

Phil Vassar, American Child

I was ten,
I was thin,
I was playing first base
with a secondhand glove and dirt on my face
In nowhere, Virginia
Who'd ever figure that kid in the yard would go very far
It was 419 Lakewood , had no silverspoons
Just an old beat up upright that played out of tune
Now I'm singin' and living the life that I love
And when I count my blessings I thank God I was
An American child
An American child
'Cause dreams can grow wild
Born inside an American child
Seven pounds, three ounces, she's got my nose
And she's into my heart as deep as it goes
With a promise that's more than just someone's last name
Anyone's equal, in late August came
An American child
An American child
'Cause dreams can grow wild
Born inside an American child
My grandfather would have been eighty today
But in '45 he fell down beside an American child
An American child
Oh, an American child
'Cause dreams can grow wild born inside an American child
An American child