

# A Lot Like Me

## Mary Chapin Carpenter

He was a long, tall stranger from way down south  
Where he'd left his life behind  
He had a big, old Gibson and a pickup truck  
And Shenandoah eyes  
And I remember him sitting in that local bar  
Where I earned my pay each night  
Singing my songs to empty chairs and going home half tight  
So the nights rolled by like headlights shining on a  
lonesome strip of tar  
I kept his word of kindness close to me like a pick on my guitar  
And we talked about the singers and the songs we loved  
And the songs we'd most forgot  
In that run-down bar they'd make last call  
And I'd never want to stop [Chorus]  
'Cause I was living on nothing but a young girl's dreams  
With my cowboy boots and my old six-string  
Hitching my wagon to a star  
Dreaming of leaving those local bars  
When I'd get him up at closing time  
For a couple of songs and a chance to shine  
Like the star that he longed to be  
He looked a hell of a lot like me  
Well, he'd played a lot of places where the only wages were food and beer for  
free  
No fancy licks, but he had him a gift for the kinds of songs he'd sing  
But you do what you can to be a satisfied man  
Just to have your peace of mind  
So he gave it all up for a government job where the paychecks come on time  
So now he comes to the bar to hear  
me play guitar  
And to share a drink or two  
And we sit swapping tales of where we've been and what we'd rather do  
There's a wealth of dangers when you're talking to strangers  
And I meet them all the time  
But my heart knew better than my head when I looked into those eyes [Chorus]  
Well, maybe I'll quit when I've  
got me a kid and a place to call my own  
But tonight there ain't nobody there waiting up for me at home  
It's a helluva way to live from day to day  
Not knowing where you're bound  
But the look in his eyes made me realize  
I was glad for the life I'd found [Chorus]

Songwriters

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