

The Man He Used To Be

Jerry Jeff Walker

So that's where my head was at
In a book and a funky hat
On the road with Kerouac
Searching for the truth

Sometimes I'm amazed
Looking back at a certain phase
Wet my thumb and I turn the page
Oh, what was I trying to prove?

I just shake my head and I laugh at a faded photograph
Of a total stranger staring back at me
Now there's no man stranger to himself
Than the man he used to be

There's a closet full of worn out boots
Skeletons and three-piece suits
A million hats and attitudes
And very few regrets

And here I stand in faded jeans
An old T-shirt that don't say a thing
And who knows what tomorrow brings
It ain't over yet

I just shake my head and I laugh at a faded photograph
Of a total stranger staring back at me
Now there's no man stranger to himself
Than the man he used to be

No some folks get me confused
With someone they once knew
I know the guy they're referring to
But he ain't been round for years

I just shake my head and I laugh at a faded photograph
Of a total stranger staring back at me
Now there's no man stranger to himself
Than the man he used to be

I can see it in the eyes, it was a whole other life
Now there's no man stranger to himself
No man stranger to himself than the man he used to be