

# Bruce Springsteen, From Small Things (Big Things)

At sixteen she quit high school to  
make her fortune in the promised land  
She got a job behind the counter in an  
all night hamburger stand  
She wrote faithfully home to mama  
"Now mama don't you worry none"  
From small things, mama  
Big things one day come

It was late one Friday he pulled in  
out of the dark  
He was tall and handsome; first she  
took his order, then she took his heart  
They bought a house up on the hillside  
Where little feet soon would run  
From small things, mama  
Big things one day come

[Bridge:]  
Oh but love is fleeting  
it's sad but true  
But when your heart is beating  
You don't wanna hear the news  
She packed her bags  
and with a Wyomie County real estate man  
She ran down to Tampa  
In and "El Dorado Grande"  
She wrote back home, "Dear Mama  
Life is just heaven in the sun  
From small things, mama  
Big things one day come"

Well she shot him dead  
On a sunny Florida road  
When they caught her all she said  
Was she couldn't stand the way he drove

Back home lonesome Johnny  
Prays for his baby's parole  
He waits on the hillside  
Where the Wyomie waters roll  
At his feet and almost grown now  
A blue-eyed daughter and a handsome son  
Well from small things, mama  
Big things one day come  
Well from small things, mama  
Big things one day come