

MYSELF, EDGER GUEST

I HAVE TO LIVE WITH MYSELF, AND SO,  
I WANT TO BE FIT FOR MYSELF TO KNOW;  
I WANT TO BE ABLE AS THE DAYS GO BY,  
ALWAYS TO LOOK MYSELF STRIGHT IN THE EYE;  
I DON'T WANT TO STAND WITH THE SETTING SUN  
AND HATE MYSELF FOR THE THINGS I'VE DONE.

I DON'T WANT TO KEEP ON A CLOSET SHELF,  
A LOT OF SECRETS ABOUT MYSELF,  
AND FOOL MYSELF AS I COME AND GO  
INTO THINKING THAT NOBODY ELSE WILL KNOW;  
THE KIND OF MAN I REALLY AM;  
I DON'T WANT TO DRESS MYSELF IN A SHAM.

I WANT TO GO OUT WITH MY HEAD ERECT,  
I WANT TO DESERVE ALL MENS RESPECT;  
BUT HER IN THIS STRUGGLE FOR FAME AND PELF,  
I WANT TO BE ABLE TO LIKE MYSELF.  
I DON'T WANT TO THINK AS I COME AND GO  
THAT I'M BLUSTER AND BLUFF AND AN EMPTY SHOW.

I CAN NEVER HIDE MYSELF FROM ME,  
I SEE WHAT OTHERS MAY NEVER SEE,  
I KNOW WHAT OTHERS MAY NEVER KNOW,  
I CAN NEVER FOOL MYSELF-AND SO,  
WHATEVER HAPPENDS, I WANT TO BE  
SELF-RESPECTING AND CONSCIENCE FREE.