

Long Walk Home

Bruce Springsteen

Last night I stood at your doorstep
Trying to figure out what went wrong
You just slipped somethin' into my palm, then you were gone
I could smell the same deep green of summer
Above me the same night sky was glowin'
In the distance I could see the town where I was born

It's gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
A long walk home

In town I passed Sal's grocery
The barbershop on South Street
I looked in their faces*
They were all rank strangers to me*
The veteran's hall high upon the hill
Stood silent and alone
The diner was shuttered and boarded
With a sign that just said "gone"

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Here everybody has a neighbor
Everybody has a friend
Everybody has a reason to begin again

My father said "Son, we're lucky in this town,
It's a beautiful place to be born.
It just wraps its arms around you,
Nobody crowds you and nobody goes it alone
You know that flag flying over the courthouse
Means certain things are set in stone
Who we are, what we'll do and what we won't"

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