

The Other Kind

Steve Earle

I woke up this morning
And I took a look around at all that I got
These days I've been lookin' in the mirror
And wondering if that's me lookin' back or not

I'm still the apple of my mama's eye
I'm my daddy's worst fears realized
Here of late all this real estate
Don't seem all that real to me sometimes

I'm back out on that road again
Turn this beast into the wind
There are those that break and bend
I'm the other kind, I'm the other kind

Now my old buddy, what's his name?
Says, "Man what the hell are you thinkin' 'bout?
Fool, you got two of everything
But you hang your head just like you was down and out"

And I'm damn sure, not suffering from a lack of love
There's plenty more where that came from
Ah, but leave it up to me to say something wrong
And hurt someone before I'm done

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You see it used to be I was really free
I didn't need no gasoline to run
Before you could say, "Jack Kerouac"
You'd turn your back and I'd be gone

Yeah, nowadays I got me two good wheels
And I seek refuge in aluminum and steel
Aw, it takes me out there for just a little while
And the years fall away with every mile

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There are those that break and bend
I'm the other kind, I'm the other kind
Yeah, I'm the other kind, I'm the other kind