

Harry Chapin

"There Was Only One Choice"

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There's a kid out on my corner -- hear him strumming
like a fool Shivering in his dungarees -- but still he's
going to school His cheeks are made of peach fuzz --
his hopes may be the same But he's signed up as a
soldier out to play the music game There are fake
patches on his jacket -- he's used bleach to fade his
jeans With a brand new stay pressed shirt -- and some
creased and wrinkled dreams His face a blemish
garden -- but his eyes are virgin clear His voice is
Chicken Little's -- But he's hearing Paul Revere When he
catches himself giggling -- he forces up a sneer
Though he'd rather have a milk shake -- he keeps
forcing down the beer Just another folkie -- late in
coming down the pike Riding his guitar -- he left Kid
brother with his bike And he's got Guthrie running in his
bones He's the hobo kid who's left his home And his
Beatles records and the Rolling Stones This boy is
staying acoustic. There's Seeger singing in his heart
He hopes his songs will somehow start To heal the
cracks that split apart America gone plastic And now
there's Dylan dripping from his mouth He's hitching
himself way down south To learn a little black and
blues From old street men who paid their dues 'Cause
they knew they had nothing to lose They knew it So they
just got to it With cracked old Gibsons and red clay
shoes Playing 1-4-5 chords like good news And cursed
with skin that calls for blood They put their face and
feet in mud But oh they learned the music from way
down there The real ones learn it somewhere Strum
your guitar -- sing it kid Just write about your feelings --
not the things you never

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