Lorrie Morgan, You'd Think He'd Know Me Better

I sit there talking to myself
Why can't he turn it down?
He keeps that TV up so loud that I can't think
Every time I turn a page
He starts to talk about his day
Can't he see
I'm trying to read

It's cold enough in here to freeze
He keeps it 68 degrees
What's that man been thinking of
In all the years we've been together
You'd think he'd know me better than he does

I sit there wondering to myself
Why he wears the same old clothes
With any sense, he'd know they're out of style
And damn that man why can't he tell
I'm dying in this house
I ain't been out on the town in quite a while

And can't he tell what mood I'm in
The way I've got my back to him
I don't feel like making love
In all the years we've been together,
You'd think he'd know me better than he does

I sit there thinking to myself
Why he's been coming home so late
He knows that supper's waiting on the stove
I sit there lying to myself
About the suitcase in the hall
And the night I heard him call her on the phone

Said he'd been thinking to himself
The way I've treated him like hell
That I've forgotten how to love
And right before he drove away
Through his tears I heard him say
I don't talk to him enough

In all the years we've been together
You'd think he'd know me better than he does
In all the years we've been together
Why don't he know me better than he does?