

Harry Chapin, Why Should People Stay The Same

You were chasing him down Braodway on that white-hot July,
'Cause he thought he'd got a message from some holy man on high.
He said his chance had finally come; he'd done it on his own,
He had to leave his past behind; the first thing that had to go--was
home.

You put him in an aeroplane and packed your life and clothes,
You learned all the lessons that the suitcase lady knows.
He said, "Something still drags me back from where I'm heading to,"
You didn't really understand, 'til the next thing that had to go--was
you.

Some things are sacrificed and some things remain,
Some things bring pleasure and some things bring pain.
Some things must pass away, and some things are regained,
When the whole world is changing, why should people stay the same?
You saw his picture in the paper, that disarming boyish smile,
You sometimes had to swallow hard as you saw him on the dial.
You heard him on a talk show, he was hearing no one else,
Then suddenly you knew too well, the last thing he'd left behind--was
himself.

Some things are sacrificed and some things remain,
Some things bring pleasure and some things bring pain.
Some things must pass away, and some things are regained,
When the whole world is changing, why should people stay the same?
So you pulled yourself together, friends and family said you should,
You discovered you were doing things you never knew you could.
And someday when he calls you, which you know of course he'll do,
You'll just send him away again, 'cause the last thing you finally
found--was
you.