

# Harry Chapin, Story Of A Life

I can see myself it's a golden sunrise  
Young boy open up your eyes  
It's supposed to be your day.  
Now off you go horizon bound  
And you won't stop until you've found  
Your own kind of way.  
And the wind will whip your tousled hair,  
The sun, the rain, the sweet despair,  
Great tales of love and strife.  
And somewhere on your path to glory  
You will write your story of a life.

And all the towns that you walk through  
And all the people that you talk to  
Sing you their songs.  
And there are times you change your stride,  
There are times you can't decide  
Still you go on.  
And then the young girls dance their gypsy tunes  
And share the secrets of the moon  
So soon you find a wife.  
And though she sees your dreams go poorly  
Still she joins your story of a life.

So you settle down and the children come  
And you find a place that you come from.  
Your wandering is done.  
And all your dreams of open spaces  
You find in your children's faces  
One by one.  
And all the trips you know you missed  
And all the lips you never kissed  
Cut through you like a knife.  
And now you see stretched out before thee  
Just another story of a life.

So what do you do now?  
When she looks at you now?  
You know those same old jokes all the jesters tell  
You tell them to her now.  
And all the same old songs all the minstrels sang  
You sing 'em to her now.  
But it don't matter anyhow  
'Cause she knows by now.

So every chance you take don't mean a thing.  
What variations can you bring  
To this shopworn melody.  
And every year goes by like a tollin' bell.  
It's battered merchandise you sell.  
Not well, she can see.  
And though she's heard it all a thousand times  
Couched in your attempted rhymes  
She'll march to your drum and fife.  
But the question echoes up before me  
Where's the magic story of a life?

Now sometimes words can serve me well  
Sometimes words can go to hell  
For all that they do.  
And for every dream that took me high  
There's been a dream that's passed me by.  
I know it's so true  
And I can see it clear out to the end

And I'll whisper to her now again  
Because she shared my life.  
For more than all the ghosts of glory  
She makes up the story,  
She's the only story  
Of my life.