

Sounds Like America to Me

Harry Chapin

Well I don't know about inflation
Who makes what inflate
Each new taste sensation
I don't know why it rates
And though in my imagination
I'm sure of how I feel
My present hesitation
Is I'm afraid it's real

Some times these days it's hard to choose
The one right road to go
But this then is all I'm sure I know

I know when a child is hurting
That the silence can be wrong
I know that when old folks are helpless
I can't just pass along
And I know when someone's hungry
I can't just sing this song
And when I hear somebody crying
I can't just wonder who that it could be
Well I hear somebody crying now
And it sure sounds like America to me

Insecurity can beat me darling
But sometimes that's where I'm at
So I hope that you can keep me darling
So that at least I can count on that
You see some things stir me deeply
Though I try to hide from pain
But wide awake or sleeping
Some questions still remain

Sometimes these days it's hard to choose
The one right road to go
But this then is all I'm sure I know
You see I know when a child is hurting
That silence can be wrong
And I know that when old folks are helpless
I can't just pass along
And I know when someone's hungry
I can't just sing this song
And when I hear somebody crying
I can't just wonder who that it could be
And I hear somebody crying now
And it sure sounds like America to me

Sometimes a simple question
Is much better than the truth
Sometimes we need our experience
Sometimes we need our youth
Sometimes the signs pouring out to us
That we have lost our way
Sometimes the times are times that look
An awful lot like today

Sometimes these days it's hard to choose

The one right road to go
But this then is all I'm sure I know
I know when a child is hurting
That silence can be wrong
I know that when old folks are helpless
I can't just pass along
And I know when someone's hungry
I can't just sing this song
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