

# A Lot Like Me

Mary Chapin Carpenter

He was a long tall stranger from way down south  
Where he'd left his life behind  
He had a big old Gibson and a pickup truck  
And Shenandoah eyes  
And I remember him sitting in that local bar  
Where I earned my pay each night  
Singing my songs to empty chairs  
And going home half tight

And so the nights rolled by like headlights  
Shining on a lonesome strip of tar  
I kept his word of kindness close to me  
Like a pick on my guitar  
And we talked about the singers  
And the songs we loved  
And the songs we'd most forgot  
In that rundown bar they'd make last call  
And I'd never want to stop

'Cause I was living on nothing but a young girl's dreams  
With my cowboy boots and my old six string  
Hitching my wagon to a star  
Dreaming of leaving those local bars  
When I'd get him up at closing time  
For a couple of songs and a chance to shine  
Like the star that he longed to be  
He looked a Hell of a lot like me

Well he'd played a lot of places where  
The only wages were food and beer for free  
No fancy licks but he had him a gift  
For the kinds of songs he'd ding  
But you do what you can to be a satisfied man  
Just to have your piece of mind  
And so he gave it all up for a government job  
Where the paychecks come on time

So now he comes to the bar to hear me play guitar  
And to share a drink or two  
And we sit swapping tales of where  
We've been and what we'd rather do  
Well there's a wealth of dangers  
When you're talking to strangers  
And I meet them all the time  
But my heart knew better than my head  
When I looked into those yes

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Well maybe I'll quit when I've got me a kid

And a place to call my own  
But tonight there ain't nobody there  
Waiting up for me at home  
It's a helluva way to live from day to day  
Not knowing where you're bound  
But the look in his eyes made me realize  
I was glad for the life I'd found

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