

Good Life

"Your Share Of Men"

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I'm shyer than your share of men
I'd be honored to be one of them
You're a fool for the wounded
I'm a man in need of bandages
So, wrap me up and take me home
Your lover's up doing God only knows. . . who . . .

But, baby, I'm making one man's bed as another man's
gurney
You've been learning to fight
The man by your side has toughened your skin
You should learn to forget
Your first lesson's tonight
So, what was that son of a bitch's name again?
So, the footprints of time have tread lines on your face
Is your life half done or only half begun?
Because baby, I could be born again
One man's bed is another man's resurrection

You've been learning too much
The more that you know is the less that you trust
You should learn to let go
The less you hold on to is the more we can (oh, lalalala)
forget about the man
(Lalala) Don't second guess, just take my hand
The night, it is young
So why aren't you remembering you have your share of
men?

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