

# A Special Kind Of Man

Roger Whittaker

Myself I'm made of nothing  
And my head is stuffed with hay,  
But my brother was a poet,  
Or at least that's what they say

Myself I'm made of nothing  
I'm just an 'also-ran'  
My brother was a poet  
And a very special kind of man

He painted scenes of dragons,  
Knights in armour, bold and brave.  
And show me how they rescue ladies fair.  
And I killed a hundred dragons.  
Rescue damsels in distres  
And that really isn't bad,  
For a man who wasn't there.

Oh, myself I'm made of nothing,  
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But my brother was a poet,  
Or at least that's what they say.

Myself I made of nothing.  
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My brother was a poet,  
And a very special kind of man.

He's done so much with his fine words  
To brighten up our lives,  
With his poems of the working man,  
Their mothers and their wife's.  
Had a short life and a sweet one.  
Had no time to plot or plan.  
My brother was a poet  
And a very special kind of man.

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