

Bette Midler, You Don't Know Me

You give your hand to me
and then you say, "Hello."
And I can hardly speak,
my heart is beating so.
And anyone can tell
you think you know me well.
Hell, you don't know me.
You don't know me.

You don't know the one
who dreams of you at night;
longs to kiss your lips
and longs to hold you tight.
To you I'm just a friend.
That's all I've ever been.
You don't know me.

You, you just don't know me,
'cause I never knew the art of making love,
though my heart, oh my heart, oh my heart
is aching just for you.
Afraid and shy, I let my chance go by.
The chance that you might learn to love me too.

You give your hand to me,
and then you say, you say, "Goodbye."
I watch you walk away,
wishing you were mine.
You'll never ever know the girl who loves you so.
You don't know me. No, no, baby.

You don't know me.
No, no, no, no, no, no, baby, baby.
You don't know me, know me, know me.
Please know me.
Late in the midnight hour
I dream of you only.
But I am lonely.
Please know me.
Be my baby. C'mon, be my baby.
Late in the midnight hour
I live for you, baby.
Why don't you know me?
Be my baby.
Why you mean to me?
Mean to me . . .