

Blues Traveler, Weird Chick

Check her checking out the local eastside dojos
Looking for somebody to call her own
Watch her shake that thing between the solos
For some drinks, some attention and possibly a home

Not the big brass ring, but a little gold one
That she keeps on a chain that she usually likes to wear
One way or another she'll see to it
When she's running her fingers all the way through your hair

You know you're a weird chick
It's time that you found out
You know you're a weird chick
What it's all about
You know you're a weird chick
It's time that you did learn
You know you're a weird chick
This one you're gonna earn

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