

# 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