

What Makes A Man

Ben Rector

Well my father
He'll never see his name in lights
Worked at a desk his whole damn life
Didn't chase his dreams, gave himself
So me and my sisters would be all right

Sometimes I wonder
What they'll say of me when I am gone
When my daughter's living on and
Will she care if strangers thought that I was famous
Or just that I was never home

Is it the things you've done, the places that you've been
Chasing down some dream you've been imagining
Or is it making peace with who you are and where you stand
I'm trying to find what makes a man
Whoa-oh, what makes a man

If I'm honest
I am plagued by the fear that I am not enough
So I work hard to measure up
I've run a million miles, climbed a mountain high
And felt the same when I was done

Is it the things you've done, the places that you've been?
Chasing down some dream you've been imagining
Or is it making peace with who you are and where you stand?
Oh, I'm trying to find what makes a man

Is it power?
Is it fame?
Is it money?
Is it just a game?
Is it always wanting more?
Or is it in finding peace in what you had all along?

Is it the things you've done, the places that you've been?
Chasing down some dream you've been imagining
Or is it making peace with who you are and where you stand?
I'm trying to find what makes a man

I've been trying to find
What makes a man
I've been trying to find
What makes a man

What makes a man
I've been trying to find
What makes a man