

# 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

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