

# Bruce Springsteen, The New Timer

He rode the rails since the Great Depression  
Fifty years out on the skids  
He said 'You don't cross nobody  
You'll be all right out here kid.'  
Left my family in Pennsylvania  
Searchin' for work I hit the road  
I met Frank in East Texas  
In a freight yard blown thru with snow

From New Mexico to Colorado  
California to the sea  
Frank he showed me the ropes sir  
Just till I could get back on my feet

I hoed sugar beets outside of Firebaugh  
I picked the peaches from the Marysville trees  
They bunked us in a barn just like animals  
Me and a hundred others just like me

We split up come the springtime  
I never seen Frank again  
'Cept one rainy night he blew by me on a grainer  
Shouted my name and disappeared in the rain and wind

They found him shot dead outside of Stockton  
His body lyin' on a muddy hill  
Nothin' taken nothin' stolen  
Somebody killin' just to kill

Late that summer was rollin' thru the plains of Texas  
A vision passed before my eyes  
A small house sittin' trackside  
With the glow of the savior's beautiful light

A woman stood cookin' in the kitchen  
Kid sat at a table with his old man  
Now I wonder does my son miss me  
Does he wonder where I am

Tonight I pick my campsite carefully  
Outside the Sacramento yard  
Gather some wood and light a fire  
In the early winter dark

Wind whistling cold I pull my coat around me  
Heat some coffee and stare out into the black night  
I lie awake I lie awake sir  
With my machete by my side

My Jesus your gracious love and mercy  
Tonight I'm sorry could not fill my heart  
Like one good rifle  
And the name of who I ought to kill