

# 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