

## Los Del Mar

### "You'd Think He'd Know Me Better"

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I sit there talking to myself  
Why can't he turn it down?  
He keeps that TV up so loud that I can't think  
Every time I turn a page  
He starts to talk about his day  
Can't he see I'm trying to read?

It's cold enough in here to freeze  
He keeps it 68 degrees  
What's that man been thinking of  
In all the years we've been together  
You'd think he'd know me better than he does.

I sit there wondering to myself  
Why he wears the same old clothes  
With any sense, he'd know they're out of style  
And damn that man why can't he tell  
I'm dying in this house  
I ain't been out on the town in quite a while.

And can't he tell what mood I'm in  
The way I've got my back to him  
I don't feel like making love  
In all the years we've been together  
You'd think he'd know me better than he does.

I sit there thinking to myself  
Why he's been coming home so late  
He knows that supper's waiting on the stove  
I sit there lying to myself  
About the suitcase in the hall  
And the night I heard him call her on the phone.

Said he'd been thinking to himself  
The way I've treated him like hell  
That I've forgotten how to love  
And right before he drove away  
Through his tears I heard him say  
I don't talk to him enough.

In all the years we've been together

You'd think he'd know me better than he does  
In all the years we've been together  
Why don't he know me better than he does?...

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