

I Don't Know That Guy

Greg Brown

Me, I'm happy-go-lucky-
Always ready to grin.
I ain't afraid of loving you-
Ain't fascinated with sin.
So who's this fellow in my shoes-
Making you cry?
I don't know that guy.

Who took my suitcase?
Who stole my guitar?
And where's my sense of humor?
What am I doin' in this bar?
This man who's been drinking,
And giving you the eye-
I don't know that guy.
Hey!

I've heard him complainin',
'bout piddly little stuff.
I've watched him do nothin',
And say he can't get enough.
He'll blame his Momma and Daddy,
For the world passin' by.
And I don't know that guy.

There's rain across Kansas,
There's a roadside hotel,
There's a man and a woman,
And things are going well.
So why is he leavin',
Without so much as goodbye?
I don't know that guy.

Why can't he come out with it?
Why can't he laugh it off?
Why can't he be a fool like me?
Why can't he be soft?
Why does he run from his lover?
Why doesn't he cry?
I don't know that guy.

'cause -