

## Be Your Man

Jackpierce

"down the corridor is the residence of sorrow  
I'm creepin on the hardwood floor  
I walk quiet on from where she lay sleepin  
In the shadow of the pale moon  
I leave a last tap on the crescent of her hip  
My promise breath in her ear on another night  
As i slip away  
I wanted to be her man  
I wanted to be her man  
I'm waitin to be her man  
Yeah  
I sent dispatches  
Well i'm a good lieutenant that way hey  
From lonely stations i make and break promises  
The explanations they contain  
And i deliver these disappointments  
With a sorrow that grows deeper and deadlier every day  
Yeah and i wanted to be her man  
I wanted to be her man  
I'm waitin to be her man  
And i try and i try  
I try to make it happen  
It's so hard pretending that it don't even matter  
Understand now  
Come back she's moving in different patterns  
She's responding to the constant strain  
Of fact, fiction, and promises  
And to the harsh truths that they contain  
So i take care, make less noise when i'm here now  
So she won't hear me on the hard wood  
On the nights when i've gone away  
Yeah  
I wanted to be her man  
I wanted to be her man  
I wanted to be her man  
I'm tryin and tryin  
And i gotta make it happen  
It's no good pretending that it don't really matter  
And good intending  
Let's try and send it  
And i wanted to be her man  
And i'm waiting to be her man  
And i wanted to be her man  
And i'm tryin, tryin, tryin"