

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