

# Fraction Of A Man

Shawn Mullins

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