

Mark Chesnutt

"Man In The Mirror"

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I used to sit on the stool and watch him shave
If my memory is right I was 7 or 8
In the eyes of a child he was no less than great
But time would prove anything could change

'Cause he was too old fashioned when I was 16
Not near as smart as my buddies and me
But the only friend I'd grow up to meet
Got called home just shy of 63

Now the man in the mirror looks so familiar
He's wearing that same crooked smile
Same lines of worry, kids growing up too early
And gray hairs from extra miles

I thought I'd never see him again
But little did I know I'd turn in
To the man in the mirror

Now I realized just how wise he was
Sometimes without talking he still taught us
His strong hands of justice would end with a hug
He knew nothing was stronger than the power of love

I can truthfully say that I know how he felt
'Cause just the other night when my son needed help
When I fixed his little plane with the one piece left
He looked at me in a way I never saw myself

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The same lines of worry, kids growing up too early
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