

## Be Your Man

Billy Strings

When I got to New York City I was looking for another side of life  
And my feet were so damn callused I could probably walk the edges of a knife  
My mistakes had often lead me to believe I'll never find an open door  
Now I'm busted, flat, and broken and I don't know what the hell I'm waiting for

Some could see that I was stumbling, and a couple even stopped to lend a hand  
Most would pass me by and ridicule and fail to recognize a fellow man  
Now the wind is growing bitter, and the leaves begin to die and start to fall  
And I wonder if next summer if I'll even be around this place at all

If I could go back to the days when I was young  
I'd travel the whole world over and then some  
And I'd come back to you with an everlasting lily in my hand  
And I'd show the world just what it means to me, for me, to get be your man

On the edges of a fading afternoon, I heard a voice within my head  
And the echoes of forgotten words from all the dusty books I have not read  
And I wondered if by chance I should have listened back to what they said in school  
It occurred to me I might have been the class clown then but now I'm just a fool

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