

# Bruce Springsteen, Born To Run

In the day we sweat it out in the streets of a runaway American dream  
At night we ride through mansions of glory in suicide machines  
Sprung from cages out on highway 9,  
Chrome wheeled, fuel injected and steppin' out over the line  
Baby this town rips the bones from your back  
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap  
We gotta get out while we're young  
`Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run  
Wendy let me in I wanna be your friend  
I want to guard your dreams and visions  
Just wrap your legs round these velvet rims  
and strap your hands across my engines  
Together we could break this trap  
We'll run till we drop, baby we'll never go back  
Will you walk with me out on the wire  
`Cause baby I'm just a scared and lonely rider  
But I gotta find out how it feels  
I want to know if love is wild, girl I want to know if love is real

Beyond the Palace hemi-powered drones scream down the boulevard  
The girls comb their hair in rearview mirrors  
And the boys try to look so hard  
The amusement park rises bold and stark  
Kids are huddled on the beach in a mist  
I wanna die with you Wendy on the streets tonight  
In an everlasting kiss

The highway's jammed with broken heroes on a last chance power drive  
Everybody's out on the run tonight but there's no place left to hide  
Together Wendy we'll live with the sadness  
I'll love you with all the madness in my soul  
Someday girl I don't know when we're gonna get to that place  
Where we really want to go and we'll walk in the sun  
But till then tramps like us baby we were born to run