

From Small Things (big Things One Day Come)

Dave Edmunds

(Written by Bruce Springsteen)
At 16, she quit high school,
to make her fortune in the Promised Land

She got a job behind the counter
at an all-night hamburger stand

She wrote faithfully home to Mama,
"Now mama, don't you worry none
From small things, Mama, big things one day come."

It was late one Friday,
he pulled in out of the dark

He was tall and handsome
First she took his order, then she took his heart

They bought a house up on a hillside
where little feet would soon run

From small things, Mama, big things one day come

Oh, but luck was fleeting
It's sad but it's true
When your heart is bleeding,
you don't want to hear it abused

She packed her bags
and went to Wyoming with a real estate man

She drove down to Tampa
in an Eldorado Grand

She wrote back,
"Dear Mama, life is just heaven in the sun
From small things, Mama, big things one day come."

Well, she shot him dead
on a sunny Florida road

When they caught her, all she said
was she couldn't stand the way he drove

Back home, lonesome Johnny
waits for his baby's parole

He waits high on the hillside
where the wide-open rivers roll

At his feet and almost grown now,
a blue-eyed daughter and a handsome son

From small things, Mama, Big things one day come
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From small things, Mama, Big things one day come !