

# 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.