

Lori Carson

"I Know You"

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You never woke up beside a stranger
But you never spent the night alone
In your jacket is a flask of Southern Comfort
In your pocket you got a comb,
I know you - I know you.

You've been pushed right to the limit
Lived on a lonesome road
Chopped up an old pine dresser
To heat the house once in the cold,
I know you - I know you.

D.H. Lawrence would be your favorite poet
If you thought poetry was cool
You have too much pride to be a thief
And just enough gut to be a fool,
Baby I know you, I know you.

I know where you go when you want to be alone
I know just how hard you work
And how much money you bring home
You love the sound of church bells
But you hate sitting in the pew,
Baby, I know you.

I know the sound of your thunder
And I know the smell of your rain
I know every time you walk out that door
You might stumble back in it again,
I know you - I know you.

I know that you feel bad
For every bad thing that you do
You got a scar on your right cheek
And the fear of God embedded in you
Your mother had a wooden spoon
And a shamrock tattoo,
Yes I do baby blue, I know you.

Well, no other woman's gonna feel beneath
The skin that you are in

No other woman's gonna read your mind
Or be sorry for your sins,
I know you - I know you.

I know what you look like just before you cry
I know how to make you sick
And I know how to make you die
The only thing I could never do
Is let you say goodbye,
Cause I know you - I know you.

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