

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 truthSometimes 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 beThere's a closet full of worn out boots
Skeletons and three-piece suits
A million hats and attitudes
And very few regretsAnd 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 yetI 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 beNo 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 yearsI 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 beI 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

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