

# Bebo Norman, The Man Inside

You're waking me up from my daydream  
Making me look up from my precious world  
Forcing me to see your point of view

This broken sidewalk, not so broken as  
The man who likes to walk, jumping all the cracks  
Pushing his old bike, he's sure to smile at you

I was looking for the quick way home  
But you were happy just to be alone  
Something magic must have caught my eye  
I saw the secret of the man inside  
I saw the secret of the man inside

It's not the sun-baked brick lines in your skin  
Thick with chain grease, aged and clumsy hands  
It isn't struggled words you fight to say

Beneath the man-suit, beneath your purple skin  
There is a boy who don't know that he's a man  
He simply close his eyes and he can fly away

I was driving in the same old car  
But you were dreaming of a land so far away  
I was looking through my corner eye  
But you were singing with the man inside  
You were singing with the man inside

Some think they got a lot to offer  
some think they got a lot to give  
Those people think they own this world  
but some people know to truly live