

Bruce Springsteen, You'll Be Comin' Down

White roses and misty blue eyes
Red mornings, then nothin' but gray skies
A cup of coffee, a heart shot clean through
The jacket you bought me gone daisy gray-blue
You're smiling no but you'll find out
They'll use you up and spit you out now
Your head's spinnin' in diamonds and clouds
But pretty soon it turns out

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be comin' down
What goes around, it comes around and you'll be comin' down

Easy street, a quick buck and true lies
Smiles as thin as those dusky blue skies
A silver plate of pearls my golden child
It's all yours at least for a little while
You'll be fine long as your pretty face holds out
Then it's gonna get pretty cold out
An empty stream of stars shooting by
You got your hopes on high

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be comin' down
What goes around, it comes around and you'll be comin' down

For a while you'll go sparklin' by
Just another pretty thing on high

Like a thief on a Sunday morning
It all falls apart with no warning
Your cinnamon sky's gone candy-apple green
The crushed metal of your little flying machine

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be comin' down
What goes around, it comes around and you'll be comin' down

You'll be comin' down now baby
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What goes around, it comes around and you'll be comin' down