

My Father's House

Bruce Springsteen

Last night I dreamed that I was a child out where the pines grow
wild and tall
I was trying to make it home through the forest before the darkness falls

I heard the wind rustling through the trees and ghostly voices
rose from the fields
I ran with my heart pounding down that broken path
With the devil snappin' at my heels

I broke through the trees, and there in the night
My father's house stood shining hard and bright the branches and
brambles tore my clothes and scratched my arms
But I ran till I fell, shaking in his arms

I awoke and I imagined the hard things that pulled us apart
Will never again, sir, tear us from each other's hearts
I got dressed, and to that house I did ride from out on the road,
I could see it's windows shining in light

I walked up the steps and stood on the porch a woman I didn't recognize
came and spoke to me through a chained door
I told her my story, and who I'd come for
She said "I'm sorry, son, but no one by that name lives here anymore"

My father's house shines hard and bright it stands like a beacon
calling me in the night
Calling and calling, so cold and alone
Shining cross this dark highway where our sins lie unatoned.