

You Don't Know Me at All

Nick Lowe

Well, you don't know mad from sad
You don't know explaining from complaining
You don't know next who you'll be blaming
And you don't know me at all

The ones you're closest to
Should be those really knowing you
But you haven't got a clue
Even though you say you do

You think you've got me figured out
You know without a doubt
Just who I am
And what I'm all about

But you don't know mad from sad
You don't know explaining from complaining
You don't know next who you'll be blaming
And you don't know me at all

You've got me pigeon-holed
Cataloged and bought and sold
Oh, but truth be told
I don't quite fit your mold

But there's many sides and angles
That you haven't seen
And since you haven't looked
You don't know what I mean

If somebody's being open then it's moping
You don't know squawking from just plain talking
You don't even know which way you're walking
And you don't know me at all

If anyone claims to be
As close as you say you are to me
And yet has failed to see
Never really loved, don't you agree?

If they did they'd show
That they don't know about myself
Instead of shoving me
Upon some dusty shelf

But you don't know mad from sad
You don't know explaining from complaining
You don't know next who you'll be blaming
And you don't know me at all

If somebody's being open then it's moping
You don't know squawking from just plain talking
You don't even know which way you're walking
And you don't know me at all
No, you don't know me at all