

Harry Chapin, Barefoot Boy

Oh, barefoot boy,
once he came unto a land of forests,
and of streams
that tumbled through the meadows to the sea.
He called it home for many were its wonders
and he learned to live upon the land
taking only what he needed.

Barefoot boy
he don't like the concrete
seek the country any way he can.

Barefoot boy
fading down the street.
I know he'll never come this way again.

Time passes on,
in this life of always changing
people coming
building cities
cut your forest
pave your highway.

Oh barefoot boy,
wraps his blanket 'round his shoulders,
says goodbye to misty valleys,
once more he sets off to wander.