

Barry Manilow, The Kid Inside

There's a kid inside
And I have him with me always
There's a kid inside
Walking down old high school hallways
There's a kid inside
At a desk, at a dance, in the halls, in the showers

There's a kid inside
To this very day
And he makes a try for that high pop fly
That I fumble one september
And he makes a fuss
Over some A plus
That I shouldn't still remember
And he goes along
Getting hurt, getting mad, fighting fights that are over
And unless I'm strong
All my senses are carried away
I could feel my hand
My tremblin hand
On the shelf angora sweater
I can hear my band
That awful band, only now it sounds much better
I can see the kid
The kid I use to be
On the stage, on the field, on the lunch line
I can feel him tugging at me
Every time I think I don't care I blink
And he's there again
He's there again
Fighting ancient wrongs

Humming old hit songs in my head
Singing come along, come along
Come along for the ride
To a time and place
I could not forget if I tried
And I never know when the breeze'll blow
With a rush of old sensation
Why the kid should wake
And my heart should ache
Everytime I smell carnations
Something rings the bell
Any thing at all
All it takes is a slam of a locker
Of the switch from summer or fall
A change in season
Seems better than reason
But there he goes
He's there again
Fighting ancient wrong
Humming old hit songs in my head
Singing come along, come along
Come along for the ride
To a time and place
I could not forget if I try
There he goes again

Hummin his songs
He's there again
There's a kid inside
Hummin his songs
He's there again
There's a kid inside

