

Nobody Knows Me

[Lyle Lovett](#)

And I like cream in my coffee
And I like to, 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
I hate to be alone on Sunday
And nobody knows me like my baby

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