

# 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 dawn And 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 five By 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 alone And 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 seems But 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 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 I 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 fame Yeah, 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 day I'm just a small town boy, bein' used like a toy  
And waitin' for my pay day

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