

# Man That I've Become

Nick Lowe

Theres a kind of man  
that you sometimes meet  
Worlds passing him by  
on wing-ed feet  
he walks around  
with his senses numb  
If you know him  
thats the kind of Man That I've Become

The kids all know him  
'cause when they play  
he comes and shoos  
them away  
he's irritated  
by everyone  
If you know him  
thats the kind of Man That I've Become

The friends he had  
are 'so-called' now  
they all slipped  
away somehow  
he's had the blues  
much more than some  
If you know him  
thats the kind of Man That I've Become

He won't go to church  
cause his faiths all gone  
The sweet singing of the choir  
will only drive him home  
as for comfort  
he hasn't got a crumb  
If you know him  
thats the kind of Man That I've Become

He won't go to church  
its too loud for him now  
the sweet singing of the choir  
is nothing but a row  
his hearts a prune  
when it once was a plum  
If you know him  
thats the kind of Man That I've Become

If you know him  
thats the kind of Man That I've Become