

# Bruce Springsteen, We Take Care Of Our Own

I been knocking on the door that holds the throne  
I been looking for the map that leads me home  
I been stumbling on good hearts turned to stone  
The road of good intentions has gone dry as bone  
We take care of our own  
We take care of our own  
Wherever this flag's flown  
We take care of our own

From Chicago to New Orleans  
From the muscle to the bone  
From the shotgun shack to the Super Dome  
There ain't no help, the Cavalry stayed home  
There ain't no one hearing the bugle blowin'  
We take care of our own  
We take care of our own  
Wherever this flag's flown  
We take care of our own

Where're the eyes, the eyes with the will to see  
Where're the hearts, that run over with mercy  
Where's the love that has not forsaken me  
Where's the work that'll set my hands, my soul free  
Where's the spirit that'll reign rain over me  
Where's the promise from sea to shining sea  
Where's the promise from sea to shining sea  
Wherever this flag is flown  
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