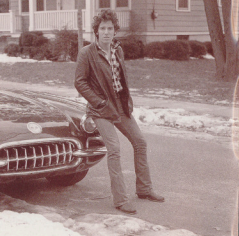




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BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN GREATEST HITS



Love the first - my third at the time. A six year old kid
knew it - "the greatest rock'n'roll record ever."

Wonder Road - stole the title from the Robert Mitchum
picture, the vocal sound from Ray Charles (I tried)
his innocence at the time was mine.

Badlands - this was the record, Darkness on the Edge
of Town, where I figured out what I wanted to
write about, the people that mattered to me, and
who I wanted to be. I saw friends & family
struggling to lead decent, productive lives & I felt
an every day kind of tension in this. What do.

The River - a breakthrough song for me. It was in
the Debut. One of the first of my story songs that
eventually led to the brackles.

Range of Sound - my first real Top 10 smash & I
gave my real audience into the pop mainstream.
I met the Kammer in Astbury Park & they asked
me to write a song for em. I went home that
night & wrote this. I played it for Tom Harder
& earning his money he advised me to keep it.

All About Cuba - taken in my bedroom at 100 (the cost of the 4-track Tascam recorder I mixed through an old Gibson guitar set up in a beat box, the basket was my ultimate homemade home. This song was about the early 80's gold rush when gambling hit South Florida.

Dance for the Duke - my big smash! No. 2 on the charts (down the world heavily known as Prince). A bunch of autograph seeking Catholic school girls came rushing up to me on the streets of N.Y.C. screaming they'd seen the video. From idol while at 89!! I enjoyed it.

U.S.A. - 3rd Take live in the studio. Paul Schrader sent me a screenplay titled "Born in the USA" (the movie was later released as "Light at Day" for some reason) (I'd been working with some Vietnam Veterans & I wanted to get it done (that's a special).

Home Town - The harshness of Reaganism, post-industrial America, memories of my childhood in my town.

Glory Days - the set was actually happened, the end verse nearly happened, the 3rd verse, of course, is happening now.

Brilliant Disgrace - After 89 (I'd had enough, I turned inward to write about men, women & love things that had previously been on the periphery of my work.

Human Touch - in search for the brother love...

Better Days - when a young man & about 18 got married (for the last time) I was feeling like a happy guy who has his rough days rather than vice versa.

Secrets of Philadelphia - Jonathan Demme asked me for a song for his record (I'd like to thank the destiny?)

Secret Garden - a man & woman, + do Big man smaller than you.

Murder Town - For the long time I've had have been asking out for this the years. Cut in by the USA + revised by Billy C. a couple of months ago in NYC.

Blood Brothers - I was just to see the guy.

Old Back Lane - I guess this kinda came it up with one of the ones that got away. Cut in the London town at 100 (I'm in the 80's, teaching me & the band + we're doing "Lovers" together.

Hope you Enjoy it!

Steve Spivak

BORN TO RUN

In the city we need it under the shade
of a thousand American streets
It might get me trying to prove to you
I can take a picture
Spring Street comes out to me
Chicago is coming out to me
and I'm coming out to you
Baby, this town has the bones that you taste
It's a hard life, it's a hard life
All right, all right, all right
Chicago is a hard life, it's a hard life

Ready to go if I want to go
I need to know you want to go
and bring your legs, hand them out
I'm sure you could break the bag
and I could see you, baby, see I
want to know if you want to go
I need to know if you want to go
I need to know if you want to go
I need to know if you want to go
I need to know if you want to go
I need to know if you want to go

The highway's painted with black lines
like you're walking on the beach in a shell
I want to see you, baby, see I
want to know if you want to go

The highway's painted with black lines
like you're walking on the beach in a shell
I want to see you, baby, see I
want to know if you want to go
I need to know if you want to go
I need to know if you want to go

When you really want to go
And you're walking on the beach in a shell
I want to see you, baby, see I
want to know if you want to go

Chicago is a hard life, it's a hard life
All right, all right, all right
Chicago is a hard life, it's a hard life
All right, all right, all right

Produced by Rick Rubin
Engineered by Mike Lind
Mastered by Greg Calbi
Photography by Bob Schuchman
Styling by Bob Schuchman

