

You Don't Know Me (Conan O'Brien Rehearsal)

Ben Folds

I wanna ask you
Do you ever sit and wonder,
It's so strange
That we could be together for
So long, and never know, never care
What goes on in the other one's head? Things I've felt but I've never said
You said things that I never said
So I'll say something that I should have said long ago: (You don't know me)
You don't know me at all
(You don't know me)
You don't know me at all (at all) You could have just propped me up on the table like a mannequin
Or a cardboard stand-up and paint me (paint me)
Any face that you wanted me
To be seen.
We're
Damned by the existential moment where
We saw the couple in the coma and
It was we were the cliché,
But we carried on anyway. So, sure, I could just close my eyes.
Yeah, sure, trace and memorize,
But can you go back once you know (You don't know me)
You don't know me at all
(You don't know me)
You don't know me at all (at all) (You don't know me)
You don't know me at all
(You don't know me)
You don't know me at all (at all) If I'm the person that you think I am
Clueless chump you seem to think I am
So easily led astray,
An errant dog who occasionally escapes and needs a shorter leash, then
Why the fuck would you want me back?! Maybe it's because (You don't know me at all) (You don't know me,
you don't know me.) So, what I'm trying to say is
What (What?)
I'm trying to tell you
It's not gonna come out like I wanna say it cause I know you'll only change it.
(Say it.) (You don't know me)
You don't know me at all
(You don't know me)
You don't know me at all (at all) (You don't know me)

You don't know me at all
(You don't know me)
You don't know me at all (at all)What?

Songwriters

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