American Child

Phil Vassar

I was 10, I was thin, I was playin' first base
With a second hand glove and dirt on my face
In nowhere, Virginia
Who'd ever figure that kid in the yard would go very far
'Cause 419 Lakewood had no silver spoons
Just an old beat up upright that played outta tune
Now I'm singin' and livin' the life that I love
And when I count my blessings, I thank God I was
An American child
An American child
'Cause dreams can grow wild
Born inside an American child
7 pounds 3 ounces, she's got my nose
And she's into my heart, as deep as it goes
With a promise that's more than just someone's last name
Anyone's equal, in late August came
An American child
An American child
'Cause dreams can grow wild
Born inside an American child
My grandfather would've been 80 today
But in '45, he fell down beside
An American child
An American child, an American child
'Cause dreams can grow wild
Born inside an American child, an American child

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