

# I Know You

Henry Rollins

I know you  
You were too short  
You had bad skin  
You couldn't talk to them very well  
Words didn't seem to work  
They lied when they came out of your mouth  
You tried so hard to understand them  
You wanted to be part of what was happening  
You saw them having fun  
And it seemed like such a mystery  
Almost magic  
Made you think that there was something wrong with you  
You'd look in the mirror and try to find it  
You thought that you were ugly  
And that everyone was looking at you  
So you learned to be invisible  
To look down  
To avoid conversation  
The hours, days, weekends  
Ah, the weekend nights alone  
Where were you?  
In the basement?  
In the attic?  
In your room?  
Working some job - just to have something to do.  
Just to have a place to put yourself  
Just to have a way to get away from them  
A chance to get away from the ones that made you feel  
so strange and ill at ease inside yourself  
Did you ever get invited to one of their parties?  
You sat and wondered if you would go or not  
For hours you imagined the scenarios that might transpire  
They would laugh at you  
If you would know what to do  
If you'd have the right things on  
If they would notice that you came from a different planet  
Did you get all brave in your thoughts?  
Like you going to be able to go in there and deal with it  
and have a great time.  
Did you think that you might be the life of the party?  
That all these people were gonna talk to you and you  
would find out that you were wrong?  
That you had a lot of friends and you weren't so  
strange after all?  
Did you end up going?  
Did they mess with you?

Did they single you out?  
Did you find out that you were invited because they  
thought you were so weird? Yeah, I think I know you  
You spent a lot of time full of hate  
A hate that was pure sunshine  
A hate that saw for miles  
A hate that kept you up at night  
A hate that filled your every waking moment  
A hate that carried you for a long time Yes, I think I know you  
You couldn't figure out what they saw in the way they lived Home was not home  
Your room was home  
A corner was home  
The place they weren't, that was home I know you You're sensitive and you hide it because you fear  
getting stepped on one more time  
It seems that when you show a part of yourself that is  
the least bit vulnerable someone takes advantage of you  
One of them steps on you They mistake kindness for weakness  
But you know the difference  
You've been the brunt of their weakness for years  
And strength is something you know a bit about because  
you had to be strong to keep yourself alive You know yourself very well now  
And you don't trust people  
You know them too well You try to find that special person  
Someone you can be with  
Someone you can touch  
Someone you can talk to  
Someone you don't feel so strange around  
And you find that they don't really exist  
You feel closer to people on movie screens Yeah, I think I know you  
You spend a lot of time daydreaming  
And people have made comment to that effect  
Telling you that you're self involved, and self centered But they don't know, do they?  
About the long night shifts alone  
About the years of keeping yourself company  
All the nights you wrapped your arms around yourself  
so you could imagine someone holding you  
The hours of indecision, self doubt  
The intense depression  
The blinding hate  
The rage that made you stagger  
The devastation of rejection Well, maybe they do know  
But if they do, they sure do a good job of hiding it  
It astounds you how they can be so smooth  
How they seem to pass through life as if life itself  
was some divine gift

And it infuriates you to watch yourself with your  
apparent skill at finding every way possible to screw it up  
For you life is a long trip  
Terrifying and wonderful  
Birds sing to you at night  
The rain and the sun the changing seasons are true friends  
Solitude is a hard won ally, faithful and patient  
Yeah, I think I know you

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