

Diane Schuur, You Don't Remember Me

A crowded room
This afternoon
They introduce me to you
As I was staring into your eyes
I couldn't tell if I saw hope, or lust or compromise

But I was wrong
The look was gone
Our conversation was through
The smile you gave me was just a brief affair
And anyone could see
You don't remember me

I kept on staring into your eyes
And once again I felt what you don't even recognize
You had to leave
I should believe
To many years have gone by
Sometime I wake up and hold your memory
That's why it hurts to see
You don't remember me