

Sting

"Nothin 'bout Me"

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Lay my head,
on a surgeons table
take my fingerprints if you are able
pick my brains
pick my pockets
steal my eyebrows and come back for the sockets
run any kind of test from a to z
but you still know nothin bout me

Run my name through your computer
mention me in passing to your college tutor
check my records check my fax
check if ive paid my income tax
pour over everything in my cv
but you still know nothin bout me
still know nothin bout me

Only to me, the looks of my history
im a simple man
theres no big mystery
In the cold weather
a hand needs a glove
In times like these
a lonely man like me
needs love

Search my house with a fine tooth comb
turn over everything because I won't be at home
take out your microscope and tell me what you see
but you still know nothin bout me
still know nothin bout me
still know zip about me
still know nothin bout me
bout me
bout me
(stil know nothin, stil know nothin)

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