

## Gail Ann Dorsey

### "Philadelphia"

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Summer comes, and I remember a time  
When I was young, and I was always changing my mind  
I could be anyone I wanted, travel great travels  
I had everything I needed  
In a small room I had big ideas  
And now I'm trying to hold on to those big ideas

Oh, I know...  
Those days are through, but I still think of you,  
Philadelphia

And all the music... you know, it was my protection  
I didn't need no one, 'cause I found affection  
In the six strings of an old guitar and my radio  
I moved to the beat of the hot streets  
Where the people were singing and dancing and  
waving  
Their hands in the air  
While my Mama, she shook her head, and she said  
"Lord  
Have mercy"

And once again... The good ol' days are gone; ain't it  
Funny how we still carry on, Philadelphia

I had to leave; knew I had to look to other places  
To try out my big ideas in front of all these faces  
And hope that the lessons and beauty of being young  
Someone with the imagination of a child  
Could bring a smile to all these faces  
From a small room, Room 222, I've seen it happen  
many  
Times before  
And I know, I know, I know, I know I'll see it happen  
Again  
If I can just keep...

Remembering that those special things... and the big  
Ideas  
And all the lovely, lovely music will always be a part  
Of me, Philadelphia

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