

Jennifer Nettles, Know

I'd take a picture of my life and offer it with open hand.
To anyone who'd ask me to show.
But they won't ask and anyway they wouldn't understand.
So turn out the lights before it's over-exposed.
They want to know.

Well it's love song dedications on the radio.
And I laugh'cause I'm listening to it.
You know I can't believe these depths I've sunken to.
Or how you always seem to come along and pull me through it.
(I let you drag me through it.)
How do you always know?

Who's in my bed, the lives I've led, how my songs stay in your head.
You know I've been and done bitter and I tell you, you're better off dead.
Well I watch you tonight, here up on this stage.
You wear me out, you know you fill me with rage.
But there's no other place I'd rather be than up here laughing at you trying to figure me out.
They want to know.

Who's in my bed, the lives I've led,
How my songs stay in your head.
How the hell I'm not bitter
I tell you I'd rather be dead.