

Woman Child

Harry Chapin

Dripping streetlights and darkened buildings
Wandering, head hung down low
As she's walking she can't help wondering
Does her mama know, where will she go?

Woman child, your eyes are wild
The rain runs down your hair
Woman child, mercy mild
What will you tell your teddy bear?

I turned you on to my solid body
My electric Gibson guitar
My clever fingers, they searched and found out
Exactly where you are, you went too far

Woman child, your eyes are wild
The rain runs down your hair
Woman child, mercy mild
What will you tell your teddy bear?

I was an, an early morning phone call
What news have I received
A halting voice is telling me
What we have both conceived

Asking how the dilemma, how can it be relieved?
I will give you money, honey, I set up a time
You got to go there on your own babe
'Cause I don't know that it's mine

Oh, woman child
Mama's little angel's been defiled

Took a taxi to the clinic
Where they do the modern thing
The white coat doctor laid her out
Said, "You won't feel a thing"

You got the sweet salvation
That a little old knife can bring
You don't have to worry 'bout no offspring

Woman child, your eyes are wild
The rain runs down your hair
Woman child, mercy mild
What will you tell your teddy bear?

That's that, go home and take a nap
It's just a two hundred dollar mishap
It don't mean a thing, it's all over now
You can tell your singer to sing