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 itselfAs she sits down next to me, paints her toes
Asks me why I'm staringWell, 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 knowsI 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 sewI'll make her a card and scratch out words
And still not get it rightShe 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 knowsShe 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 sureTo make damn sure she knows

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