

Trashcan Sinatras

"Funny"

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I know she doesn't play the field
But she likes to know the strength of the team
She says she doesn't like my style
But I loved her in my own fashion

Kept her under wraps
Planted lots of verbal traps
But she won't be gone for long
Nothing good ever comes of a bad mood

And when she comes home
She'll kick up some dust
And ask me what's wrong

She's a funny kind of girl
Set sail in a ship in a bottle
She's a funny kind of girl
Do the Swiss fake it when they yodel?
She's a funny kind of girl

I know her face so well
Although the color of her eyes
Escapes me for the moment
So I'll send out the spies
To hassle her at home

And all the words to the wise
And the 'whys' to the words I say
Though her embrace
Is like being short-changed or under-charged

I'll never revisit the scene of the crime
Where I've seen you crying with glee

She's a funny kind of girl
Give bad directions to a drunken sailor
He ended up in the hills
And she ended up in the wrong hands
She's a funny kind of girl

I'll stick out my neck
And I'll raise the heavy head of importance

And when the cap fits I'll wear it
And if I knew what made carpets fly
I wouldn't be sitting here twiddling my thumbs

I'd threadbare my soul and wheedle my way
Into other people's lives and out of my own
Out of my own

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