

# Harry Chapin, Woman Child

Dripping streetlights  
darkened buildings  
wandering  
head hung down low.  
Where will she go?  
Woman child, your eyes are wild.  
The rain runs down your hair.  
Woman child, mercy mild.  
What will you tell your teddy bear?  
I turned you on my solid body  
my electric Gibson guitar.  
My clever fingers searched  
and found exactly where you are.  
You went too far.  
I was an early morning phone call.  
What news have I received.  
A halting voice is telling me,  
what we have both conceived,  
asking how the dilemma,  
how can it be relieved?  
"I will give you money, Honey.  
I will set up a time.  
But you got to go there on your own babe,  
'cause I don't know that it's mine."  
Oh woman child  
mama's little angel's been defiled.  
Took a taxi to the clinic  
where they do the modern thing.  
The white coat doctor  
laid her out said  
"You won't feel a thing.  
You get the sweet salvation  
that little old knife can bring.  
You don't have to worry 'bout no offspring.  
That's that.  
Go Home and take a nap.  
It's just a two hundred dollar mishap.  
It don't mean a thing.  
It's all over now  
you can tell your singer to sing."