

# Bruce Springsteen, Southern Son

Born on the Hudson, twenty-two years gone  
Bred and raised in the City  
From my daddy's knee I learned the Union songs  
But Grandma sang lullabies of Dixie  
And though the Northern winter fills my heart with joy  
Oh it's a Southern sun that shines down  
On this Yankee boy

Mama dreamed of Paris nights  
And boatin' on the Seine  
She said, we're gonna make it there too  
Soon as Papa comes home again  
And she'd speak to me in broken french  
Dressed like a painting of Lautrec's  
In the night she'd clutch me to her breast  
And say, we'll make it outta here yet  
And though Parisian women  
Strut so fine down the Eiffel mall  
It's a Southern one I sing my songs for

Well with the local bunch of do-good boys  
And an old man from the West  
We crossed the land in the caravan  
Yes we traveled with the best  
With circus acts and vaudeville hacks  
And the Mississippi Delta Queen  
She told me the news and sold me her blues  
In an alley in New Orleans  
And though the Western plains are still stained  
With the blood of great cowboys  
It's a Southern sun  
That shine down on this Yankee boy