

# I Know You

Lori McKenna

You never woke up beside a stranger  
But you never spent the night alone  
In your jacket is a flask of Southern Comfort  
In your pocket you got a comb  
I know you, I know you Youve been pushed right to the limit  
Lived on a lonesome road  
Chopped up an old barn dresser  
To heat the house once in the cold  
I know you, yeah, I know you Well, I know where you go  
When you want to be alone  
I know just how hard you work  
And how much money you bring home  
You love the sound of church bells  
But you hate sitting in a pew, baby, I know you D. H. Lawrence would be your favorite poet  
If you thought poetry was cool  
You have too much pride to be a thief  
And just enough gut to be a fool  
Baby, I know you, I know you Well, I know the sound of your thunder  
And I know the smell of your rain  
I know every time you walk out that door  
You might stumble back in it again  
Yeah, I know you, well, yes, I do  
Baby blue, I know you Well, I know that you feel bad  
For every bad thing that you do  
You got a scar in your right cheek  
And the fear of God embedded in you  
Your mother had a wooden spoon  
And a shamrock tattoo, baby, I know you Well, no other womans gonna feel  
Beneath the skin that you are in  
No other womans gonna read your mind  
And be sorry for your sins  
I know you, I know you Well, I know what you look like  
Just before you cry  
I know how to make you sick  
And I know how to make you die  
The only thing I could never do  
Is let you say goodbye, say goodbye to you  
Cause I know you, I know you You never woke up beside a stranger  
But you never spent the night alone

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