

Harry Chapin, Someone Keeps Calling My Name

My name is Jenny and I am four fingers old
Mostly I just try to do the things that I am told
But when they say that I'm too young a girl to ride a bike
I may be just four fingers old but I know what I like

Someone keeps calling my name
Someone keeps calling my name
Or is it just the rustling of the wind
Or is it just that I need a friend
Someone keeps calling my name, my name

My name is Jason and I'm ten birthdays old
My parents had me years ago to have and to hold
But sometimes they don't talk too much or touch hardly at all
It's strange how two can share a life divided by a wall

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Or is it just that I need a friend
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My name is Jonathon, I'm fifty seasons old
I say it that way 'cause I love the changes each year holds
But as I look around I see some changes nature never planned
I guess it's time to change ourselves, at least while we still can

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My name is Jaime, fifteen years I've been too young
Is it time to taste the truth and toss it off my tongue?
The world has come a-calling and it's bleeding at my door
Am I supposed to turn away, or is this what I'm here for?

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