

Suicide Machines, The "Extraordinary"

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Sunny day in the park and we sit out on the grass
I knew if I stole you'd chase me to get'em back
Because I know that...

There's an extraordinary thing about you
That I can't put my finger on or figure out it's funny

You chased me around a tree and into a big patch of
shrubs
I came out with some sticks in my hair and somebody's
old pair of gloves
But I still say that...

There's an extraordinary thing about you
That I can't put my finger on or figure out it's funny

Although I never thought about it I must really like
teasing you
And if you're wondering why I look at you the way that I
do because

That day will be etched in my mind as the day that I
made you mine
That day will live in my head as the biggest mistake of
my life
Only kidding cause...

There's an extraordinary thing about you
That I can't put my finger on or figure out it's funny

There's an extraordinary thing about you
That I can't put my finger on or figure out it's funny

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