

Springsteen

Eric Church

To this day when I hear that song
I see you standin' there on that lawn
Discount shades, store bought tan
Flip flops and cut-off jeans

Somewhere between that setting sun
I'm on fire and born to run
You looked at me and I was done
And we're, we're just getting started

I was singin' to you, you were singin' to me
I was so alive, never been more free
Fired up my daddy's lighter and we sang
Ooohh

Stayed there 'til they forced us out
And took the long way to your house
I can still hear the sound of you sayin' don't go

When I think about you, I think about 17
I think about my old jeep
I think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
Like the soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen

I bumped into you by happenstance
You probably wouldn't even know who I am
But if I whispered your name
I bet there'd still be a spark

Back when I was gasoline
And this old tattoo had brand new ink
And we didn't care what your mom would think
About your name on my arm

Baby is it spring or is it summer
The guitar sound or the beat of that drummer
You hear sometimes late at night
On your radio

Even though you're a million miles away
When you hear Born in the USA
You relive those glory days
So long ago

When you think about me, do you think about 17
Do you think about my old jeep
Think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
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Woah-oh-oh-oh

Funny how a melody sounds like a memory

Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
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Springsteen
Woah Springsteen

Woah-oh-oh-oh