

# Mean to Me

Etta Jones

You're mean to me  
Why must you be mean to me?  
Gee, honey, it seems to me  
You love to see me cryin'  
I don't know why  
I stay home each night  
When you say you phone  
You don't and I'm left alone.

Sing the blues and sighin'  
You treat me coldly each day in the year  
You always scold me  
Whenever somebody is near, dear  
I must be great fun to be mean to me  
You shouldn't, for can't you see  
What you mean to me

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