

Indigo Girls, Dont Give Up On Me Baby

"Don't Know Your Name" is one of the few songs that the girls co-wrote. In this case, Amy wrote the music, and Emily wrote the words. The song originally appears on "Blue Food," in a live version complete with a little introduction...

Don't Know
Your Name.

A: We want you to know before we do it that this does not promote... um, promis...promiscuous sex, or anything like that, in any way. We... This is sarcastic - we're putting down the meat market, basically.

E: It's not our philosophy on life, or anything.

A: Yeah. Really.

E: Of course, I wrote the words, you know, but...

A: That's right.

E (in mock drunken voice): I was SO WASTED, you know...

Audience member: What are you trying to say?

E (very straight): Nothing. We aren't saying a thing. We're just talking.

A: We're trying to say that, uh, we're not Madonna.

(Laughs.)

E: This is a dirty song. Hope y'all like it.

(music begins.)

E: Amy wrote the music.

E (spoken): I walked into my favorite place one night; I just got back from a lecture, and I was feeling kind of uptight. And at the end of the bar, there was this guy, and, you know, I wasn't really looking, but I caught him out of the corner of my eye. The next thing I know, he was moving my way - I thought he wanted to talk, but this is what he had to say:

A (sung): I don't know your name, babe

But I want to be your lover.

I don't know your name, babe

But I want to be your lover.

One time or another, baby -

I want to be your lover.

E: I have to admit, I was a little bit surprised, but I wasn't really scared, 'cause I was twice his size. So I said to myself, "Ok, I'll play his game...," and when he turned to me, I gave him my name.

A: I know your name, babe

But I got to know your number.

I know your name, babe

But I got to know your number.

I said, one time or another, baby -

I'm gonna be your lover.

E: Well, I said to myself, "This guy is persistent. He's a little bit dumb, but at least he's consistent." I tried to talk cool, but when we touched, I went under. I made a quick decision, and I gave him my number.

A: I know your number

But I don't know what to say, babe.

E (effeminately): That's ok...

A: I know your

number

But I don't know what to say, babe.

Oh, it don't matter anyway, no -

I don't talk when I'm making love to you

I wanna be your lover...

E: Well, you probably won't believe this, but we got married

one day. And I still don't know if he speaks English, 'cause he doesn't have much to say. It's a damn good thing I like lying around - we don't make much conversation - just love-making sounds. (Aside: You know what I'm talking about? Y'all KNOW what I'm talking about!) Well, one thing I've learned from being in this state -
E & A (sung): There are other ways to communicate!
A: I don't know your name, babe
 But I want to be your lover.
 I don't know your name, babe
 But I want to be your lover.
 One time or a
nother, baby -
 I want to be your lover.