

Phil Joel, Strangely Normal

She was getting sick n' tired
Of being sick n' tired
She'd drink three cups of coffee
And get really wired
She'd twitch n' move and shake her head
She'd lie on the floor pretend she was dead
She was normal but at the same time

CHORUS:

Strange
Strangely normal
Strange
Strangely normal
There ain't nobody else she was born to be

She'd drown herself in a
Pool of liquid make up
She wished she had a boyfriend
So she could break up
She'd take herself out to those ugly places
Make herself sick all those beautiful faces
She was normal but at the same time

CHORUS

Make for yourself no apologies
Keep your eyes on Jesus and let Him be
The author of our lives and
Looking back one day we'll say
By following Jesus we
Become who we're supposed to be
And that's all we want
You are the hands we are clay
Mold us and make us strange

You are the hands we are the clay
Make us and mold us something special
Strangely normal
There ain't nobody else we were born to be