

What will they write about me?
What will the version be when all is said and done?
Will they remember all of the places seen, the poems lost?
Or am I just wondering on? Yeah, I'm just wondering on.

There could be fewer days ahead than gone,
And all I've spent are long since on my way,
To learn that nothing comes for free.
But I'm not the man. I'm not the man I used to be.

So it all comes out in the wash, what would you see?
Tattered pages in the ink stained pockets of your jeans?
So I've come to pay my respects at the wake.
I've buried it all and I'm dancing on my own grave. Yeah, I'm dancing on my own grave.

There could be fewer days ahead than gone,
And all I've spent are long since on my way,
To learn that nothing comes for free.
But I'm not the man. I'm not the man I used to be.

Don't leave me behind. Don't leave me behind, like I left you behind.

There could be fewer days ahead than gone,
And all I've spent are long since on my way,
To learn that nothing comes for free.

I had a lot of time to waste,
I wrote the lines upon my face.
Chasin' down the shots they bought for me.

And I'm not the man; I'm not the man, I'm not the man, but I used to be.

(I used to be) my father's son. (I used to be) number one.
(I used to be) paper and pencil. (I used to be) endless potential.
(I used to be) Heaven and Earth. (I used to be) my net worth.
(I used to be) one public, drunken moment. (I used to be) high paid and low rent.
(I used to be) a man on a mission.

My best chart position, the man in the mirror,
You're proud of your cure, a new day, a new town,
Your racehorse, your cash cow, 'til I let you all down.
No, I want to be, I want to be, I just want to be ...