

Self Made Man

Howlin Rain

You're a hungry man
Like the pacing curs down on the street
It's more than you can stand
Every small defeat
When you earn a silver dime
They'll call you a lucky man
But you made every kill
With your two bloody hands
Don't look back now
You're nearly home
A self-made man
Of blood and bone
You're a haunted man
Like the swaying gallows blown in the breeze
The things your heart demands
You will never please
When you break a couple of bones
They call you a ruthless man
But you dug the holes alone
With two bloody hands
Don't look back now
You're nearly home
A self-made man
Of blood and bone...
Don't look back now
You're nearly gone
Out in the black
You're on your own...
Who will love your self-made man?
Who could love yourself?
You're a violent dog
Like the death squad boys down in Brazil
A hard-boiled blackened heart
Got to have it's thrill
The trust of your fellow man
Is an easy thing to steal
When you force them to play their hand
By their own free will
Don't look back now

You're nearly home
A self-made man
Of blood and bone...
Don't look back now
You're nearly gone
Out in the black
You're on your own...
Who will love your self-made man?
Who could love yourself?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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