

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
By the woman he's with

By the woman he's with

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You know the size of his stones
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