

You Know Me Better Than That

George Strait

Baby, since you left me, there's somebody new,
She thinks I'm perfect, I swear,
She likes my body, my class and my charm.
She says I've got a confident aire.
She respects my ambition, thinks I'm talented too,
But she's in love with an image time is bound to see through. Chorus:

Oh, you know me better than that,
You know the me that gets lazy and fat.
How moody I can be, all my insecurities.
You've seen me lose all my charm,
You know I was raised on a farm.
Oh, she tells her friends I'm perfect,
And that I love her cat,
But you know me better than that.
I miss picnics and blue jeans and buckets of beer,
Now it's ballet and symphony hall;
I'm into culture, clean up to my ears,
It's like wearing a shoe that's too small.
Oh, I caught her with an issue of Brides magazine,
Starin' at dresses and pickin' out rings.

Chorus:

But you know me better than that,
You know the me that gets lazy and fat.
How moody I can be, all my insecurities.
You've seen me lose all my charm,
You know I was raised on a farm.
Oh, she tells her friends I'm perfect,
And that I love her cat,
But you know me better than that. Oh, she tells her friends I'm perfect,
And that I love that cat,
Oh, but you know me better than that...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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