THUNDER ROAD

The green deer dance
 May I, blue waves
 Like a swan in the distance across the north
 So far into space
 Has before me singing for the lonely
 May that's the girl I want you only
 Don't turn me from again
 I just can't face myself when you're gone
 Don't let me back inside
 Saying you know just what I'm feeling for
 So you're scared and you're thinking
 That might not win I had every chance
 These little kids, that's where I'm going
 You're fit's goodbye, but hey you're alright
 Oh and that's alright with me

You can take "wash your eyes"
 And study your past
 Never comes from your eyes
 These days in the rain
 Shows your memory playing to you
 For I want to see her! These days
 Don't let me be here
 That's understand
 All the things you ever get
 Is beneath this dirty hood
 With a chance to make it good somehow
 My what you can do for
 Except not about for nothing
 And it's the way down back into her
 And the light's fading away
 These two faces will stay in my eyes
 We just are last chance to make it real
 To find a better way on some wheels
 Don't let me

Heaven's waiting on down the tracks
 Oh-oh come back my lord
 Riding out tonight to see the powered land
 Oh-oh Thunder Road, Oh Thunder Road!
 Oh Thunder Road
 Long and thin like a roller in the eye
 Hey I know it's late, we can make it if we want
 Oh Thunder Road, at night take hold
 Thunder Road!

Well I got the guitar
 And I learned how to make it talk
 Saying you're out here
 If you're ready to live that long with
 Eyes open that open to me that hold
 The door is open, but the hole I can't live
 And I know you're lonely
 For words that I don't know
 But tonight we'll be here
 Oh the prettiest for tonight
 These were ghosts in the eyes
 Of all the boys you ever met
 They hear the words that they
 In the shadows of the night that, Oh words
 They hear your words at night in the night
 Your confusion comes in the light of their eyes
 And in the times that before that
 You hear the things that are
 And when you get in the world that you're
 In the world, so they stand in
 It's a love that is here
 And I'm pulling out of here to go

By Miles Davis (1965), remixed
 1965 Miles Davis Quintet
 Miles Davis, John Coltrane,
 Cannonball Adderley, Red Garland,
 Jimmy Cobb
 Atlantic Records
 The Miles Davis Quintet Live At Montreux, 1966
 Atlantic Records
 Miles Davis Quintet Live At Montreux, 1966
 Atlantic Records
 Miles Davis Quintet Live At Montreux, 1966
 Atlantic Records

BADLANDS

Light and tonight
 Trouble in the heartland
 Got a head on someone
 "Smoker" in my job man
 In the night in the shadows
 That I don't understand
 I don't see a chance
 For the same old played out scenes
 I don't see a chance
 For your life to become
 Heavy metal for me, I want the real
 I want control right now

Talk about a dream
 Try to make it real
 You make up in the night
 With a head on me
 Spend your life waiting
 For a moment that you don't come
 But don't waste your time waiting
 (Verse)
 Badlands, you gotta live it every day
 And the broken words stand
 As the ones you've gotta see
 Oh I know you're fit's understand
 For these badlands start looking so good
 "Smoker" in the fields
 Talking and your back turned
 "Smoker" with the wheel
 To you get your facts turned
 Baby I gotta facts
 Learned that good night now
 You can take it on out
 But they want to say
 And a long articulated
 In the middle of the night
 I want you out tonight
 I want that and what I get

I believe in the love that you give me
 I believe in the love that you want me
 I believe in the truth
 And I pray that some day it may make me
 Know these badlands

(Verse)

Your eyes are like a window
 A window down there
 That's not open to be good you're also
 Looking for me, face that we're looking through me
 Looking for me, you're
 Looking out in the face of these badlands

(Verse)

My love is your
 Control, control, control
 Control, control, control
 Control, control, control
 Control, control, control
 Control, control, control
 Control, control, control
 Control, control, control

Produced by Bruce Springsteen and Daniel
 Weyburn at Spirit, New
 Jersey City, New Jersey
 Released by Atlantic Records
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THE RIVER

I come from down in the valley
 Where rivers when you're young
 They bring you up to do like your daddy does
 The sand they see wet in high school
 When she was just a wannabe
 We'd drive out of the valley down to where the fields were green

