

Carly Simon "It's Not Like Him"

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When Tom came home his hair was combed
He bought snakeskin boots in Rome
That's not like him
His socks are clean, his shirt is pressed
It isn't just the way he's dressed
He smiles out of context and acts so polite
He's staying at his cousin's overnight
The protein shakes, that's not like him
The carrot cakes, that's not like him
The oatbran flakes, that's not like him
And the sweet name he called me in his sleep last night
Oh, that's not like him

He whispers on the telephone He goes out smelling of cologne That's not like him It's just a superficial thing But he's misplaced his wedding ring He's become quite a connoisseur of wine He's quoting Yeats and Gertrude Stein The Soho pub, that's not like him The racquet club, that's not like him Those books on love, that's not like him And the sweet name he called me in his sleep last night Oh, that's not like him I caught a glimpse of Tom today At a checkout counter, about to pay He had a girl on his arm I'm glad he's helping out the poor It's not like the Tom I knew before Something so touching it made me cry But my heart was racing, I don't know why Those new blue suede shoes, that's not like him The Ray Ban shades, that's not like him Those downtown ways, that's not like him And the sweet name he called me in his sleep last night Oh, that's not like him

The red suspenders, that's not like him The berries in the blender, that's not like him Those twelve step groups, that's not like him And Guadeloupe, that's not like him Those books on Zen, that's not like him The Karate classes, that's not like him The fishing gear, that's not like him Not like him, That's not like him

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