

Ain't No Man

The Badlees

(Smith)

Well I ain't no man, no I ain't no man
I can run and I can hide, fool the best of them
I can tell you a story, you'd believe again
But you'd see right through me, cause I ain't no man

I left you home on a Sunday carrying my pride
But the lord he only knows when a man must die
Don't you tire of my holding onto you my friend
I'm only holding on to something 'cause I ain't no man

And I have tired of my youth, and I am tired of my mind
I have tried to think it through, tried a million times
Your generosity has shown me that my only plan
A setting sun without a morning, 'cause I ain't no man

Well I ain't no man, no I ain't no man
Well, I can run and I can hide, fool the best of them
And I can tell you a story, you'd believe again
How many times do you have to show me
That I ain't no man
How many times do you have to show me
That I ain't no man
How many times do you have to show me
That I ain't no man