

# You'll Be Comin' Down

Bruce Springsteen

capo II

White roses and misty blue eyes  
Red mornin's and nothin' but grey skies  
A cup of coffee, your heart shot clean through  
Jacket you bought me gone dazy grey-blue  
You're smilin' now but you'll find out  
They'll use you up and spit you out now  
Your head's spinnin' in diamonds and clouds  
But pretty soon it turns out

You'll be comin' down now baby  
You'll be comin' down  
What goes around it comes around and  
You'll be comin' down

Easy street and cruel luck and true lies  
Smile's as sad as those dusky blue skies  
A silver plate of pearls my golden child  
It's all yours at least for a little while  
You'll be fine long as your pretty face holds out  
Then it's gonna get pretty cold out  
Endless streams of stars shootin' by  
You got your hopes on high

You'll be comin' down now baby  
You'll be comin' down  
What goes around it comes around and  
You'll be comin' down

For a while you'll go sparklin' by  
Just another pretty thing on high...

Like a thief on Sunday mornin'  
It all falls apart with no warnin'  
Satin sky's gone candy-apple green  
The crushed metal of your little flyin' machine

You'll be comin' down now baby  
You'll be comin' down  
What goes around it comes around and  
You'll be comin' down