

Strange

Joe Brooks

One breath too late
and you're gone for good
twelve floors down, to the street
funny how far it seems

but what could I do
and what would I change
when everything's strange
why should I learn to fly
when I can just hide away
isn't it strange

under my skin
scars turn to stone
the freeway fades red to grey
I guess you found another way home

but what could I do
and what would I change
now everything's strange
why should I learn to fly
when I can just drive away
isn't it strange

standing on this ledge up here with a
a choir of angels in my ear singing, welcome to my mind
if I fall, if I break, will you hear the sound I make
I don't need what we left behind

but what could I do
and what would I change
when everything's strange
why should I learn to die
when I could just fly away
isn't it strange