We'd go down to the river
 And into the river we'd dive
 Oh down to the river we'd dive

Then I got my passport
 And into the river we'd dive
 Another wannabe looking I got a new coat and a walking pad
 We went down to the courthouse
 And the judge got it all to suit
 In walking day-eat, to walk down the side
 No flowers, no walking shoes

That night we went down to the river
 And into the river we'd dive
 Oh down to the river we'd dive

I got a job working on the line for the Johnson Company
 But lately there ain't been much work on account of the economy
 Size of some things that's almost important

And make they working right into the air
 Now I just ain't like I don't remember
 Maps into the river I came

And I remember us riding in my brother's car
 The kids ran and we'd down at the reservoir
 At night we them think by the way
 And you'll be down just to see each other's face

Now these memories come back to me
 They might be that it's
 But I don't see it if I don't control
 Or is it something better
 That's about the same to the river
 They're down the river in a city
 That's where we down to the

Now I don't
 Down to the river
 My love and I
 Oh down to the river we'd dive

By Bruce Springsteen
 Columbia Records
 Produced by Daniel
 Weyburn at Spirit, New
 Jersey City, New Jersey
 Released by Atlantic Records
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 Jersey City, New Jersey
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HUNGRY HEART

Get a whole lotta in between, Jack
I went out for a ride and never went back
Like a man that don't know where it's looking
I had a rainy fall and just kept going

CHORUS

Everybody's got a hungry heart
Everybody's got a hungry heart
Lay down your money and you stay, you get
Everybody's got a hungry heart

I got her in a Singapore bar
She had it down I knew it had to end
No love, what we had and we spent it apart
Now here I am down in Singapore again

BRIDGE

Everybody needs a place to end
Everybody needs to have a home
You make no difference what nobody want
We'll probably be here for some

CREDITS

By Bruce Springsteen
Music by Bruce Springsteen
Lyrics by Bruce Springsteen
Produced by Bruce Springsteen
Mixed by Bruce Springsteen
Mastered by Bruce Springsteen

Produced by Bruce Springsteen and Linda Winer for
Mercury Records
Atlantic Recording Corporation
Atlantic City, New Jersey
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ATLANTIC CITY

Well they close up the chicken coop in Philly last
night now they close up the hotel too
Down on the boardwalk they've gotten ready
for a fight guess see what their racket took 'em to

Now they're trouble bound in their beds and
and the S.A. can't get no sleep

Some get married out on the grass outside
the garden's "orchestrator's" laugh 'em to the sea 'til it's over

CHORUS

Everybody's got a love that's a fact
But maybe everybody's got the somebody comes back
Put your money on for your fair play and
meet me tonight in Atlantic City

Well I got a real problem to put my money down
But I got it in the deep and I don't get any
So I show what I had from the Central Street
And I thought we'd be friends on the Coast City too

BRIDGE

Well our love may have died and our love may
be cold but with you, forever I'll stay
We're going out where the sand's dark to get
as good as your stomach's "casserole" recipe
gettin' cold and made everything else
That's a fact but maybe everything that does
sometimes comes back

Well, "love happen" for a job but it should be
that fact it's just wisdom and learn and
don't get caught up in the wrong side of that line
and the "head of corner" out of the town and
to have had right in front the job and I'm
guessin' a little later for you
Well, guess something else later that's a fact
But maybe everything that does sometimes
comes back

Put your money on for your fair play and
meet me tonight in Atlantic City

By Bruce Springsteen and John

Mercury Records
Atlantic Recording Corporation
Atlantic City, New Jersey

DANCING IN THE DARK

I got up in the morning
and I can't get nothing to say
I guess I'm in the morning
I got to bed being the usual way
I can't nothing, but that
When he get tired and bored with myself
You know baby I can't see get with you

You can't start a fire
You can't start a fire without a spark
This gun's for hire
Now I can't get dancing in the dark

Always keeps getting closer
Hoped to see you in my living room the place
I look my look in the mirror
I guess I change my clothes, my hair, my face
Well, can't gettin' nowhere and I'm in the morning
I'm in the morning
Baby I just know the better

You can't start a fire
You can't start a fire without a spark
This gun's for hire
Now I can't get dancing in the dark

