

# Six String Orchestra

Harry Chapin

The very day I purchased it  
I christened my guitar  
As my monophonic symphony  
Six string orchestra  
In my room I'd practice late  
They'd leave me alone  
My mother said, "You're nothing yet  
To make the folks write home"

I'd play at all the talent nights  
I'd finish, they'd applaud  
Some called it muffled laughter  
I just figured they were odd  
So I went up for an encore  
But they screamed they'd had enough  
Or maybe I just need a group  
To help me do my stuff

And so I'd dream a bass will join me  
And fill the bottom in  
And maybe now some lead guitar  
So it would not sound so thin  
I need some drums to set the beat  
And help me keep in time  
And way back in the distance  
Some strings would sound so fine

And we would play together  
Like fine musicians should  
And it would sound like music  
And the music would sound good  
But in real life I'm stuck with  
That same old formula  
Me and my monophonic symphony  
Six string orchestra

Oh, I write love songs for my favorite girl  
And sing them soft and slow  
But before I get to finish  
She says she has to go  
She's nice and says "Excuse me  
I've got to find a bar  
I think I need refreshment  
For I hear you play guitar"

Oh I sent a demo tape I made  
To the record companies  
Two came back address unknown  
One came back C.O.D  
Of course I got form letters  
All saying pleasant things  
Like suggesting I should find a trade  
Where I would not have to sing

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I've been taking guitar lessons  
But my teacher just took leave  
It was something about a break down  
Or needing a reprieve  
I know I found my future  
So I will persevere  
And hold onto my dream of  
Making music to their ears

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Oh finger tip  
Oh some day, I'm gonna be a star