

# You Don't Even Know Me

Al Stewart

Alright, you saw me in the International Times  
You've got my picture in your book  
You tell your friends not to call at weekends  
And now you wear that far off look

Alright, you stole your mother's best spare sheets  
And put them on my bed  
And you remember all the words that I say  
And now you keep them in your head

But you don't even know me  
You don't even know me  
You don't even know me at all

Alright, I told you that I'm leaving London  
The summer seems so long  
I've got no money to pay the rent  
I've got no place to take my songs

And then you tell me I should keep on trying  
You hand me an envelope  
With all the money that you'd saved up  
You couldn't stand to see me go

But you don't even know me  
You don't even know me  
You don't even know me at all

Alright I took you to the Hendrix concert  
On the seventh day of May  
And through the summer of 1967  
We were part of the seeds of change

And now you say that we can really make it  
We've got nowhere to fall  
Though the signs are hung in the rainy distance  
You don't see them at all

And you don't even know me  
You don't even know me  
You don't even know me at all

You don't even know me  
You don't even know me  
You don't even know me at all

You don't know me at all  
You don't know me at all

Alright I think that we should stay together  
For a while