

# Chapin Harry, Babysitter

Chapin Harry  
Portrait Gallery  
Babysitter

When I rearrange the pieces of the puzzle of my past  
I sigh at the heartaches, relive the laughs  
And I think about the moments that have left their mark  
And the too few faces that shine a little light in the dark

If you don't mind I'm gonna tell you a story  
And I think that it won't bore you  
For it's a tale that I've never told  
To anyone before you-- `cause it's for you

The sun of sixteen summers had put halos in your hair  
If anything was in my head, twelve winters put it there  
A dollar an hour is what Mama paid you to come and mind her kids  
But no one could really pay you enough for what you really did

Many happy things keep happening  
On my journey through this world  
And in many ways, that I will never understand  
I was much too late  
To be the first to make you a woman  
But you were the one  
Who made my mother's son a man

You know I used to read myself to sleep when I went to bed  
I guess I was a dreamer then who lived inside my head  
But the nights that you came you talked of things, I found I had a friend  
You brought my fears of people to a sure and gentle end

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Do you remember the night when you turned out the light  
And said to me: "Please hold me";  
I did not know which way to go  
So I did just what you told me "Please hold me";

When I think about you now it's not that my memory fails  
There's just no need for graphic telling of all the details  
Let's just say you taught me something that brought me from my shell  
You gave to me that first sweet taste of the heaven here in this hell

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