

Jason Morant

"Strange"

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Jason: D.C. 930. How many people from Virginia in here tonight?

Very cool, very cool. I grew up in Virginia.

This is the closest Ive ever played to home, so

This is very very groovy. Lets see what happens.

Strange because I believe it is my future

Staring back at me

With eyes so light

I never dreamed it could be

Anything else than what they could see

Oh, they are colors

That collide and scope

My heart belongs into

Magnificent ever-changing patterns do

Im wide awake at the wheel

Its oh so crazy because I can see

It could be my presence

So pleasantly deprived

Ive never seen the explained prophecies

Or anything else it should be

Oh they are troubled

And disguised behind wise eyes and wise crackin smiles

Hypnotized behind a panel

On a thirty hour drive

Im not at all what I seem

But my intentions are practical inventions

Forgot to mention Im insane by definition

Were taking pictures on the paper

No escape, the morning after I outride the wave

But all in all, it's unlikely I'll succeed

Said, all in all, it's unlikely

But all in all, it's unlikely well succeed

All in all, I said, it's unlikely

But all in all, it's unlikely I'll succeed

Ive developed a lovely distaste for your heart on my sleeve, yeah

(scatting)

We keep it simple
Keep it clean
Keep repeating the words as often as you need
Oh, think, think
Blinks like a turning signal me to
Turn, turn away oh
From anything good, people say
Oh now, I will be selective, calm, cool and collective
And listening to the voice and it's perspective
Hoping that the choices, appropriately respected
Are protecting me, are protecting me
Hey, hey, protecting me, protecting me
And I would like a little sugar in my coffee
I would like a little dream
And I'd prefer another smoke before the morning
Or anything else in between

But all in all, it's unlikely I'll succeed
Said, all in all, it's unlikely
All in all, it's unlikely well succeed
All in all, I said, it's unlikely
But all in all, it's unlikely I'll succeed
I've developed a lovely distaste for your wide open
spaces
I sense a delay
Oh, brushing my mind and scrubbing behind all the
places I feel there's decay
Of information
Away, I say run, boy
(scatting)

Oh, oh we keep it
So wicked and it's wild
Your past, your former style
Oh they can make believe in
Knowing why you're leaving
You're just wanting to be on your own
I said, you're wanting to be on your own
Yeah, you wanted to be on your own
I said, you're wanting to be on your own

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