

**Tim Kasher****"Strays"**

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I've been thinking I should write some kind of love song  
for you...

Too prove to you I do

It shouldn't be too hard to write

I'll just think of that time I first saw you in omaho

You were stranded on Jackson with a bus fare to who  
know's where

I took you in, right, then and there

And life took on a new form

No more stayin out all night

No more killin ourselves just to make ourselves feel  
alright

No more sleepin with stranger's and those awkward,  
goodbyes

I never had much family, never had too many friends

Then you came wandering through

Pompously I took you for granted

That's why I gotta write this little, this little love song for  
you

I'll sing about those Denver mornings you'd wake up  
ballin bout a long lost kid

Your maternal instincts, were kickin in

As the sun dazzled bright upon the peaks

You brought home a dog you found in the alley

You said can we keep her? I said well, what kind of man  
would I be?

So you bought her a collar, and you called her your  
family

Right is a selfish right is a egotist

I'm afraid I'm as bad as it gets

I keep forgettin to sensor the truth

That's why I better write some, some kinda love song  
for you

We're drivin cross country in a uhaul, on the hunt for  
our new home

High a top Eagle Rock, we found a house with a big  
back yard

So we picked up another mutt, from the Crenshaw  
Pound

Sippin coffee on the porch while the dogs wrestle on  
the lawn  
I'm sorry I've had my doubts...  
Were a family of strays but together we've been found  
Were a family of stray's but together we've been found

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