

Camela

"She's Strange"

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Straaaannnggeee....

Ow, fine lady

Ow

I like the way she walks
I like the way she talks
She turns me on with a special concern
Now I'm a different guy
And I don't compare to many
But next to her I'm plain ordinary
Not many can see the light blue aura
That surrounds the girl wherever in the world
She's a 9, a 10 a 25th
She's bittersweet and

She's strange
And I like it
She's strange
Just the way she is
Strange
Walking down the avenue
She's strange
Always doing something new

She's the kind of person everybody knows
She reeks distinction from head to toe
She's my twilight zone, my Al Capone
She's my rolling stones and my Ava Perone

And I like it
Yes I like it
I like it
The way she wears her hair
And I like it
Oh oh
I like it

In room 123, she elusive you see, like the invisible man
in drag,
And when you come to meet her, you'll never greet her,

she'll be waving her skirt as a flag,
Like the cold in October she'll take you right over,
It's not mean to be facetious
And that look in her eye says your the guy she plans to
spend this evening with

She's strange
And I like it
She's strange
Just the way she is
Strange
Walking down the avenue
She's strange
Always doing something new

No, No, No, No, No
Knock me off my feet,
Strange

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