

# Mary Chapin Carpenter, A Lot Like Me

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

He was a long tall stranger from way down south where he'd left his life behind  
He had a big old Gibson and a pickup truck and Shenandoah eyes  
And I remember him sitting in that local bar where I earned my pay each night  
Singing my songs to empty chairs and going home half tight

So the nights rolled by like headlights shining on a lonesome strip of tar  
I kept his words of kindness close to me like a pick on my guitar; And we  
Talked about the singers and the songs we loved and the songs we'd most forgot  
In that run-down bar they'd make last call and I'd never want to stop

'Cause I was living on nothing but a young girl's dreams  
With my cowboy boots and my old six-string  
Hitching my wagon to a star, dreaming of leaving those local bars  
When I'd get him up at closing time for a couple of songs and a chance to shine  
Like the star that he longed to be, he looked a helluva lot like me

He'd played a lot of places where the only wages were food and beer for free  
No fancy licks, but he had him a gift for the kind of songs he'd sing  
But you do what you can to be a satisfied man, just to have your peace of mind  
So he gave it all up for a government job where the paychecks come on time

So now he comes to the bar to hear me play guitar and to share a drink or two  
And we sit swapping tales of where we've been and what we'd rather do  
There's a wealth of danger when you're talking to strangers, and I meet them all the time  
But my heart knew better than my head when I looked into those eyes

'Cause I was living on nothing but a young girl's dreams with my cowboy boots and my old six-string  
Hitching my wagon to a star, dreaming of leaving those local bars  
When I'd get him up at closing time for a couple of songs and a chance to shine  
Like the star that he longed to be, he looked a hell of a lot like me

Well, maybe I'll quit when I got me a kid and a place to call my own  
But tonight there ain't nobody there waiting up for me at home  
It's a hell of a way to live from day to day not knowing where you're bound  
But the look in his eyes made me realize I was glad for the life I'd found

'Cause I was living on nothing but a young girl's dreams with my cowboy boots and my old six-string  
Hitching my wagon to a star, dreaming of leaving those local bars  
When I'd get him up at closing time for a couple of songs and a chance to shine  
Like the star that he longed to be, he looked a hell of a lot like me  
Like the star that he'd always be, he looked a hell of a lot like me