

# Bruce Springsteen, With Every Wish

O! catfish in the lake we called him Big Jim  
When I was a kid my only wish was to get my line in him  
Skipped church one Sunday rowed out and throwd in my line  
Jim took that hook pole and me right over the side  
Went driftin down past old tires and rusty cans of beer  
The angel of the lake whispered in my ear  
&quot;Before you choose your wish son  
You better think first  
With every wish there comes a curse&quot;

I fell in love with beautiful Doreen  
She was the prettiest thing this old townd ever seen  
I courted her and I made her mine  
But I grew jealous whenever another mand  
Come walkin down the line  
And my jealousy made me treat her hard and cruel  
She sighed &quot;Bobby oh Bobby youre such a fool  
Dont you know before you choose your wish  
Youd better think first  
Cause with every wish there comes a curse&quot;

These days I sit around and laugh  
At the many rivers Ive crossed  
But on the far banks theres always another forest  
Where a man can get lost  
Well there in the high trees loves bluebird glides  
Guiding us cross to another river on the other side  
And there someone is waitin with a look in her eyes  
And though my hearts grown weary  
And more than a little bit shy  
Tonight Ill drink from her waters to quench my thirst  
And leave the angels to worry  
With every wish...