

My Hometown

Bruce Springsteen

| A | A | D A E | E | E | A A^{sus2} | D |

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', steer as we drove through town

He'd tousle my hair' and say son take' a good look around

This is your hometown, this is your hometown, this is your hometown,

this is your hometown

In '65 tension was' _running high' at my high school

There's 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 wheels, said son take a good look around

This is your hometown | A | D A E | E | E | A A^{sus2} | D | repeat to fade