

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