

She Knows

James Otto

She walks around late at night
In my old Allman Brother's T-shirt
And not much else

There's a hint of her perfume
In the air, she lets her hair dry
All by itself

Then she sits down next to me
Paints her toes
Asks me why I'm staring

She knows what she does to me
All the little things set fire to my soul
And I love that girl and I go out of my way
To find a way every day, to make sure she knows

I might call to say, "How's your day?"
Or stop off at the Chevrom
And buy a rose

I might save a little cash from my check
And get that dress
She thought she'd have to sew

I'll make her a card
And scratch out words
And still not get it right

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To find a way every day, to make sure she knows

She knows what she does to me
All the little things set fire to my soul
And I love that girl and I go out of my way
To find a way every day, to make sure
To make damn sure she knows