You Don't Know This Man

Jason Robert Brown

You don't know this man
You don't know a thing
You come here with these horrifying stories
These contemptible conceits
And you say you understand how a man's heart beats
And you don't know a thing

You don't know this man
You don't even try
When a man writes his mother every Sunday
Pays his bills before they're due
Works so hard to feed his family
There's your murderer for you
And you stand there spitting words that you know aren't true
Then you don't know this man
I don't think you could

You don't have the right to know
A man that wise and good
He is a decent man
He is an honest man
And you don't know
And you never will
Not from me, not from anyone who knows him
Not a morsel, not a crumb, not a clue
I have nothing more to say to you