

Bruce Springsteen, Song To The Orphans

The multitude assembled and tried to make the noise
The black blind poet generals
And restless loud white boys
But time grew thin and the axis
Was left somehow incomplete
Where instead of child lions
We found aging junkie sheep
How many wasted have I seen signed "hollywood or bust"
Left to ride them ever ghostly arizona gusts
Oh, cheerleader tramps and kids with big amps
Sounding in the void
High society vamps and ex-heavyweight champs
Mistaking soot for soil

So break me now big mama
As old faithful breaks the day
Believe me, my good linda,
The aurora will shine your way
The confederacy, she's in my name now
And the hounds are held at bay
The axis needs a stronger arm
Do you feel your muscles play?

The doorstep blanket weaver
Madonna she's pushing bells
From house to house to house to house
Giving last kisses and wishing well
To every gypsy, mystic and all star hero
That the kids might find the place
Who've been lost forever to papa and mama
On their weekends out in space
Now the sons they search for fathers
But their fathers have all gone
The lost souls search for saviors
But saviours don't last long
Those aimless, questionless renegade brats
Who live their lives in songs
They run the length of a candle

In a goodnight whisper and a puff they're gone
So break me now big mama
As old faithful breaks the day
Believe me, my good linda,
The aurora will shine your way
The confederacy, she's in my name now
And the hounds are held at bay
The axis needs a stronger arm
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The missions are filled with hermits looking for a friend
The terraces are filled with cat-men looking for a way in
There are orphans junked on silver mountains
Lost in celestial alleyways
They wait for that old tramp dog man moses
He takes in all the strays
"now, don't grow on empty legends
Or lonely cradle songs
'cause billy the kid was just a bowery boy
Who made his living twirling his guns"
The night she's long, she's lanky
She speaks in her mother tongue
And lullabies the refugees
With an amplifier's hum

So break us now big mama
As old faithful breaks the day
Believe me, my sweet linda,
Oh, help is sure on the way
The confederacy, she's in my name now
And the hounds are held at bay
The axis needs a stronger arm
Do you feel your muscles play?
The confederacy, she's in my name now
And the hounds are held at bay
The axis needs a stronger arm
Do you feel your muscles play?