

Man In The Mirror

Mark Chesnutt

I used to sit on the stool watch him shave
If my memory is right I was seven or eight
In the eyes of a child he was no less than great
But time would prove anything could change.

'Cause he was too old fashioned when I was eighteen
Not near as smart as my buddies and me
But the only friend I'd grow up to need
Got called home just shy of sixty-three.

Now the man in the mirror looks so familiar
He's wearin' that same crooked smile, same lines of worry
Kids growin' up too early and grey hairs from extra mouths
I thought I'd never see him again but little did I know
I'd turn into the man in the mirror.

Now I realize just how wise he was
Sometimes without talkin' he still taught us
His strong hands of justice would end with a hug
He knew nothing was stronger than the power of love.

I can truthfully say that I know how he felt
'Cause just the other night when my son needed help
When I fixed his little plane with the one piece left
He looked at me in a way I never saw myself.

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