

# Carly Simon, It`s not like him

When Tom came home his hair was combed  
He bought snakeskin boots in Rome  
Thats not like him  
His socks are clean, his shirt is pressed  
It isnt just the way hes dressed  
He smiles out of context and acts so polite  
Hes staying at his cousins overnight  
The protein shakes, thats not like him  
The carrot cakes, thats not like him  
The oatbran flakes, thats not like him  
And the sweet name he called me in his sleep last night  
Oh, thats not like him  
He whispers on the telephone  
He goes out smelling of cologne  
Thats not like him  
Its just a superficial thing  
But hes misplaced his wedding ring  
Hes become quite a connoisseur of wine  
Hes quoting Yeats and Gertrude Stein  
The Soho pub, thats not like him  
The racquet club, thats not like him  
Those books on love, thats not like him  
And the sweet name he called me in his sleep last night  
Oh, thats not like him  
I caught a glimpse of Tom today  
At a checkout counter, about to pay  
He had a girl on his arm  
Im glad hes helping out the poor  
Its not like the Tom I knew before  
Something so touching it made me cry  
But my heart was racing, I dont know why  
Those new blue suede shoes, thats not like him  
The Ray Ban shades, thats not like him  
Those downtown ways, thats not like him  
And the sweet name he called me in his sleep last night  
Oh, thats not like him  
The red suspenders, thats not like him  
The berries in the blender, thats not like him  
Those twelve step groups, thats not like him  
And Guadeloupe, thats not like him  
Those books on Zen, thats not like him  
The Karate classes, thats not like him  
The fishing gear, thats not like him  
Not like him, Thats not like him