

Bruce Springsteen, Long Walk Home

Last night I stood at your doorstep
Trying to figure out what went wrong
You just slipped something into my palm and you were gone

I could smell the same deep green of summer
'Bove me the same night sky was glowin'
In the distance I could see the town where I was born

It's gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
A long walk home

In town I pass Sal's grocery
Barber shop on South Street
I looked in their faces
They're all rank strangers to me

Well, Veteran's Hall high upon the hill
Stood silent and alone
The diner was shuttered and boarded
With a sign that just said "gone";

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Here everybody has a neighbor
Everybody has a friend
Everybody has a reason to begin again

My father said "Son, we're lucky in this town
It's a beautiful place to be born
It just wraps its arms around you
Nobody crowds you and nobody goes it alone";

"Your flag flyin' over the courthouse
Means certain things are set in stone
Who we are, what we'll do, and what we won't";

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