

# She Knows

James Otto

She walks around late at night  
In my old Allman Brothers T-shirt and not much else  
There's a hint of her perfume in the air  
She lets her hair dry all by itself As she sits down next to me, paints her toes  
Asks me why I'm staring Well, she knows what she does to me  
All the little things set fire to my soul  
And I love that girl and I go out of my way  
To find a way every day, to make sure she knows I might call to say, "How's your day?"  
Or stop off at the Chevron and buy a rose  
I might save a little cash from my check  
And get that dress she thought she'd have to sew I'll make her a card and scratch out words  
And still not get it right She knows what she does to me  
All the little things set fire to my soul  
And I love that girl and I go out of my way  
To find a way every day, to make sure she knows She knows what she does to me  
All the little things set fire to my soul  
And I love that girl and I go out of my way  
To find a way every day, to make sure To make damn sure she knows

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