Faders, The "Strange Boy"

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No one seems to know where you live Who you are or where you came from Everybodys so negative They treat you like, Like you don't belong

But there's something about you That's gotta hold of me

You walk for hours in
The pouring rain
You keep my picture in
A broken frame
You leave dead flowers
Spelling out my name
You're such a strange boy
You're my strange boy
You're such a strange boy
My strange boy

You never listen to the radio Cut you're hair or ware the right clothes You always seem to go against the flow But you know who you wana be

And there's something about you That's gotta hold of me

You walk for hours in
The pouring rain
You keep my picture in
A broken frame
You leave dead flowers
Spelling out my name
You're such a strange boy
You're my strange boy
You're such a strange boy
My strange boy

I don't care what they say 'Cos they dont understand

You and me we're the same And we dont give a damn So let me come into your world And we can run away

You walk for hours in
The pouring rain
You keep my picture in
A broken frame
You leave dead flowers
Spelling out my name
You're such a strange boy
You're my strange boy
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