

Joan Armatrading, Strange

Strange
How everything feels so strange
Since you walked out on me

I should be feeling blue
I should be feeling sad
But strange
So strange
I'm not crying over you

Strange how this place
Once too small
No room to breathe
Now overpowers me

Now I'm free to choose
I only see the walls
Closing in on me
So strange
So strange
I'm not missing you

When I was a girl
I dreamed about you
And for a while
You made my life a dream
But now it's all over
And it all seems so

Strange
How the real stories end
No happy ever after
No beginning again

Strange
So strange
So strange
I'm not missing you