

THE MAN IN ME *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

Eleven after one, thirteenth of April
Full moon shinin' over southeast Atlanta
A whole lotta ghosts down here.
A whole lotta ghosts down here.

Off in the distance, over the road,
Mad old visions of mean little people
With axes to grind
Everybody got an axe to grind.

Oh, Chattahoochie, roll forever,
You're not like me, I'm light as a feather
Blow away in the first strong wind.
Blow away in the first strong wind.

Across the Mississippi, onto the plains
Can't fight the notion that I'm goin' insane
It's amazin' I've come this far
I wonder who's drivin' this car.

Sun goin' down, eyes turnin' red
St. Louis woman jumps outta my head
Into the bright sunshine
Leavin' my ass behind.

Oh, Missouri, your water so deep,
You're not like me, I'm walkin' in my sleep
Might never wake up again
Might never wake up again

CHORUS Holy smoke, I'm gettin' old and broke
But I'm doin' all I can
To find the man in me
To find the man in me

Dodgin' coyotes and free-rangin' cattle
I got so scared, lost in Seattle
There's a hole in my hotel wall
Great big hole in my hotel wall

New Year's Eve, out of control
Layin' down rhythm for some bad rock and roll
Left a good home behind
My son and a friend of mine

Oh, Colorado, you're wild and clear
You're not like me, a prisoner of fear
Don't know what I'm doin' out here
Don't know what I'm doin' out here

At seventeen years I couldn't understand
Watched Mama take up with a broken down man
Her brush with insanity
Now it's all clear to me

Ridin' in a turquoise '53 Buick
They said Hank Williams wouldn't pull through
It was the radio voice of fate
Ridin' through the Garden State

Oh, Savannah, steady as you flow
You're not like me, I don't know where to go
I don't know where to go

CHORUS 27, 51, 75, must be a miracle, we're all still alive
There's a reason for everything
There's a reason for everything
There's a reason for everything
There's a reason for everything