

Rich Mullins, Boy Like Me/Man Like You

You was a baby like I was once
You was cryin' in the early mornin'
You was born in a stable, Lord
Reid Memorial is where I was born
They wrapped You in swaddling clothes
Me they dressed in baby blue

Well, I was twelve years old
In the meeting house
Listening to the old men pray
And I was tryin' hard to figure out
What it was that they was tryin' to say

There You were in the temple
They said You weren't old enough
To know the things You knew

Well, did You grow up hungry?
Did You grow up fast?
Did the little girls giggle
When You walked past?
Did You wonder what it was
That made them laugh?

And did they tell You stories
'Bout the saints of old?
Stories about their faith?

They say stories like that
Make a boy grow bold
Stories like that make
A man walk straight

And You was a boy like I was once
But was You a boy like me
Well, I grew up around Indiana
You grew up around Galilee
And if I ever really do grow up
Lord, I want to grow up
And be just like You

Well, did You wrestle with a dog
And lick his nose?
Did You play beneath the spray
Of a water hose?
Did You ever make angels
In the winter snow?

And did they tell You stories
'Bout the saints of old?
Stories about their faith?

They say stories like that
Make a boy grow bold
Stories like that make
A man walk straight

Did You ever get scared
Playing hide and seek?
Did You try not to cry
When You scraped Your knee?
Did You ever skip a rock
Across a quiet creek?

And did they tell You stories
'Bout the saints of old?
Stories about their faith?

They say stories like that
Make a boy grow bold
Stories like that make
A man walk straight

I really may just grow up
And be like you someday