

Phil Joel "Strangely Normal"

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She was getting sick an' tired
Of being sick an' tired
She'd drink three cups of coffee
An' get really wired

She'd twitch an' move an' shake her head
She'd lie on the floor, pretend she was dead
She was normal but at the same time

Strange, strangely normal
Strange, strangely normal
There ain't nobody else she was born to be

She'd drown herself in a
Pool of liquid make-up
She wished she had a boyfriend
So she could break up

She'd take herself out to those ugly places
Make her feel sick, all those beautiful faces
She was normal but at the same time

Strange, strangely normal
Strange, strangely normal
There ain't nobody else she was born to be

Make for yourself no apologies
Keep your eyes on Jesus an' let Him be
The Author of our lives an' looking back one day
We'll say, ?By following Jesus
We've become who we're supposed to be?

And that's all we want
You are the hands, we are the clay
Mold us an' make us, strange

You are the hands, we are the clay
Makes us an' mold us, something special
Strangely normal, make us

You are the hands, we are the clay
Makes us an' mold us, something special

Strangely normal, make us
There ain't nobody else we were born to be

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