

Original Broadway Cast Recording

"The Soul of a Man"

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I'm bad news, a black and blues-er
Who's a loser, a merry-go-round spiraling down
I'm all used up, chaffed and chewed up
Who's just screwed up, the same old Charlie hitting the ground

Cause I'll never be the soul of a man, noble and wise
Like the soul of a man who lifted me high
Soul of a man, heroic and true
Like the soul of a man I looked up to
What else could I do

Stupid Hubris, no excuses
I blew my fuses, I guess I'm just a ruse in my fathers shoes
Not amusing, no confusing this streak of losing
Totally brutal and useless too

How can I be the soul of a man, noble and wise
Like the soul of a man who lifted me high
Soul of a man, heroic and true
Like the soul of a man I looked up to
What else could I

Just when I'm reaching for that rung at the top
On that broken heel steady, ready ready to drop

When will I be the soul of a man, noble and wise
Like the soul of a man who lifted me high
Soul of a man, heroic and true
Like the soul of a man I looked up to
What else could I do

I'll never be, no I'll never be
I have gone and let you down
Whoa, soul, soul of a man
Here comes that familiar sound
Same old Charlie hitting the ground

