

Ben Folds, You Don't Know Me

I want to ask you
Do you ever sit and wonder
It's so strange
That we could be together for so long
And never know, never care
What goes on in the other one's head
Things I've felt but I never said
You said things that I never said
So I'll say something that I should have said long ago

You don't know me
You don't know me at all
You don't know me
You don't know me at all

You could have just propped me up on the table like a mannequin
Or a cardboard stand up and paint me (paint me anything)
Any face that you wanted me to be
See, we're damned by the existential moment
Where we saw the couple in the coma
And it was we who were the cliché
But we carried on anyway
So sure I can just close my eyes
Yeah, sure, trace and memorize
But can you go back once you know?

You don't know me
You don't know me at all
You don't know me
You don't know me at all

If I'm the person that you think I am
Clueless chump you seem to think I am
So easily led astray, an errant dog who occasionally escapes and needs a shorter leash than
Why the fuck would you want me back?
Maybe it's because...

You don't know me at all
You don't know me, you don't know me

So what I'm trying to say is
What I'm trying to tell you is not going to come out like I want to say it
Cause I know you'll only change it
Say it

You don't know me
You don't know me at all
You don't know me
You don't know me at all