

Harry Chapin

"Maybe"

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Maybe far away, or maybe real near by.
He may be pouring her coffee,
She may be Straightning his tie.
Maybe in a house all hidden by a hill,
She's sittin' playin' Piano,
He's sittin' payin' a bill.

Betcha they're young.
Betcha they're smart,
Bet they collect things like ashtrays and art.
Betcha there good.
Why shouldn't they be?
Their one mistake was giving up me.

So maybe now it's time,
And maybe when I wake,
They'll be there calling me baby,
Maybe.

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