

Lyle Lovett, Nobody Knows Me

(Lyle Lovett)

And I like cream in my coffee
And I like to sleep late on Sunday
And nobody knows me like my baby
And I like eggs over easy
With flour tortillas
And nobody knows me like my baby

And nobody holds me
And nobody knows me
Nobody knows me like my baby

But it was a dream made to order
South of the border
And nobody knows me like my baby
And she cried man how could you do it
And I swore that there weren't nothing to it
But nobody knows me like my baby

And nobody holds me
And nobody knows me
Nobody knows me like my baby

And I like cream in my coffee
And I hate to be alone on Sunday
And nobody knows me like my baby