

## **Billy Bob Thornton** **"Pieces Of A Man"**

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The burning of that first cigarette  
Is enough to make me halfway forget  
That there's no place where I feel at home  
I guess that I was just born to roam

Buses, trains and other people's cars  
Are the means by which I gaze at the stars  
Loose change from strangers here and there  
Gives me a little hope that someone cares

Sure I'm an able bodied man  
People think I should work and that I can  
But it's not my hands that put me in a bind  
It's a problem the Good Lord gave my mind

(Chorus)  
I've cried, believe me  
I've begged madness to leave me  
Like anyone I didn't ask to be born  
But I'm here anyway  
And I'm one of those who is torn  
In pieces  
Pieces of a man

If I could choose to change, I would, God knows  
But my thoughts go where the cold wind blows  
They say give credit where credit is due  
I've never had any credit, so I don't feel like they do

Who knows why some are broken from the start  
I guess the rules are made up by someone who's smart  
If that's the case I wish they'd figure us out  
And tell us where to go and what it's all about

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