

# Goin'cali

Bruce Springsteen

Well he'd been hearing too many voices and feelin' a little off-track

Like there was something big pressing down on his back  
So he called up his friends and they said come on out west  
It's a place where a man can really feel his success

So he pulled his heart and soul down off the shelf  
Packed them next to the faith that he'd lost in himself  
Said his good-byes and when the dirty work was done  
He turned his wheels into the fading sun

For seven days and nights like a black-top bird he sped  
Maintained radio silence 'cept for in his head  
And just like his folks did back in '69  
He crossed the border at Needles and heard the promised land on  
the line

Now where the Transcontinental dumps into the sea  
There's a bar made up to look like 1963  
Girl in the corner eyed him like a hungry dog a bone  
As he brushed the desert dust off that Mercedes chrome  
Bartender said "Hey, how's it hangin', tiger?"  
He had a shot of tequila, smiled and whispered "lighter"

He went down to the desert city where the rattlesnakes play  
And left his dead skin by the roadside in the noon of day  
Sun got so hot it almost felt like friend  
It could burn out every trace of where you been

There was a woman he'd met in a desert song  
A little while later a son come along  
Looked at that boy's smile and called it home  
And that night as he lay in bed the only voice he heard was his  
own