

# Eric Church, Springsteen

To this day when I hear that song, I see you standing there on that lawn  
Discount shades, store bought tan, flip-flops and cut off jeans  
Somewhere between that setting sun, I'm On Fire and Born To Run  
You looked at me and I was done, we were just getting started

I was singing to you, you were singing to me  
I was so alive, never been more free  
Fired up my daddy's lighter and we sang oh  
Stayed there 'til they forced us out  
We took the long way to your house  
And I can still hear the sound  
Of you saying don't go

When I think about you  
I think about 17  
I think about my old Jeep  
I think about the stars in the sky  
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory  
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night  
Springsteen

I bumped in to you by happenstance  
You probably wouldn't even know who I am  
But if I whispered your name, I bet there'd still be a spark  
Back when I was gasoline and this old tattoo had brand new ink  
And we didn't care what your momma would think 'bout your name on my arm

Baby is it spring or is it summer  
The guitar sound or the beat of the drummer  
You hear sometimes late at night on your radio  
Even though you're a million miles away  
When you hear Born In The USA  
Do you relive those glory days from so long ago

When you think about me  
Do you think about 17  
Do you think about my old Jeep  
Think about the stars in the sky  
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory  
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night  
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Woah-oh-oh-oh /6x

Funny how a melody sounds like a memory  
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night  
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Woah-oh-oh-oh /12x