

Jeff Finlin, Just Like Everyman

Show me the everyman
On the spanish wall
And i'll show you god himself
Walking bowlegged
Down the hall
Growed from blue cornmeal
Perfection in bloom
From passing you to me
And me back to you

So blow a kiss my dear
To the aching night
And walk me through the fear
So i can stand up right

Just like everyman
Come from skies so blue
Take this weight my dear
And i'll give it right back to you
Just like everyman
Made of dust and clay
Just a-knowing my love
Is the diamond in the day

Sometimes the wind it blows
It seems to pass right through
It's just a part of me
If i let it move on through
And i'm invisible now
And i've nowhere to go
And i'm no one to be
These are the free-est times i know

Chorus

Like everyman
Just like everyman