

# I Am Who I Am

Jim Croce

Perhaps, I'll never show this world all I could be  
I just can't sing to any man the song he wants to hear  
And I know that some won't like me  
Others try to be my friend  
But I'm all of me and that's all that I am

And if life is for the living  
Then why can't men be real  
'Stead of hidin' in their costumes?  
Forgettin' how to feel  
Forgettin' how to feel

We still live in a time when manners cover what is real  
There's a basic fact of life that the times cannot conceal  
That if some are masqueraders  
Others live in their facade  
But I'm what I am, I cannot be what I am not

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Then why can't men be real  
'Stead of hidin' in their costumes?  
Forgettin' how to feel  
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I may be too honest and offend those who pretend  
I don't claim I'm always right, that I'm everybody's friend  
Perhaps for them it's easier to be what they are not  
But I'm what I am  
And I just can't play that part

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Then why can't men be real  
'Stead of hidin' in their costumes?  
Forgettin' how to feel  
Forgettin' how to feel