

Harry Chapin "Country Dreams"

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This phone's growin' into my ear
I made three hundred calls today
Though yours is the only voice that I wanna hear
I got to make me a livin' someway

I know you hate me doin' this
You say I'm sellin' out
But how in the hell is a man supposed to live?
Sellin's what it's all about

Hello Sir, I'm the Pocono Land Development Company
And I'm callin' you with an offer of some land
That you'll just have to see

A quarter acre plot that's what I've got for you
Nineteen ninety five, four hundred dollars down
And just ten bucks a week

It's two short hours from New York city
A Pocono Land site, green and pretty
There's lakes there and trout streams
Mountain views, country dreams, country dreams

We dreamed our dreams in college, girl
Back then we thought we should
And we promised that we would save the world
Way back then we thought we could

I know you love your teachin' now
But I wish you'd understand
There aren't that many jobs around
I'm doin' the best I can

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I'm here with forty other guys crowded in a room
Makin' a livin', sellin' the moon and rustic dreams in
June
I used to hate the city, now I'm dwellin' in it
Used to love the country now I'm sellin' it
I'm doin' well at it, that's the hell of it

I said that we would find a farm
And live out on the land
It's strange how dreams come back at us
In ways that we had never planned

Here I'm sellin' real estate
And laughin' at myself
If I can't have my country dream
I'm gonna sell it out to somebody else

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Darlin', don't get mad at me
I'm doin' this for you
It's really not so sad to see
We had growin' up to do country dreams

Oh, please don't push me anymore
It's gonna work out fine
I know I said, I'd quit before
But just give me a little more time, country dreams

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