

# Ben Folds, You Don't Know Me

I want to ask you  
Do you ever sit and wonder  
It's so strange  
That we could be together for so long  
And never know, never care  
What goes on in the other one's head  
Things I've felt but I never said  
You said things that I never said  
So I'll say something that I should have said long ago

You don't know me  
You don't know me at all  
You don't know me  
You don't know me at all

You could have just propped me up on the table like a mannequin  
Or a cardboard stand up and paint me (paint me anything)  
Any face that you wanted me to be  
See, we're damned by the existential moment  
Where we saw the couple in the coma  
And it was we who were the cliché  
But we carried on anyway  
So sure I can just close my eyes  
Yeah, sure, trace and memorize  
But can you go back once you know?

You don't know me  
You don't know me at all  
You don't know me  
You don't know me at all

If I'm the person that you think I am  
Clueless chump you seem to think I am  
So easily led astray, an errant dog who occasionally escapes and needs a shorter leash than  
Why the fuck would you want me back?  
Maybe it's because...

You don't know me at all  
You don't know me, you don't know me

So what I'm trying to say is  
What I'm trying to tell you is not going to come out like I want to say it  
Cause I know you'll only change it  
Say it

You don't know me  
You don't know me at all  
You don't know me  
You don't know me at all