

Bruce Springsteen, With Every Wish

O! catfish in the lake we called him Big Jim
When I was a kid my only wish was to get my line in him
Skipped church one Sunday rowed out and throwd in my line
Jim took that hook pole and me right over the side
Went driftin down past old tires and rusty cans of beer
The angel of the lake whispered in my ear
"Before you choose your wish son
You better think first
With every wish there comes a curse";

I fell in love with beautiful Doreen
She was the prettiest thing this old townd ever seen
I courted her and I made her mine
But I grew jealous whenever another mand
Come walkin down the line
And my jealousy made me treat her hard and cruel
She sighed "Bobby oh Bobby youre such a fool
Dont you know before you choose your wish
Youd better think first
Cause with every wish there comes a curse";

These days I sit around and laugh
At the many rivers Ive crossed
But on the far banks theres always another forest
Where a man can get lost
Well there in the high trees loves bluebird glides
Guiding us cross to another river on the other side
And there someone is waitin with a look in her eyes
And though my hearts grown weary
And more than a little bit shy
Tonight Ill drink from her waters to quench my thirst
And leave the angels to worry
With every wish...