

What Makes A Man

Big Country

There's a man on the highway
Screaming curses at the road
Holds his hands to the skyline and
He says a man's not a man
Without a crystal in his hand

What makes the man the man he makes
Is it written on him by his father's hand?
That makes the man the boy he takes
To believe in all the promises he can
The way he can

There's a man in a motel
Suitcase samples by the phone
And his bottle is empty
Like it is when you're alone
He says a man's not a man
Without a woman of his own

What makes the man the man he makes
Is it written on him by his father's hand?
What makes the man the boy he takes
To believe in all the promises he can
The way he can

There's a man on the TV
Taking money down the phone
He says a man's not a man
Without a God to call his own

There's a man in a diner
Stirring coffee all night long
You can tell by his anger
He knows how to be alone
He says a man's not a man
Without a home to call his own

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