

# The Measure Of A Man

Gino Vannelli

No, you can't judge a man  
By the color of his skin  
You can't rate his cool  
By the scruff on his chin  
Don't know what makes him tick  
By the Rolex on his wrist  
But you can judge a man

By the woman he's with  
By the woman he's with  
That's why I say  
You know the measure of a man  
Just how tall he stands  
By the woman he's with

Thing is, she had too much Tanqueray  
And did a Roma dance for me  
Though my eyes went bug  
My heart could not agree  
Next thing you know  
Dude's comin' at me with a stick  
Oh, you can judge a man

By the woman he's with  
I'll say it again  
By the woman he's with  
You know the measure of a man  
Just how tall he stands  
You know the size of his stones  
Just what kind of backbone  
By the woman he's with  
By the woman he's with

Her eyes are the window to his soul  
And by the looks of it she's swallowed him whole  
The mere thought of her makes his knees weak  
When he opens his mouth it is her I hear speak  
Even now I hear her speak

No, I really don't get  
This cold war that I am in  
There's a knife in my back  
Where my good friend has been  
She's the moon, he's the sun  
And I am under an eclipse  
Yeah, you can judge a man  
You know the measure of a man

By the woman he's with  
Say it again  
By the woman he's with  
You know the measure of a man  
Just how tall he stands  
You know the size of his stones  
Just what kind of backbone  
By the woman he's with  
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