

# Bruce Springsteen, Randolph Street

I remember yesterday and I'd sit and watch the hound dogs play  
Howlin' at the china moon  
?? now yesterday is the busted blues  
Life was young, things were easy,  
Days were short, nights were warm  
Time were good. hate was shallow  
?? the horse crazy behind the ???  
I swear that I've seen your face somewhere back in that time  
And I'm in theat place. do you remember?  
The old house stood like world war two with just rooms  
And a hall to be used.  
The lady was mean.  
Just slightly unclean with a heart of cold silver and gold.  
Kitchen smelled of kerosene.  
Celing hung down on ? veil? and rotted beams  
And the man, they said, his work could of hung in the room  
Now he sits around all day because his left arm won't move  
He was a master of the art of electricity  
He lectured on tours and circuitry.

He was self-employed, but he could never see his way into the light  
He had a room full of switches and dials and lights and  
A head full of clouds and eyes full of sight.  
And when it got dark,  
I could hear his heartbeat like a mother in the night.  
She stood like a guardian ready to give everything up.  
If I had asked for a sword and her blood in a cup.  
But there was just time when I asked for too much.  
She sighed because she could not give it.  
We used to sit beneath the tree just the lady, the radio man and me.  
And I think it was the winter of '63 the man went away and let us be  
It was early on an august day that the lady decided she must go away.  
Her heart it seems could not pay the price for what her body was buying  
I came home from school and I found the note went into the kitchen  
And lit the old stone with songs set on overload.  
I turned on the tv, spent the rest of the sfternoon watching  
All my cartoons thru the hall  
And across the porch was the sun surrendered like a crying torch.