

# 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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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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