

# The Eagles

## "My Man"

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Tell me the truth, how do you feel?  
Like you're rollin' so fast that you're spinnin' your  
wheels?  
Don't feel too bad, you're not all along  
We're all tryin' to get along  
With ev'rybody else try'n' to go their way  
You're bound to get tripped, and what can you say?  
Just go along 'til they turn out the lights  
There's nothin' we can do to fight it

No man's got it made till he's far beyond the pain  
And we who must remain go on living just the same

I once knew a man, very talented guy  
He's sing for the people and people would cry

They knew that his song came from deep down inside  
You could hear it in his voice and see it in his eyes

And so he traveled along, touch your heart, then be  
gone  
Like a flower, he bloomed till that old hickory wind  
Called him home

My man's got it made  
He's gone far beyond the pain  
And we who must remain go on living just the same  
We who must remain go on laughing just the same

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