

# 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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