

# American Music Club, If I Had A Hammer

The love cry of the traveling man goes  
No one knows who I am  
But I'm as priceless as a brass ring  
That's losing the heat from your hand  
A quiet man sits quietly, learning his lesson  
The slow smooth wheel of disintegration  
You don't want them to talk to you  
No you don't want to take part  
You say, "Just get me back to the leper colony  
'Cause that's where you left my heart"  
I feel time pass by like a joy, no medicine can preserve  
Somewhere along the line, I lost my nerve  
Maybe I'm almost there  
Maybe I'm almost there  
And maybe I'm almost there  
Maybe I'm almost there  
Give me the keys to your theme park  
Bury me under your layer of snow  
And watch me ride all the rides  
Around and around I go  
I don't know if I've reached the bottom yet  
And I don't know if the ice has finally begun to set  
I feel time pass like a joy, I tried so hard to relearn  
But somewhere along the line, I passed the point of no return  
Maybe I'm almost there  
Maybe I'm almost there  
Yeah, maybe, maybe I'm almost there  
Maybe I'm almost there  
The love cry of the traveling man goes  
No one knows who I am  
But I'm as priceless as a brass ring  
That lost the heat from your hand