

# I Remember You

Keb' Mo'

My name is Junior  
From Memphis, Tennessee  
My daddy was a hustler  
And a stranger to me

I don't always know  
Just what to say, now, listen  
Do I look familiar  
In any kinda way?

Well, I remember you  
Dancin' on the floor  
I remember you  
Walkin' out the door

You had a red dress on  
And some high heeled shoes  
You don't remember me  
But I remember you

You had a margarita  
I had a beer  
I wondered what a woman  
Like you was doin' way down here

You tore my heart apart  
The moment you left  
And Junior had a night  
He would never forget

And I remember you  
Dancin' on the floor  
I remember you  
Walkin' out the door

You had a red dress on  
And some high heel shoes  
You don't remember me  
But I remember you

Well, maybe I was just a number  
A face without a name  
Now and then, I wonder  
Will I ever be the same?

I remember you  
Dancin' on the floor  
I remember you  
Walkin' out the door

You had a red dress on  
And some high heel shoes  
You don't remember me  
But I remember you

You don't remember me, oh, no  
But I remember you

I remember you

I remember you

Walkin' out the door

Dancin' on the floor

Mmm hmm, mmm

You, you, you, you