

# Bruce Springsteen, The Promised Land

On a rattlesnake speedway in the Utah desert  
I pick up my money and head back into town  
Driving cross the Waynesboro county line  
I got the radio on and I'm just killing time  
Working all day in my daddy's garage  
Driving all night chasing some mirage  
Pretty soon little girl I'm gonna take charge

(chorus)

The dogs on Main Street howl `cause they understand  
If I could take one moment into my hands  
Mister I ain't a boy no I'm a man  
And I believe in a promised land

I've done my best to live the right way  
I get up every morning and go to work each day  
But your eyes go blind and your blood runs cold  
Sometimes I feel so weak I just want to explode  
Explode and tear this town apart  
Take a knife and cut this pain from my heart  
Find somebody itching for something to star

(chorus)

There's a dark cloud rising from the desert floor  
I packed my bags and I'm heading straight into the storm  
Gonna be a twister to blow everything down  
That ain't got the faith to stand its ground  
Blow away the dreams that tear you apart  
Blow away the dreams that break your heart  
Blow away the lies that leave you nothing but lost and brokenhearted

(chorus)