

# The Man He Used To Be

Jerry Jeff Walker

So that's where my head was at  
In a book and a funky hat  
On the road with Kerouac  
Searching for the truth

Sometimes I'm amazed  
Looking back at a certain phase  
Wet my thumb and I turn the page  
Oh, what was I trying to prove?

I just shake my head and I laugh at a faded photograph  
Of a total stranger staring back at me  
Now there's no man stranger to himself  
Than the man he used to be

There's a closet full of worn out boots  
Skeletons and three-piece suits  
A million hats and attitudes  
And very few regrets

And here I stand in faded jeans  
An old T-shirt that don't say a thing  
And who knows what tomorrow brings  
It ain't over yet

I just shake my head and I laugh at a faded photograph  
Of a total stranger staring back at me  
Now there's no man stranger to himself  
Than the man he used to be

No some folks get me confused  
With someone they once knew  
I know the guy they're referring to  
But he ain't been round for years

I just shake my head and I laugh at a faded photograph  
Of a total stranger staring back at me  
Now there's no man stranger to himself  
Than the man he used to be

I can see it in the eyes, it was a whole other life  
Now there's no man stranger to himself  
No man stranger to himself than the man he used to be