

# Bruce Springsteen, Soul Driver

Rode through forty nights of the gospels rain  
Black sky pourin snakes frogs  
And love in vain  
You were down where the river grows wider  
Baby let me be your soul driver

Well if something in the air feels a little unkind  
Dont worry darlin  
Itll slip your mind  
Ill be your gypsy joker your shotgun rider  
Baby let me be your soul driver

Now no one knows which way loves wheel turns  
Will we hit it rich  
Or crash and burn  
Does fortune wait or just the black hand of fate  
This love potions all weve got  
One toast before its too late

If the angels are unkind or the season is dark  
Or if in the end  
Love just falls apart  
Then heres to our destruction  
Baby let me be your soul driver