

Shackled and Drawn

Bruce Springsteen

One

One

One, two, three, four

Great morning light splits through the shade
Another day older and closer to the grave
I'm closer to the grave and come the dawn
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on
Trudging through the dark in a world gone wrong
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Whoa!

Alright, yeah!

I always love the feel of sweat on my shirt
Stand back, son, and let a man work
Let a man work, is that so wrong
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on
What's a poor boy to do in a world gone wrong
Woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Freedom, son, is a dirty shirt
The sun on my face and my shovel in the dirt
The shovel in the dirt keeps the devil gone
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on
What's a poor boy to do but keep singing this song
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Whoa whoa whoa!

Whoa whoa whoa!

Whoa whoa whoa!

Gambling man rolls the dice, working man pays the bills
It's still fat and easy up on bankers hill
Up on bankers hill the party's going strong
Down here below we're shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on
Trudging through the dark in a world gone wrong
Woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on
What's a poor boy to do but keep singing this song
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn
Whoa!

Whoa whoa-whoa!
Whoa whoa-whoa!

Whoa whoa-whoa!
Whoa whoa-whoa!
Whoa whoa-whoa!

(I want everybody to stand up)
(I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight)
(You know we got to pray together)
(But I want everybody to stand up)
(I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight)