

Mean to Me

Dean Martin

You're mean to me
Why must you be mean to me
Gee honey, it seems to me you love to see me crying
I don't know why
I stay home each night when you say you'll phone
You don't and I'm left alone
Singing the blues and sighing

You treat me coldly each day of the year
You always scold me whenever somebody is near
Dear, it must be great fun to be mean to me
You shouldn't for can't you see what you mean to me
It must be great fun to be mean to me
You shouldn't for can't you see what you mean to me