

I found her diary underneath a tree
And started reading all about me
The words she's written took me by surprise
You'd never read them in her eyes

They said that she had found
The love she waited for
Wouldn't you know it?
She wouldn't show it

And when confronted with the writing there
She simply pretended not to care
I passed it off as just in keeping with
Her usual disconcerting air

And though she tried to hide
The love that she denied
Wouldn't you know it?
She wouldn't show it

And as I go through my life
I will give to her, my wife
All the sweet things I can find

I found her diary underneath a tree
And started reading all about me
The words began to stick and tears to flow
Her meaning now was clear to see

The love she waited for
Was for someone else, not me
Wouldn't you know it?
She wouldn't show it

And as I go through my life
I will wish for her, his wife
All the sweet things she can find
All the sweet things they can find