

Barefoot Boy

Harry Chapin

Oh, barefoot boy
Once he came unto a land
Of forests and of streams
That tumbled through
The meadows to the sea

He called it home
For many were its wonders
And he learned to live upon the land
Taking only what he needed

Barefoot boy
He don't like your concrete
He seek the country
Any way he can

Barefoot boy
He's fading down your street
Yes I know he'll never
Come this way again

And time passes on
In this life of always changing
People coming building cities
Cut your forest pave your highway

Oh, barefoot boy
He wraps his blanket 'round his shoulders
He says goodbye to misty mountains
Once more he sets off to wander

Oh, barefoot boy
He don't like your concrete
And he seek the country
Any way he, any way that he can

Barefoot boy
He's fading down your street
Yes I know he'll never
Come this way again