

Shawn Mullins, Fraction Of A Man

Now my old friend Harry
Never slowed down to marry
He's in sales
He's gone most of the year
And he smiles through all those lies
With dollar signs in his eyes
He orders himself another beer
Now Harry, he's a dreamer
And a scholar and a schemer
But he'll be there for you
When push comes to shove
His mama called him Harold
She was one of only two women
That Harry ever loved
The other was a waitress
In Cave Creek, Arizona
That broke his heart
And tangled up his mind
My old friend Harry
Looking kinda scary
Wonders if he's runnin' out of time
Now Biloxi, he's got a sadness
Like a dark day in December
But Harry recognizes
An old forgotten southern times
Thumbing through the phone book
For a name he can't remember
Lookin' desperate like a junkie
Waitin' for a fix to come around
Sittin', playin' blackjack
With a hooker and a tourist
And a one eyed dealer winnin' every hand
Harry sips Black Label
Slumps down at the table
Feelin' like a fraction of a man
Feelin' like a fraction of a man