

# 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