

Martin Sexton, Way I Am

The other night I had a crazy dream
'Bout a man in a fishing hat selling magazines
All the way from Kingston he'd worked his way down
I bought him a drink on the night they kicked him out of town

He said, "You know I don't like the way I am."
"No, I don't like the way I am."

And I saw an old fisherman out swayin' on a dock
Swigging a jug of something and a string of fish that he had caught
His wife had left him just a week before
She packed up her bags and waltzed on out the door

She said, "You know I don't like the way I am."
"No, I don't like the way I am."

And then she cried
And you and me walked down the shores of our youth
Chasing the sunrise, challenging the truth

It's all so distant now I've seen too many lies
Turning my vision into crumbling demise

Makes me wanna say
You know I don't like the way I am
No, I don't like the way I am

But I'm gonna change the way I am
I'm gonna change the way I am