

# You Don't Know Me

Randy Rogers Band

Well, I ain't the kind to sip on fancy wines  
That high class sort of living ain't on my mind  
Got no worries about what people say  
You ain't gonna turn my skies from blue to gray

I might get up in the morning  
I might sleep till the afternoon  
I might howl at the moon all night  
I might whistle a sad old tune  
You can think just what you wanna think  
And it ain't gonna make me blue  
You might know everybody  
But you don't know me

Well, the money I got in my pocket  
Just a couple of dollars in change  
I ain't worried about the New York Stock Exchange  
Don't need no politician  
Telln' me what to watch on my TV

Well, people might try to tell me  
Son, what you're doin' ain't right  
You can't be playin' that guitar every night  
But my daddy, he once told me, son  
You gotta do it, if it feels good  
If you die doin' what you love  
Then you done what you should

You might know everybody  
But you don't know me