

Travis, She's So Strange

She's so strange
And she wore a black moustache
And she pilfered all the petty cash
She went to Birmingham
She'll soon be in the can

She's so cruel
And she knew just what to do
And while the cats were all sniffing glue
They played their silly games
And now they'll take the blame

She's so poor
And only now, well she's looking back
She sees her story on a paperback
What will become of her?
There's not much left for her