

Bruce Springsteen, How Can I Keep From Singin

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation.

I hear the real, thought far off hymn

That hails the new creation

Above the tumult and the strife,

I hear the music ringing;

It sounds an echo in my soul

How can I keep from singing?

What through the tempest loudly roars,

I hear the truth, it liveth.

What through the darkness round me close,

Songs in the night it giveth.

No storm can shake my inmost calm

While to that rock I'm clinging.

Since love is lord of Heaven and earth

How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble, sick with fear,

And hear their death-knell ringing,

When friends rejoice both far and near,

How can I keep from singing?

In prison cell and dungeon vile

Our thoughts to them are winging.

When friends by shame are undefiled,

How can I keep from singing?