Chestnut Street

Sony Holland

Well, I've lived and breathed and been disbelieved
In these small town streets too long
I've been up with the winners and down with the sinners
And hung on this corner 'til dawnAnd 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' from nine to fiveBy the end of the day, all the kids would go play
And I'd come staggering home
With a dream in my hand and a master plan
That wouldn't leave my mind aloneAnd I compromised all my schemes
And fluctuated all my dreams
I'm just a small town boy, bein' used like a toy
And nothing is like it really seemsBut you must believe that when I walk down the tracks
The 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 RayAnd 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 awayI keep hopin' and wishin' that these romantic positions
Gonna help me hide my pain
And all the hurt that I've felt underneath my leather-studded belt
Of not finding fortune and fameYeah, but some day I'll blow 'em away
With the things that I may sing and might say
I'm just a small town boy, bein' used like a toy
And waitin' for my pay-dirt dayI'm just a small town boy, bein' used like a toy
And waitin' for my pay day

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