

This Hard Land

Bruce Springsteen

Hey there mister, can you tell me what happened to the seeds I've sown
Can you give me a reason sir, as to why they've never grown
They've just blown around from town to town
'Til they're back out on these fields
Where they fall from my hand
Back into the dirt of this hard land.

same chord pattern over the rest of the song

Now me and my sister, from Germantown yes we did ride
We made our bed sir from the rock on the mountainside
We been blowin' around from town to town
Lookin' for a place to stand
Where the sun bursts through the clouds to fall like a circle
Like a circle of fire down on this hard land.

Now even the rain it don't come 'round, don't come 'round here no more
And the only sound at night's the wind slammin' the back porch door
It just stirs you up like it wants to blow you down
Twistin' and churnin' up the sand
Leavin' all them scarecrows lyin' face down
Face down in the dirt of this hard land.

From a building upon the hill I can hear a tape deck blastin' Home On
The Range
I can see them Bar-M choppers sweeping low across the plains
It's me and you Frank, we're lookin for lost cattle
Our hooves twistin' and churnin' up the sand
We're ridin' in the whirlwind searching for lost treasure
Way down south of the Rio Grande
We're ridin' across that river in the moonlight
Up on to the banks of this hard land.

Hey Frank won't you pack your bags and meet me tonight down at Liberty Hall
Just one more kiss from you my brother and we'll ride until we fall
We'll sleep in the fields, we'll sleep by the rivers
And in the morning we'll make a plan
Well if you can't make it stay hard, stay hungry, stay alive if you can
And meet me in a dream of this hard land.