

# 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