

The Gods Of Men

Randy Stonehill

I used to dream of being famous
Well, my name would be a household word
I thought that it would thrill me, then I saw that it could kill
me
Now it strikes me as a little absurd

I used to dream of being Don Juan
Of having all these pretty girls on my mind
It made shambles of my mind, so I found myself a wife
Who's a lover and a friend of mine

As the world, keeps turning 'round
You either learn to bend with the wind or it knocks you down
Turn your back on the gods of men
And the Lord, who is true, will give life back to you again

I used to dream of being a rich man
Yeah, I swore I'd have it all someday
Once you chase it you will find that it isn't worth a dime
Until you're free enough to give it away

And I used to dream of chasing vengeance
All my enemies would crawl and sweat
Well my happiness was drained from reliving all the pain
Now I'm learning to forgive and forget

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I used to dream of being a wanderer
With just my sneakers and my own guitar
Well, it got lonely right away, now I'm happy just to play
With my daughter in my own back yard

And I used to dream of being a hero
Yeah, I told myself I'd never fall down
But I couldn't take the strain and Jesus is the name
Of the only hero I've ever found

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