

Trisha Yearwood, Everybody Knows

Morning number 32 waking up without you
Mama's on the telephone
She says she's got a plan
She knows a nice young man
Honey if I come back home

Everybody knows, everybody knows
Everybody knows what to do about my misery
Everybody but me

Well all the girls at work say just forget the jerk
I feel better now
Even my preacher cares, said all I need is prayer
And everything will just work out

Everybody knows, everybody knows
Everybody knows what to do about my misery
Everybody but me

Everybody knows, everybody knows
Everybody knows what to do about my misery
Yeah everybody but me

Well I don't want a shrink
Don't even want a drink
Give me some chocolate and a magazine
I'll learn to live without you
Don't want to talk about you
But I can't even walk down the street

Everybody knows, everybody knows
Everybody knows what to do about my misery
Everybody but me