

# My Name Is Strange

Sage Francis

Rollin' on some lonesome highway, East of Omaha  
You can listen to the engine moanin' out as one long song  
You can think about the woman  
Or the whore you mongered the night before

(I'm really feelin' those lighters)

Sometimes you can hear 'em talk, other times you can't  
All the same old cliches, "Is that Sage or Xaul Xan"  
And you'll always feel outnumbered when you go to the Scribble  
Jam  
Uh, ah, uh, uh, ah, uh, ah, uh

Say here I am, on the road again  
Here I am, up on the stage  
Here I go, I'm playing a star again  
Here I go, My Name Is Strange

(This is the real motherfucking deal y'all, I'm really feelin'  
those lighters)

When you walk into the restaurant, shut out from the road  
You can feel the eyes upon you, as you're shakin' off the cold  
You pretend it doesn't bother you when they ask if they can dow  
nload  
Uh, ah, uh, uh, ah, uh, ah

Later in the evening, as you lie awake in bed  
With the echo from the amplifiers ringin' in your head  
You smoke the days last emcee, ridiculing what he said  
Uh, ah, uh, uh, ah, uh, ah, uh

Say here I am, on the road again  
Here I am, up on the stage  
Here I go, I'm playing a star again  
Here I go, My Name Is Strange

I said here I am, on the road again  
Here I am, I'm up on the stage  
And I say here I go, I'm playing a star again  
Here I go, here I go

Peace, respect, we outa here