**To Be a Man**

E D

His whole life story will be short enough to tell

C

Bout the time it takes to run from heaven to hell

G

Bout the time it took to empty

D G Am D/A

Whatever soft was ever there

D C

He can’t tell you why he drinks and why he fights

G

Rows of tattoos tell the story of his nights

Em

He’d like to be gentle

Am D D/C D/B D/A

But he’s got to be a man

F Eb

She would ask him does he feel a song inside

Db

He would tell her this is simply rope & ride

Bb

He would like to sing it with her

But his heart won’t play that tune

Db

In the meanwhile he’ll convince the world he’s one

Who drinks forever without ever getting drunk

And drink till he forgets

That he drinks till he gets drunk

F

Should he feel love he will strangle it inside

Before it comes out as a scratch upon his pride

He’d like to let his chin down

But he’s going to be a man

Little children cry when their friends say goodbye

Little children cry when dogs and newborns die

But a man turns his head and marks

His footprints in the sand

Without looking up he slides inside his heart

Locks the door tight and curls up in the dark

He’d like to wave a lantern

But he’s afraid what she might see