

Melissa Etheridge, They Don't Know Me

Jamie, I'm alone here on the kitchen floor
come on meet me on La Brea just this side of fourth
hey don't stop and think about what your roommates say
'cause they never really liked me that much anyway
oh they whisper and warn ya and tell ya
that something's not right
but Jamie, just tell me you won't listen at night
'cause I would buy the writing
if the walls were cheap
I'd steal a piece of heaven
if gods would sleep
I might be your salvation
I might just set you free
but everyone keeps talking
like there's something you don't see
but they don't know me
Jamie, come and meet me down in this little bar
they want to hear me play my songs
and beat up my guitar
hey don't stop and listen to what they say behind your back
well, they're starving and just making up for everything they lack
they whisper and warn ya and tell ya that you're nothing new
okay, maybe I've had me a stranger or two
I know that you haven't really heard from me in ten thousand years
everyone keeps saying how I build you up just to disappear
but they're not here
Jamie, I'm alone down on the kitchen floor
come on, meet me on La Brea like we done before
hey don't stop and think about what everybody say
they never really liked me that much anyway