

# Bruce Springsteen, After The Thunder

An echo fades of sounds once heard  
By thousands brought together for  
His ringing voice, a soul that stirred  
The faithful to a mighty roar.

For twenty years upon the stage  
For twenty years upon the stage  
The passion deep within his soul  
Brought forth the anger and the rage  
His vision locked upon one goal.

The promises of rock and roll could  
Break the chains upon his life,  
Guitar in hand he vowed he would  
Be free from pain and inner strife.

He shook the rafters in the halls  
And brought the faithful to their feet,  
His river coursed through mighty walls  
Across this land, down every street.

With flag unfurled he took the word  
Across the seas to hungry youth  
Who raised their hands when e'er they heard  
His cries for faith, and hope, and truth.

Today he stands with inner peace  
A man content with home and health,

Upon his brow a jagged crease  
A symbol of success and wealth.

The thunder of his younger days  
Has passed, and now his words reveal  
A calmer soul in many ways  
Fulfilled with satisfactions real.

His arms upraised against the light  
He stands alone, his eyes look toward  
The ground below, a bird in flight  
Still searching for his true reward.

His mission done, he finds retreat  
With children and a loving wife,  
His body tired from the heat  
The price he pays for touring life.

But deep within the longings stir  
The music runs within him still,  
His passions for the times that were  
Are stronger than his iron will.

And all of us who know the man  
Will come together when he cries  
The message we all understand  
The thunder in us never dies.