

Bruce Springsteen, My City Of Ruins

There's a blood red circle
on the cold dark ground
and the rain is falling down
The church doors blown open
I can hear the organ's song
But the congregation's gone

My city of ruins
My city of ruins

Now the sweet veils of mercy
drift through the evening trees
Young men on the corner
like scattered leaves
The boarded up windows
The hustlers and thieves
While my brother's down on his knees

My city of ruins
My city of ruins

Come on rise up!
Come on rise up!

Now there's tears on the pillow
darling where we slept
and you took my heart when you left
without your sweet kiss
my soul is lost, my friend
Now tell me how do I begin again?

My city's in ruins
My city's in ruins

Now with these hands
I pray Lord
with these hands
for the strength Lord
with these hands
for the faith Lord
with these hands
I pray Lord
with these hands
for the strength Lord
with these hands
for the faith Lord
with these hands

Come on rise up!
Come on rise up!
Rise up