

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, The Way I Am

Wish I was down on some blue bayou
With a bamboo cane stuck in the sand.
But the road I'm on don't seem to go there,
So I just dream, keep on bein' the way I am.

Wish I enjoyed what makes my living,
Did what I do with a willin' hand.
Some would run, but that ain't like me.
I just dream, keep on bein' the way I am.

The way I am don't fit my shackles.
The way I am, reality.
I can almost see that bobber dancin'.
So I just dream, keep on bein' the way I am.

And I guess I grew up a loner,
Don't remember ever having any folks around.
So I keep thumbing through the phone books
And looking for my daddy's name in every town.

And I meet lots of friendly people
But I always wind up leaving on the land.
Hey, where I've been, where I'm born didn't take a lot of knowing,
And I got a lot of questions about what I am.

The way I am don't fit my shackles.
The way I am, reality.
I can almost feel the tattooist's needle
So I just dream, keep on bein' the way I am.

Hey, I'm not bragging or complaining,
I'm just talking to myself man to man.
And I just dream, keep on bein' the way I am.

Yodel-eh-te-ho, ho-te.