

A child alone in daddy's room  
The gun was hidden here  
No one home to catch me when I fall  
A young man now in a private chair  
I've seen the world through a bitter stare  
But my dream is still alive  
I'm going to be the best I can

I want to be a busy man  
I want to see a change in the future  
I'm gonna make the best of what I have  
I want to write for a magazine  
I'm gonna be the best they've ever seen  
I know I'll win if I give it all I can

I won't let go, gotta make the grade  
No, I won't let it go  
To be the best man, the best man that I can

Back street hoop star you've got it good  
You were the wonder of the crumbling neighborhood  
Now taking bids on the next six digit plan  
Showed me that my will survived  
The tragedy that came into my life  
giving me hope and the new start  
that I have

I won't let go, gotta make the grade  
No, I won't let it go  
To be the best man, the best man that I can

Step by step I dream the plan  
From my chair to walking man  
This constant dream is on my mind  
Chase the light I see ahead  
Luminate the path I tread  
I live to be the best I can

Now I'm moving forward  
And I'm never looking back  
Straight ahead, focused on the big attack  
On a roll and I'm never slowing down  
I won't be torn between  
The man in the chair  
And the man that's in my dream  
I'm going to melt the two men into one

I won't let go, gotta make the grade I set  
No, I won't let it go  
To be the best man,  
the best man that I can