

# Everybody Knows

Janis Ian

I'm sitting here all alone  
You don't know how I cry  
Oh, it's no fun to be alone, made of stone  
You don't know how to try  
Jeannie with the light brown hair comes up the stair  
Tells me what to wear, says it's there  
I know she's a fool  
Wish she could sing to you, maybe even bring to you  
some kind of ring or two for you  
but that wouldn't be cool  
You've been a bad, girl.  
You've been had, girl  
Your mama's in the pantry  
with your other daddy  
Quietly  
turn off the electricity  
Everybody knows that  
you've been wearing no clothes  
ever since the time you tried to  
fly from the Eiffel Tower  
The power of the flower is dead  
I'm sitting here all alone  
You don't know how I cry  
Oh it's no fun to be alone, made of stone  
You don't know how to die  
June is a flower-child.  
She tries to run wild  
She says it's only the style.  
I know she's truthful  
Sitting on a stone all alone.  
Never know how it grows  
through the holes in your clothes  
I know it's beautiful  
You've been a bad boy.  
You've been had, boy  
Your daddy took the toys  
to the neighbor cop to investigate  
Your daddy's upper plate is made of gold  
Nobody told you.  
No one wants to hold you  
Nobody showed you.  
I could have told you to  
watch it, kid  
You might end up dead  
Don't mind the words of my song,  
they're not strong  
I'll get along  
Don't get tangled with the do-you-inners  
They can eat you for dinner  
You're a full-time sinner, yeah  
Everybody knows, everybody knows  
Ask them why,  
they reply that it shows  
Everybody knows, everybody knows  
all about the holes in your clothes,  
how they grow  
'til they're shown on a screen

to the Queen