You take a lick on Satan's ow!
Then down your story stone
You take yer money off of yer daddy
You got three waiting for you at home
You daddy to my

'Cos you bin looking for Strange
Up and down here
You rode right to the top
But it keeps rolling back to you

'Cos you bin looking for Strange
Up and down here
You rode right to the top
But it keeps rolling back to you

Yer always looking for Strange
Yer always looking for Strange
Yer always looking for Strange
Yer always looking for Strange
Yer always looking for Strange
Yer always looking for Strange

You're a mason on the money gotta a vice-squad connection
Policeman's got a preference for unnatural selection
Some company director with taste for correction
While yer wife is whipping on a judge
You're a paedophile priest in a house of detection
A politician payin' for some [?] protection
A banker crossin' borders smugglin' [?] and children
While yer daughter's on a [?] with a drug

Looking for Strange
Up and down here
You rode right to the top
But it keeps rolling back to you

Yer looking for Strange
Up and down here
You rode right to the top
But it keeps rolling back to you

Keeps on rollin' back to you
Rollin' back to you
Keeps on rollin' back to you
Roll on

To the top
To the top
To the top
To the top
To the top
To the top