

Chestnut Street Revisited

[John Mellencamp](#)

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 they 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 but 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 home folks 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 they 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 those 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
But 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 on your face, with a mercury chrome taste
When the dream, 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
One two three four

Songwriters
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