

Strange Enough

David Byrne

I love you, baby, I don't know why
I know you hang out with lots of guys
I think you do it to get close to me
Yeah, it's strange enough to be true

Well, they may take pictures of you behind
But I swing my rocket inside your mind
And touch your mammaries whenever I please
It's strange enough to be true

Well, I wind my window down, turn my head around
See you lookin' right back at me
Strange and beautiful, irresistible
It sounds incredible, it just might be

I wind my window down, turn my head around
See you lookin' right back at me
Strange and beautiful, irresistible
It sounds incredible, it just might be

I called for angels, but here you come
I stole some kisses behind the club
I think that maybe you're falling for me
It's strange enough to be true
Yeah, it's strange enough to be true