

But When the Little Fellow Came Close and Put Both Arms Around His M

I Can Make a Mess Like Nobody's Business

I remember a man who was true to himself, if he put his mind to something it was done, he could
Help everyone just by doing what he loved, he could work with his hands so good, but when no one
Cares to know, that he works them to the bone.

He comes home to himself and he sits in his chair, gets lost in side pictures on the wall, he's
Had some loves in his life that he's lost but knows why, he's lived with mistakes for so
Long...he's the best man that i know, he sleeps happy all alone, he gives me

Hope for the best in everyone, in understanding what we've done, i laugh to myself, it gives me
Hope for the best for what we lost, to understand when no one wants, it makes me laugh, it gives
Me hope.

I know this lady who grew up so quickly, she had a child when she was so young, without the time
Or money to pursue what she wanted, she slowly lost touch with her love, i bet she tried to run,
But she didn't have the guts to leave her, son who was born on a day in the spring, grew up to
Respect her so much, for all that she had lost and for never giving up, for loving the mistake
That she loved...well lady you deserve more than anyone i know, you give me

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I'm sitting alone and i think to myself, it'd be great if people could know, if we wore big tags
Or we threw big parties where only lost people could go, so we'd never think we're wrong, and
We'd never feel alone...alone.