Harry Chapin, Changes

I was cramped into a coffee house pew two dollar coke in my hand listening to the music run through and out of a drowning man. Ten years ago I first heard him singing to a screaming crazy crowd now there's thirteen loyal people trying to sound that loud. And I wonder as I watch him now why his songs don't turn me on. He got me into music where has the fragile magic gone? And all the changes keep on changing and the good old days they say they're gone. Only wise men and some new born fools say they know what's going on. But I sometimes think the difference is just in how I think and see and the only changes going on are going on in me. There was you and Fifth avenue before there were lies and all my hot blood schemes and teenage dreams flashed before my eyes. I did not think I had a chance you had to prove me wrong it took a year and a half of tears and laughs before you moved along. And now these long years later when I see you once again I wonder what you saw in me when you loved me way back then. There I was in you Air Force Uncle Sam, you owned my brain. I tried to see myself as a sex mad savior sailing on a silver plane. I started out to do my duty ended up just doing time. What is it about you my mother of a country that makes so many change our minds. You had me on your honor roll for your dream I would die now I would not even cross the street to help you live a lie.