

# R.E.M., Strange Currencies

I don't know why you are mean to me  
When I call on the telephone.  
And I don't know what you mean to me  
But I want to turn you on, turn you up, figure you out, I want to take you on

These words, "You will be mine."  
These words, "You will be mine."  
All the time.

Now fool might be my middle name  
But I'd be foolish not to say  
I'm going to make whatever it takes,  
Ring you up, call you down, sign your name, secret love,  
Make it rhyme, take you in, and make you mine.

These words, "You will be mine."  
These words, "You will be mine." all the time. oh

I tripped and fell. did I fall.  
What I want to feel, I want to feel it now

You know with love come strange currencies  
And here is my appeal:

I need a chance, a second chance, a third chance, a fourth chance,  
A word, a signal, a nod, a little breath  
Just to fool myself, to catch myself, to make it real, real

These words, "You will be mine"  
These words, "You will be mine." all the time. oh

These words, "You will be mine."  
These words, they haunt me, hunt me down, catch in my throat, make me pray,  
To say, this love's confines, oh.