

Alisha's Attic, Strange

(Poole/Martin/Poole)

Baby, watch the fire, it's making for the bed
And I don't wanna see you laying in the flames
Being burned and bruised on something they said

Well what's the matter
Are your dreams all shattered and torn?
And do you wanna make a poor girl lose it all?

They say she's strange
Strange, strange, strange, strange
Yeah, she's strange
Strange, strange, strange, strange

Thanks to you she's gone, never said goodbye
And don't be sorry, she'll be better off alone
With the burns and the bruises in another sky

Well what's the matter
Are your dreams all shattered and torn?
And do you wanna make a poor girl lose it all?

You've won now, she's gone
Gone, gone, gone, gone
Yeah, she's gone
Gone, gone, gone, gone

Yeah, she's strange
Strange, strange, strange, strange
Yeah, she's strange
Strange, strange, strange, strange