

Bruce Springsteen, Goin' cali

Well he'd been hearing too many voices and feelin' a little off-rack
Like there was something big pressing down on his back
So he called up his friends and they said come on out west
It's a place where a man can really feel his succes
So he pulled his heart and soul down off the shelf
Packed them next to the faith that he'd lost in himself
Said his good-byes and when the dirty work was done
He turned his wheels into the fading sun
For seven days and nights like a black-top bird he sped
Maintained radio silence 'cept for in his head
And just like his folks did back in '69
He crossed the border at Needles and heard the promised land on the line
Now where the Transcontinental dumps into the sea
There's a bar made up to look like 1963
Girl in the corner eyed him like a hungry dog a bone
As he brushed the desert dust off that Mercedes chrome
Bartender said "Hey, how's it hangin', tiger?"
He had a shot of tequila, smiled and whispered "lighter";
He went down to the desert city where the rattlesnakes play
And left his dead skin by the roadside in the noon of day
Sun got so hot it almost felt like friend
It could burn out every trace of where you been
There was a woman he'd met in a desert song
A little while later a son come along
Looked at that boy's smile and called it home
And that night as he lay in bed the only voice he heard was his own