

# Harry Chapin, Six String Orchestra

The very day I purchased it,  
I christened my guitar  
as my monophonic symphony,  
six string orchestra  
In my room I'd practice late,  
they'd leave me alone.  
My mother said, "You're nothing yet,  
to make the folks write home."  
I'd play at all the talent nights,  
I'd finish, they'd applaud.  
Some called it muffled laughter,  
I just figured they were odd.  
So I went up for an encore,  
but they screamed they'd had enough.  
Or maybe I just need a group  
to help me do my stuff.

Chorus:

And so I'd dream a bass will join me,  
and fill the bottom in. And maybe now some lead guitar  
so it would not sound so thin.

I need some drums to set the beat  
and help me keep in time.

And way back in the distance,  
some strings would sound so fine.

And we would play together,  
like fine musicians should,  
And it would sound like music,  
and the music would sound good.

But in real life I'm stuck with  
that same old formula,  
me and my monophonic symphony,  
six string orchestra.

Oh, I write love songs for my favorite girl  
and sing them soft and slow.

But before I get to finish,  
she says she has to go.

She's nice and says "Excuse me,  
I've got to find a bar,

I think I need refreshment,  
for I hear you play guitar."

Oh I sent a demo tape I made  
to the record companies.

Two came back address unknown,  
one came back C.O.D.

Of course I got form letters,  
all saying pleasant things.

Like suggesting I should find a trade  
where I would not have to sing.

Chorus

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that same old formula,  
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six string orchestra.

I've been taking guitar lessons,

but my teacher just took leave.  
It was something about a break down,  
or needing a reprieve.  
I know I found my future,  
so I will persevere  
and hold onto my dream of  
making music to their ears.  
Chorus.