

Connie Smith, Strange

Strange I keep loving you why can't I forget
Strange I keep wanting you needing you and yet
You only bring heartaches strange but when you call
With open arms I take you back that's the strangest thing of all
Strange can't get over you oh I see you everywhere
Strange how your mem'ry clings strange why I still care
But when I start forgetting you get lonely so you call
And with open arms I take you back that's the strangest thing of all
Strange how the chains of love so strong strange your game of love oh so wrong
Why must I go on loving cry each time you call
And with open arms always take you back that's the strangest thing of all