

Diana Ross

"Mean To Me"

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(R. Turk/F. Ahlert)

Mean to me.
Why must you be mean to me?
Gee, honey it seems to me,
You love to see me crying. I don't know why!

I stay home,
Each night when you say you'll phone.
You don't, and I'm left alone,
Singing the blues and sighing.

You treat me coldly,
Each day in the year.
You always scold me,
Whenever somebody is near, dear.

It must be great fun to be mean to me.
You shouldn't, for can't you see
What you mean to me?

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