

# Jann Arden, We Do Some Strange Things

She was forty-four years old or so she told me  
She'd been working for a man  
Who paid her twenty dollars  
Just to hold him  
I found that very sad  
Very sad  
Seems like an odd job to have, I know  
To love somebody  
Some of us buy friends  
Some of us buy houses to live in  
It's all the same  
We do some strange things  
He was lonely and in search of some redemption  
And though he paid her well  
He wondered if she'd be there  
In the morning  
He spend all that he had  
On a working girl  
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