

Harry Chapin, And The Baby Never Cries

Well, I've sung out one more evening,
and I'm wrung out, feeling beat.
I walk on out the door once more
to an empty city street.
A Good guitar will serve you well
when you're living in the lights
but it's never going to warm you
in the middle of the night.
And so I come and go with her in whispers.
Each and every time she says she dies.
When she is reborn again
I kiss her.
And the baby never cries.
She works in the daytime,
she leave her baby with a friend.
I sing every evening,
I only see her now and then.
I come to her at midnight,
when 'bout half the world's asleep,
and she puts me back together,
in the hours before I leave.
Her apartment is down on Perry Street,
there's a tree in her backyard.
Her old man had left her,
he just took off for the coast,
and I caught her on the rebound
when I needed her the most.