

Harry Chapin, Last Of The Protest Singers

He's the last of the protest singers,
Selling truth and commitment,
He don't get much work these days,
He's billed as a novelty act,
And he stands there with his thumb out,
Hitching a ride towards the rainbow,
That only he sees shining there,
They say he's a fool, and that's a fact,
Oh, oh, oh.
Yes he's the last of the protest singers,
Staring, as he's strumming,
For he sees the dark clouds coming now,
And he says he feels those first few drops,
He sees he cannot reach them,
So he tries to sing out louder,
And I say, "you're getting hoarser boy,
He says, "should I give up and stop?"
Oh, oh, oh

Chorus:

But I say, "that's really not good enough, cause there's enough of that kind of stuff";
And I say, "that's really not good enough, cause there's enough of that kind of stuff";
And he says, "I can't believe nobody cares anymore,
And he says, "I can't believe nobody shares anymore,
And he says, "I can't believe nobody cares like before,
He says, "I can't believe it's really true, don't you care anymore?"
Yes he's the last of the protest singers,
But sometimes I believe him,
As he stands on his cold street corner saying,
"It's what I say not what I am";
But late at night, I hold him,
He shivers and starts his crying and says,
"Should I just play some rock and roll,
cause nobody really gives a damn?"
Oh, oh, oh

Chorus:

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Hitching a ride towards the rainbow,
That only he sees shining there,
They say he's a fool, and that's a fact,
Oh, oh, oh
There's enough of that kind of stuff!
Chorus: