

# You Don't Know Me

Peter Cincotti

You give your hand to me and then you say, "Hello,"  
I can hardly speak; my heart is beating so.  
And anyone can tell you think you know me well,  
Well you don't know me

No, you don't know the one who dreams of you at night,  
And longs to kiss your lips and longs to hold you tight.  
To you I'm just a friend; that's all I've ever been,  
Well, you don't know me.

I never knew the art of making love  
Though my heart aches with love for you.  
Afraid and shy, I let my chance go by,  
The chance that you might love me, too.

You give your hand to me and then you say goodbye;  
I watch you walk away beside the lucky guy.  
And you will never know the one who loves you so,  
Well, you don't know me.

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Though my heart aches with love for you.  
Afraid and shy, I let my chance go by,  
The chance you might love me, too.

You give your hand to me and then you say goodbye;  
I watch you walk away beside the lucky guy.  
And you'll never ever know the one who loves you so,  
Well, you don't know me.