

# Bruce Springsteen, Elouise

Well, I came to your house the other day  
Your mother said you went away  
She said there was nothing that I could have done  
There was nothing nobody could say  
Me and you, we've known each other ever since we were sixteen  
I wished I could have known  
I wished I could have called you  
Just to say goodbye, Bobby Jean  
Now, you hung with me when all the others  
Turned away, turned up their nose  
We liked the same music, we liked the same bands  
We liked the same clothes  
We told each other that we were the wildest  
The wildest things we'd ever seen  
Now I wished you would have told me  
I wished I could have talked to you  
Just to say goodbye, Bobby Jean  
Now, we went walking in the rain, talking  
About the pain that from the world we hid  
Now there ain't nobody, nowhere, nohow  
Gonna ever understand me the way you did  
Maybe you'll be out there on that road  
Somewhere in some bus or train  
Traveling along in some motel room  
There'll be a radio playing and you'll hear me sing this song  
Well, if you do, you'll know I'm thinking of you  
And all the miles in between  
And I'm just calling you one last time  
Not to change your mind, but just to say I miss you, baby  
Good luck, goodbye, Bobby Jean