

Yeah, I'm Weird

(Richard Lamplough)

Well I've now read your letter since us two split,
Well you call it a letter, I just call it ****
You just packed your bags, upped and disappeared,
And the reason you gave was I'm too damn weird.

Well if weird means pacing round the flat; counting down the minutes 'til the hour you're back.
And if weird means when you walk in; licking my lips through my Cheshire Cat grin.
And if weird means doing what I feel; making you a drink then making you a meal.
And if weird means massaging your head; taking off your clothes then taking you to bed.

And if weird means when the nightlife play, we're making love forever and a day.
And if weird means when we sleep in I slide down your body just smelling your skin.
And if weird means sharing a shower; hearing you squeal in the pleasure from the power.
And if weird means it's a dead cert when I can dry you in a way that makes you wet again then,

*Yeah, I'm weird; yeah, I'm weird.
Yeah, I'm weird; yeah, I'm weird.*

Well if weird means when you're not here I do a few things just to keep you near.
For example: I sit where you sat and eat sweet things 'til I'm finished and fat.
And if weird means I don't ask why; I write your name 'til my pen runs dry.
And if weird means I don't ask when this you-obsession will lessen or end.

But if weird means admitting it's true; all my best songs are all about you.
And if weird means setting up a groove; short piano riffs that don't much move.
And if weird means letting the guitar mix a bit of wail with a little bit of wah.
And if weird means not playing bass 'til the chorus comes at the key-change place then,

*Yeah, I'm weird; yeah, I'm weird.
Yeah, I'm weird; yeah, I'm weird.*

You hurt me so bad.