

# Brothers Under The Bridge

Bruce Springsteen

Saigon, it was all gone  
The same Coke machines  
As the streets I grew on  
Down in a mesquite canyon  
We come walking along the ridge  
Me and the brothers under the bridge  
Campsite's an hour's walk from the nearest road to town  
Up here there's too much brush and canyon  
For the CHP choppers to touch down  
Ain't lookin' for nothin', just wanna live  
Me and the brothers under the bridge  
Come the Santa Ana's, man, that dry brush'll light  
Billy Devon got burned up in his own campfire one winter night  
We buried his body in the white stone high up along the ridge  
Me and the brothers under the bridge  
Had enough of town and the street life  
Over nothing you end up on the wrong end of someone's knife  
Now I don't want no trouble  
And I ain't got none to give  
Me and the brothers under the bridge  
I come home in '72  
You were just a beautiul light  
In your mama's dark eyes of blue  
I stood down on the tarmac, I was just a kid  
Me and the brothers under the bridge  
Come Veterans' Day I sat in the stands in my dress blues  
I held your mother's hand  
When they passed with the red, white and blue  
One minute your'e out there  
And something slips