

Bruce Springsteen, My Fathers House

Last night I dreamed that I was a child out where the pines grow wild and tall
I was trying to make it home through the forest before the darkness falls

I heard the wind rustling through the trees and ghostly voices rose from the fields
I ran with my heart pounding down that broken path
With the devil snappin at my heels

I broke through the trees and there in the night
My fathers house stood shining hard and bright the branches and brambles tore my clothes and so
But I ran till I fell shaking in his arms

I awoke and I imagined the hard things that pulled us apart
Will never again see tear us from each others hearts
I got dressed and to that house I did ride from out on the road I could see its windows shining in light

I walked up the steps and stood on the porch a woman I didnt recognize came and spoke to me then
I told her my story and who I'd come for
She said "Im sorry son but no one by that name lives here anymore"

My fathers house shines hard and bright it stands like a beacon calling me in the night
Calling and calling so cold and alone
Shining cross this dark highway where our sins lie unatoned