

Another Man's Clothes

Dan Bern

Lady next door leaves her balcony
Opens up her door and goes inside
Sun dropped down just minutes ago
Western sky is smeared cranberry light
Normally the things in my mind that go down deep
I would not let them roam without a fight
But I stand in another man's clothes tonight
I stand in another man's clothes
Guess that's how it happens, guess that's how it goes
When you stand in another man's clothes

Sometimes it's hard to tell apart a star
From a satellite or slow-moving plane
Sometimes it's hard to tell yourself apart
From a sheet of wind whipping through the rain
I been straddling this road but here it starts to part
And from here both ways diverge on out of sight
And I stand in another man's clothes tonight
I stand in another man's clothes
I stand in another man's clothes tonight
I stand in another man's clothes

I look far as I can past the cloudy blue horizon
I wait for voices but no voices come
When I try to listen to the rhythm of my soul
All that plays is one sad solitary drum
There ain't no guarantee about tomorrow morning
And if the sun will ever rage in all its light
I stand in another man's clothes tonight
I stand in another man's clothes

Looking for answers from above and beyond
Signs from the highway and the clouds
I shout my questions with all the breath inside my
lungs
But some I dare not say out loud

So if I make it through, if I come to you
Let's not waste our time on anything but love
My trousers and my shirt and the jacket on my back
Have let me step outside myself, maybe just enough
I got no time for wasting, this chance may not come
round again
Don't meet me with no argument or fight
I stand in another man's clothes tonight
I stand in another man's clothes
Guess that's how it happens, guess that's how it goes
When you stand in another man's clothes
Guess that's how it happens, guess that's how it goes
When you stand in another man's clothes