

# 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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