

Strange Things

John Holt

Strange things happen on a Friday night,
girls meet boys ,
there's a lot of hugging and kissing,
under the golden moon that shines a silver light,
oh oh I'd like to be one of them,
but I'm like a wandering sheep,
a wandering sheep on this island,
with no one to love me,
with no one to kiss me,
that's why I say,
someone please take my hand and let us go,
I keep on thinking I wish that it was me.

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