

## **Edwin McCain**

### **"How Strange It Seems"**

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I'm a hack driver in new york city  
I've got seven kids on the lower east side  
I'm not a strong man, I'm not very pretty  
But in rush hour hell you should see me drive

I'm a dressmaker in louisiana  
Stick my finger ain't that a shame  
People come to haggle and paw on my artwork  
But no two of my dresses are ever the same

How strange it seems to be me  
If tomorrow I opened my eyes  
And found myself somewhere else  
I wonder who I'd be

I'm the house man at a place called the exit  
The last band I heard bored me to tears  
But every so often I hear one that moves me  
Love for the music is what keeps me here

How strange it seems to be me  
If tomorrow I opened my eyes  
And found myself somewhere else  
I wonder who I'd be

I'm a rich man  
I ain't talking 'bout money  
I'm blues singer at the eight by ten  
You go out searching for some grand tomorrow  
Don't worry 'bout me just drop by now and then

How strange it seems to be me  
If tomorrow I opened my eyes  
And found myself somewhere else  
I wonder who I'd be

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