

Chapin Harry, Babysitter

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Portrait Gallery
Babysitter

When I rearrange the pieces of the puzzle of my past
I sigh at the heartaches, relive the laughs
And I think about the moments that have left their mark
And the too few faces that shine a little light in the dark

If you don't mind I'm gonna tell you a story
And I think that it won't bore you
For it's a tale that I've never told
To anyone before you-- `cause it's for you

The sun of sixteen summers had put halos in your hair
If anything was in my head, twelve winters put it there
A dollar an hour is what Mama paid you to come and mind her kids
But no one could really pay you enough for what you really did

Many happy things keep happening
On my journey through this world
And in many ways, that I will never understand
I was much too late
To be the first to make you a woman
But you were the one
Who made my mother's son a man

You know I used to read myself to sleep when I went to bed
I guess I was a dreamer then who lived inside my head
But the nights that you came you talked of things, I found I had a friend
You brought my fears of people to a sure and gentle end

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Do you remember the night when you turned out the light
And said to me: "Please hold me"
I did not know which way to go
So I did just what you told me "Please hold me";

When I think about you now it's not that my memory fails
There's just no need for graphic telling of all the details
Let's just say you taught me something that brought me from my shell
You gave to me that first sweet taste of the heaven here in this hell

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