

Isn't it weird. Isn't it strange.
Even though we're just two strangers on this runaway train
We're both trying to find a place in the sun
We've lived in the shadows, but doesn't everyone
Isn't it strange how we all feel a little bit weird sometimes
Isn't it hard. Standing in the rain.
You're on the verge of going crazy and your heart's in pain
No one can hear though you're screaming so loud
You feel all alone in a faceless crowd
Isn't it strange how we all get a little bit weird sometimes.
Sitting on the side waiting for a sign, hoping that my luck will change.
Reaching for a hand that can understand, someone who feels the same.
When you live in a cookie cutter world being different is a sin
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So you don't stand out. But you don't fit in. Weird.
Sitting on the side waiting for a sign, hoping that my luck will change.
Reaching for a hand that can understand, someone who feels the same.
When you live in a cookie cutter world if you're different you can't win.
So you don't stand out but you don't fit in. Weird.
Isn't it strange how we all feel a little bit weird
Strange, how we all get a little bit...
Strange, 'cause we're all just a little bit weird sometimes.