

Bruce Springsteen, My Hometown

I was eight years old and running with a dime in my hand
Into the bus stop to pick up a paper for my old man
I'd sit on his lap in that big old Buick and steer as we drove through town
He'd tousle my hair and say son take a good look around
This is your hometown

Your hometown

Your hometown

Your hometown

In '65 tension was running high at my high school

There was a lot of fights between the black and white

There was nothing you could do

Two cars at a light on a Saturday night in the back seat there was a gun

Words were passed in a shotgun blast

Troubled times had come to my hometown

My hometown

My hometown

My hometown

Now Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant stores

Seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down here no more

They're closing down the textile mill across the railroad tracks

Foreman says these jobs are going boys and they ain't coming back to

your hometown

Your hometown

Your hometown

Your hometown

Last night me and Kate we laid in bed talking about getting out

Packing up our bags maybe heading south

I'm thirty-five we got a boy of our own now

Last night I sat him up behind the wheel and said son take a good look
around

This is your hometown