

# George Strait, You Know Me Better Than That

Baby, since you left me, there's somebody knew.  
She thinks I'm perfect, I swear.  
She likes my body, my class and my charm.  
She says I've got a confident air.  
She respects my ambition, thinks I'm talented too,  
But she's in love with an image time is bound to see through.

[Chorus:]

Oh/But you know me better than that.  
You know the me that gets lazy and fat.  
How moody I can be, all my insecurities.  
You've seen me lose all my charm, you know I was raised on a farm.  
Oh, she tells her friends I'm perfect  
And that I love her cat, but you know me better than that.

I miss picnics and blue jeans and buckets of beer-  
Now it's ballet and symphony hall.  
I'm into culture, clean up to my ears;  
It's like wearing a shoe that's too small.  
Oh I caught her with an issue of Brides magazine,  
Starin' at dresses and pickin' out rings.

[Chorus]

Oh she tells her friends I'm perfect and that I love that cat,  
Oh but you know me better than that.