

Strange

Miranda Lambert

Coyotes on my left and wolves on my right
Sun keeps shining in the middle of the night
Urban feels suburban, Main Street ain't main, yeah
And times like these make me feel strange

A Lincoln came and a Jefferson went
Money on a Maytag and the thing won't spin
Couple hundred dollars feels more like change, yeah
And times like these make me feel strange

Have a smoke, buy a round
Get on a jetliner going anywhere bound
Pick a string, sing the blues
Dance a hole in your shoes
Do anything to keep you sane
'Cause times like these make me feel strange
Times like these make me feel strange

Country don't twang, rock 'n' roll ain't loud
Every elevator only ever goes down
Everybody's looking for a little cheap fame, yeah
And times like these make me feel strange

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Dance a hole in your shoes
Do anything to keep you sane
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If Monday didn't bring you a grin that's alright
Pour you up a little something 'cause tomorrow might
Play a guitar as you're rollin' away singin'
Times like these make me feel strange
Times like these make me feel strange

Ain't it strange?
Ain't it strange?