

Story of a Life (Alternate Version)

Harry Chapin

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
Story of a life
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 And 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?
Story of a life
Story 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

Songwriters

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