

## **Phil Vassar**

### **"American Child"**

Visit "[American Child](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

I was ten,  
I was thin,  
I was playing first base  
with a secondhand glove and dirt on my face  
In nowhere, Virginia  
Who'd ever figure that kid in the yard would go very far  
It was 419 Lakewood , had no silverspoons  
Just an old beat up upright that played out of tune  
Now I'm singin' and living the life that I love  
And when I count my blessings I thank God I was  
An American child

An American child  
'Cause dreams can grow wild  
Born inside an American child

Seven pounds, three ounces, she's got my nose

And she's into my heart as deep as it goes  
With a promise that's more than just someone's last  
name  
Anyone's equal, in late August came  
An American child

An American child  
'Cause dreams can grow wild  
Born inside an American child

My grandfather would have been eighty today  
But in '45 he fell down beside an American child

An American child  
Oh, an American child  
'Cause dreams can grow wild born inside an American  
child  
An American child

Visit [Phil Vassar](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.