

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