

The Man in Me

Bob Dylan

The man in me will do nearly any task
And as for compensation, there's a little he would ask
Take a woman like you
To get through to the man in me
Storm clouds are raging all around my door
I think to myself I might not take it any more
Take a woman like your kind
To find the man in me
But, oh, what a wonderful feeling
Just to know that you are near
It sets my a heart a reeling
From my toes up to my ears
The man in me will hide sometimes to keep from bein' seen
But that's just because he doesn't want to turn into some machine
Took a woman like you
To get through to the man in me

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