

## Travie McCoy

### "She's So Strange"

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She's so strange  
And she wore a black moustache  
And she pilfered all the petty cash  
She went to Birmingham  
She'll soon be in the can  
She's so cruel  
And she knew just what to do  
And while the cats were all sniffing glue  
They played their silly games  
And now they'll take the blame

She's so poor  
And only now she's looking back  
She sees her story on a paperback  
What will become of her  
There's not much left for her

Track written by Fran Healy

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