

Garth Brooks, She Don't Care About Me

Well I woke up cold, staring at the ceiling
Can't get back to sleep
Thinking how she left me crying
With broken memories
I see her face in all my dreams
Just won't let me be
Whoa, I'd like to be her honey
But she don't care about me

Well I woke up cold, staring at another
You could see it in my face
Lord I try but I can't ever
Let nobody take her place
Now I can't go on much longer
Dreaming in misery
Whoa, I'd like to be her honey
But she don't care about me

No, I'd like to be her honey
But she don't care about me

Well gone so long and all alone, too far gone to try
With all them dreams and all them scenes just living in my mind

Well I go downtown to drink my liquor
My tortured mind's so numb
But drunk or blind she gets there quicker
The further away I run
Now when I die my tangled soul
Will finally be set free
Whoa, I'd like to be her honey
But she don't care about me

No, I'd like to be her honey
But she don't care about me