

# Bruce Springsteen, Paradise

Where the river runs to black  
I take the schoolbooks from your pack  
Plastics, wire and your kiss  
The breath of eternity on your lips

In the crowded marketplace  
I drift from face to face  
I hold my breath and close my eyes  
I hold my breath and close my eyes  
And I wait for paradise  
And I wait for paradise

The Virginia hills have gone to brown  
Another day, another sun goin' down  
I visit you in another dream  
I visit you in another dream

I reach and feel your hair  
Your smell lingers in the air  
I brush your cheek with my fingertips  
I taste the void upon your lips  
And I wait for paradise  
And I wait for paradise

I search for you on the other side  
Where the river runs clean and wide  
Up to my heart the waters rise  
Up to my heart the waters rise

I sink 'neath the river cool and clear  
Drifting down I disappear  
I see you on the other side  
I search for the peace in your eyes  
But they're as empty as paradise  
They're as empty as paradise

I break above the waves  
I feel the sun upon my face