

# Souls Of The Departed

Bruce Springsteen

On the road to Basra stood young Lieutenant Jimmy Bly  
Detailed to go through the clothes of the soldiers who died  
At night in dreams he sees their souls rise  
Like dark geese into the Oklahoma skies

Well this is a prayer for the souls of the departed  
Those who've gone and left their babies brokenhearted  
This is a prayer for the souls of the departed

Now Raphael Rodriguez was just seven years old  
Shot down in a schoolyard by some East Compton Cholos  
His mama cried "My beautiful boy is dead"  
In the hills the self-  
made men just sighed and shook their heads

This is a prayer for the souls of the departed  
Those who've gone and left their babies brokenhearted  
Young lives over before they got started  
This is a prayer for the souls of the departed

Tonight as I tuck my own son in bed  
All I can think of is what if it would've been him instead  
I want to build me a wall so high nothing can burn it down  
Right here on my own piece of dirty ground

Now I ply my trade in the land of king dollar  
Where you get paid and your silence passes as honor  
And all the hatred and dirty little lies  
Been written off the books and into decent men's eyes