

## 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 shits 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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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