

The Children's Park

from Family Album

Moderately

Jay Ducharme

Here once played a lit tle_ boy in this pa-ra -

dise of joy, a chil dren's park of thril ling_ rides and cot- ton_ can-dy dreams, An




o pen_ door to fan-ta - sy, where life was fun as it could be, where ev 'ry - one_ was

al ways_ young and laugh-ter reigned su preme. No_ grown-up rules;




No need for schools; No sci- ence, math_ or his - to- ry, He

came to let his_ mind_ run free. Far from the world grown- ups_ shape, The child-ren's park was






his es- cape. Bathed in ne- ver_ set ting_ sun, it beck oned him to come have fun: The

44  8fr  7fr C/G  G C/G






hor-ses on_ the car ou - sel_ cried, "Ride___ me, Ride___

52  G C/G  G C/G  G






me."

62  7fr  8fr  7fr  D  8fr C

Here now stands a grown-up_ boy_ with on - ly mem-ries to en-joy. He put his_ pa-ra -

67  7fr  D  G  7fr  8fr C

dise a- side to live like oth-er_ men. He holds a job he does-n't_ like and

73  7fr  D  8fr C  7fr G  D  G

slow-ly grows to hate his life. He wish-es_ he_ could one day_ be_ a lit-tle boy a - gain.

79 Em F Em F

Where___ did it go, the joy he used to know?

87 Em F

He played a- way_ his youth so fast, not know- ing_ child-hood would- n't_ last. The

92 Em F  7fr G

boy grew up;_ the fun is through. The child-ren's park re - cedes from view. Far a - head the

97
 fu- ture_ waits, but at the park the mu- sic_ fades. The hor- ses on_ the car ou - sel_ cry,

102
 "Ride_____ me, Ride_____ me."

112
 The boy be- comes a man to find he's

120
 leav- ing_ all_ his_ dreams be hind. The spark of life once shown so bright, but now he slow- ly

125 **rall.** . . . **a tempo**
 dims the light. The sun sets on the child- ren's_ park. He locks his laugh- ter in the dark. The

130
 hor- ses on_ the car ou - sel_ cry, "Ride_____ me, Ride_____

138
 me."