

# 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