You're mean to me. Why must you be mean to me?
Gee, honey, it seems to me you love to see me cryin'.
I don't know why I stay home each night
When you say you'll phone, you don't and I'm left alone,
Singing the blues and sighin'.
You treat me coldly each day in the year.
You always scold me--- whenever somebody is near, dear
It must be great fun to be mean to me.
You shouldn't, for can't you see what you mean to-- me?
You shouldn't, for can't you see what you mean to--- me?