

Mellencamp John Cougar

"Chestnut Street Revisited"

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Written by John Mellencamp

Well I've lived and breathed and been disbelieved

In these small town streets too long

I've held nothin' but aces and been many places

And hung on the corner 'til dawn

But my hands have been tied

To a life I've been denied

I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy

And workin' a nine to five

Well I worked like a fool 'til after done with high school

Just to form a rock and rollin' band

But the streets were exploding and my life I was
decoding

Had a dream I couldn't understand

And I work it out everyday

For no fun and very little pay

I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy

And doin' what other people say

Well I've drooled and fooled and been ridiculed

For havin' dreams just above my reach

And I've lied and died and tried suicide

For all the things you people wanna preach

But I always had to turn the other way

When I heard those homefolks say

(They say) You're just a small town boy bein' used like a
toy

And livin' on a day to day

But you must believe that when I walk down the tracks

All those young girls fall back and say

There goes that sleek young silhouette

He don't drive no Corvette

but he stings just like a Sting Ray

And that's my only redemption in this house of
detention

That keeps me from simply blowin' it all away

'Cause when I walk down the street in the hot summer
heat

I say, God don't take this away

Well by the end of the day, all the kids would go play

And I'd come staggering back home

With a dream in my hand and a master plan

That wouldn't leave my mind alone

Well I compromised all my schemes

And I fluctuated all my dreams

I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy

And nothing is like it really seems

But what a fool I must seem to have all these dreams

And try to live them all through

It's like a slap in your face, with a mercurochrome taste

When the dream is long overdue

And it seems kinda strange that nobody came

To the game that I have put myself through

And when I walk down the street in the hot summer
heat

I say, what the hell can I do

Well I keep hopin' and wishin' that these romantic
positions

Gonna help me hide all this pain

And all the hurt that I've felt underneath my leather
studded belt

Of not findin' my fortune and fame

Some day I'll blow 'em away with the things that I sing
and I say

I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy

And waitin' on my pay day

I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy

And waitin' on my pay day

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