

# John Mellencamp, Chestnut Street Revisited

Well I've lived and breathed and been disbelieved  
In these small town streets too long  
I've held nothin' but aces and been many places  
And hung on the corner 'til dawn  
But my hands have been tied  
To a life I've been denied  
I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy  
And workin' a nine to five

Well I worked like a fool 'til after done with high school  
Just to form a rock and rollin' band  
But the streets were exploding and my life I was decoding  
Had a dream I couldn't understand  
And I work it out everyday  
For no fun and very little pay  
I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy  
And doin' what other people say

Well I've drooled and fooled and been ridiculed  
For havin' dreams just above my reach  
And I've lied and died and tried suicide  
For all the things you people wanna preach  
But I always had to turn the other way  
When I heard those homefolks say  
(They say) You're just a small town boy bein' used like a toy  
And livin' on a day to day

But you must believe that when I walk down the tracks  
All those young girls fall back and say  
There goes that sleek young silhouette  
He don't drive no Corvette  
But he stings just like a Sting Ray  
And that's my only redemption in this house of detention  
That keeps me from simply blowin' it all away  
'Cause when I walk down the street in the hot summer heat  
I say, God don't take this away

Well by the end of the day, all the kids would go play  
And I'd come staggering back home  
With a dream in my hand and a master plan  
That wouldn't leave my mind alone  
Well I compromised all my schemes  
And I fluctuated all my dreams  
I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy  
And nothing is like it really seems

But what a fool I must seem to have all these dreams  
And try to live them all through  
It's like a slap in your face, with a mercurochrome taste  
When the dream is long overdue  
And it seems kinda strange that nobody came  
To the game that I have put myself through  
And when I walk down the street in the hot summer heat  
I say, what the hell can I do

Well I keep hopin' and wishin' that these romantic positions  
Gonna help me hide all this pain  
And all the hurt that I've felt underneath my leather studded belt  
Of not findin' my fortune and fame  
Some day I'll blow 'em away with the things that I sing and I say  
I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy  
And waitin' on my pay day

I'm just a small town boy bein' used like a toy

And waitin' on my pay day