

# Bruce Springsteen, My Hometown

I was eight years old and running with a dime in my hand  
Into the bus stop to pick up a paper for my old man  
I'd sit on his lap in that big old Buick and steer as we drove through town  
He'd tousle my hair and say son take a good look around  
This is your hometown  
Your hometown  
Your hometown  
Your hometown  
In '65 tension was running high at my high school  
There was a lot of fights between the black and white  
There was nothing you could do  
Two cars at a light on a Saturday night in the back seat there was a gun  
Words were passed in a shotgun blast  
Troubled times had come to my hometown  
My hometown  
My hometown  
My hometown

Now Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant stores  
Seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down here no more  
They're closing down the textile mill across the railroad tracks  
Foreman says these jobs are going boys and they ain't coming back to  
your hometown  
Your hometown  
Your hometown  
Your hometown

Last night me and Kate we laid in bed talking about getting out  
Packing up our bags maybe heading south  
I'm thirty-five we got a boy of our own now  
Last night I sat him up behind the wheel and said son take a good look  
around  
This is your hometown