

Smalltown Poets, New Man

Eye is to the body as a thought is to the soul
They're both a lamp whose sharpness I control
Beauty lingers 'bout as long as flattery my friend
That door doesn't let out but lets back in

I was full of everything, my eyes put on this plate
Full of joy I'm needing, less of late
I can return love to You the best that I know how
I believe my worth has been redeemed
And I can be a new man now

Flatterers can fill a room as readily as this
The devil goes to dinner amidst their bliss
Following the need will lead me farther from truth's well
Then only to be filled with what I miss

I'm a new man, I'm a new man

Like I said, there's always room where one keeps all things dear
I'll shrink away from sight and thought and evil that appears

I'm a new man, I'm a new man.