

# The Other Kind

Steve Earle

I woke up this morning  
And I took a look around at all that I got  
These days I've been lookin' in the mirror  
And wondering if that's me lookin' back or not

I'm still the apple of my mama's eye  
I'm my daddy's worst fears realized  
Here of late all this real estate  
Don't seem all that real to me sometimes

I'm back out on that road again  
Turn this beast into the wind  
There are those that break and bend  
I'm the other kind, I'm the other kind

Now my old buddy, what's his name?  
Says, "Man what the hell are you thinkin' 'bout?  
Fool, you got two of everything  
But you hang your head just like you was down and out"

And I'm damn sure, not suffering from a lack of love  
There's plenty more where that came from  
Ah, but leave it up to me to say something wrong  
And hurt someone before I'm done

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You see it used to be I was really free  
I didn't need no gasoline to run  
Before you could say, "Jack Kerouac"  
You'd turn your back and I'd be gone

Yeah, nowadays I got me two good wheels  
And I seek refuge in aluminum and steel  
Aw, it takes me out there for just a little while  
And the years fall away with every mile

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There are those that break and bend  
I'm the other kind, I'm the other kind  
Yeah, I'm the other kind, I'm the other kind