

# No One Else Like Me

## The Red Clay Strays

How many mistakes can I make before I start to see?  
How much love will it take to make me not wanna leave?  
How many tears can I cry before all my tears run dry?  
Will I ever be free?  
Will I ever be free?  
Lord, I wanna be free

Well, I'm a broken writer, I'm a restless fighter, and I'm looking for a little hope  
I'm a shadowed thinker, I'm a one-eyed blinker at the end of his rope  
I'm a dead man walking, I'm a preacher talking about love and how to be free  
I'm a dying ghost with a heart like most, but Lord, ain't no one else like me

Looking back at the promises that I could never keep  
I wonder if there was ever any truth at all in me  
Sometimes I wanna run away, go start over in another place  
But I'd never be free  
Lord, I'd never be free

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I'm a shadowed thinker, I'm a one-eyed blinker at the end of his rope  
I'm a dead man walking, a preacher talking about love and how to be free  
Lord, I'm a dying ghost with a heart like most, but Lord  
Oh Lord, ain't no one else like me

Yeah, no one else like me  
No one else like me  
Oh, oh, yeah  
No one else  
No one else  
No one else  
Nobody else  
Oh