

# The Faders, Strange Boy

No one seems to know where you live  
Who you are or where you came from  
Everybody's so negative  
They treat you like  
Like you don't belong  
But there's something about you  
That's gotta hold of me  
You walk for hours in  
The pouring rain  
You keep my picture in  
A broken frame  
You leave dead flowers  
Spelling out my name  
You're such a strange boy  
You're my strange boy  
You're such a strange boy  
My strange boy  
You never listen to the radio  
Cut your hair or wear the right clothes  
You always seem to go against the flow  
But you know who you wanna be  
But there's something about you  
That's gotta hold of me  
You walk for hours in  
The pouring rain  
You keep my picture in  
A broken frame  
You leave dead flowers  
Spelling out my name  
You're such a strange boy  
You're my strange boy  
You're such a strange boy  
My strange boy  
I don't care that they say  
'Cos they don't understand  
You and me we're the same  
And we don't give a damn  
So let me come into your world  
And we can run away  
You walk for hours in  
The pouring rain  
You keep my picture in  
A broken frame  
You leave dead flowers  
Spelling out my name  
You're such a strange boy  
You're my strange boy  
You're such a strange boy  
My strange boy