

# Mean to Me

Dean Martin

You're mean to me  
Why must you be mean to me?  
Gee, honey it seems to me  
You love to see me crying I don't know why I stay home  
Each night when you say you'll phone  
You don't and I'm left alone  
Singing the blues and crying You treat me coldly  
Each day in the year  
You always scold me  
Whenever some body is near Dear it must be, great fun to be  
Mean to me you shouldn't for can't you see  
What you mean, to me

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