

## You Don't Know

Erin McKeown

who am i to sing a love song  
i hold myself away  
yeah, but listen to the sound of a house running  
well all houses are the same  
and all the sadness in your heart  
it won't bring me back to you, no  
yeah but, doesn't it make you wonder how a love,  
a love made so easily could shy beneath november's harvest moon

dark in a stranger's open kitchen  
well, i stripped you to your bare feet and more  
yeah, it makes me feel so foolish now  
thinking of everything i did  
tell me, i was pretty at the time  
was i pretty at the time?

i'm afraid for you to hear me say these words  
it's the same every, everyone i've hurt  
but i will try to remember how you wandered away  
to follow some long echo of a bird  
and all the sadness in your lonesome countryside  
well, it won't bring me back to you, no, no  
trust me, you don't want me around  
and i'm too always fond of leaving...  
and i'm too fond of always leaving you

you don't know how much i loved you  
no, you don't know how much i loved you  
no, you don't know, you don't know...  
you don't know how much i loved you  
now, you don't know