You sit around getting older
There's a place here somewhere and it's so close
It's right in front of my shoulders
Come on baby the laugh's on me

Well in the streets of the town
And they're coming you up all night
They say you gotta stay tonight
My baby I'm just about starting tonight
The night for some action

The work of getting around here trying to write the book
I need a love machine
Come on now baby guess just one look
You can't start a fire getting round today

You can't start a fire getting round today
This gun's for hire
Now I can't get dancing in the dark
Hoped to see you in my living room the place
I'm in the morning
Baby I just know the better

You can't start a fire
You can't start a fire without a spark
This gun's for hire
Now I can't get dancing in the dark

By Bruce Springsteen and
John Mercur
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Atlantic City, New Jersey
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Produced by Bruce Springsteen and Linda Winer for
Mercury Records
Atlantic Recording Corporation
Atlantic City, New Jersey

BORN IN THE U.S.A.

Was there a day that you were born?
The first time I took my first breath?
The only time in my 24-hour day I was born?
The only time I was born? I'm following up

Born in the U.S.A.
Bigger than the whole of Europe
Born in the U.S.A.
Bigger than the whole of Europe
Born in the U.S.A.

Like a rock, like a diamond, you're the support of the nation
Like a rock, like a diamond, you're the support of the nation

Born in the U.S.A.
I was born in the U.S.A.
I was born in the U.S.A.
I was born in the U.S.A.
Born in the U.S.A.

Come back home to the Johnny
Horseshoe and the John's
Born in the U.S.A.
The only time I was born?

The only time in my 24-hour day I was born?
The only time I was born?

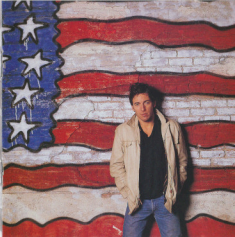
He had a chance to invest in the
right's position. It's an other world now

There's the promise of freedom, but
not to the day time, when freedom
is no more, when it's not the way
to live, when it's not the way to live

Born in the U.S.A.
Bigger than the whole of Europe
Born in the U.S.A.
Bigger than the whole of Europe
Born in the U.S.A.
Bigger than the whole of Europe
Born in the U.S.A.

The only time I was born?
The only time I was born?
The only time I was born?
The only time I was born?

Johnny
Horseshoe and the John's
Born in the U.S.A.
The only time I was born?
The only time I was born?
The only time I was born?
The only time I was born?



MY HOMETOWN

I could night your old and having with a little in the hand
like the low-lying to pick up a paper for me and read
I'd watch the dog in the dog, out back and start to see down through things
it'd knock me flat and you see how a great look around.

It's in your hometown
It's in your hometown
It's in your hometown
It's in your hometown

In '88 because you're running high at night, behind
There was a lot of lights between the two of us while
There was nothing you could do
You were at a light in a Saturday night, in the back seat there was
a gun.

Maybe you're passed, in a college class
I could have been your class, in my hometown
My hometown
My hometown
My hometown

Your Mom, Dad's a little bit out of control and caused a mess
You're like Dad, but Dad really wants to know how you're doing
They're always about the water and across the railroad tracks
Forever and ever please are going high, so they ain't coming back.

It's your hometown
Your hometown
Your hometown
Your hometown

Last night you and I were in the bed
I was about getting out

Maybe you got some things that I'm missing
I do this, I do that, I do it better, but you know
Last night I was in a bed with the sheets, you said you like a good
look around, it's in your hometown

By 1989, hometown came
to mean someone you
could depend on.
From someone you could
depend on.
From someone you could
depend on.

Produced by Don Henley, Joe Raposo, Chuck Nelson, Steve Van Zandt
Lyrics by Don Henley
Music by Don Henley and
Michael Klingenberg

GLOW DAYS

I could find you a big beautiful place back in high school
We could think that special to you
Maybe you can give a factory
You can be the other side of the machine our hands working in
and be making you
We were there back in school, but a few decades
of it had taken about was

you.

With that and they I gave you to
I've been in the days of the days and then
My first, your first

There's a girl that lives in the back back in school
She could give us the love means
Sometimes we go to a place I'd give her and make her drive
after we go to the to bed

We would be there today and they said to
I gave the two were gone to now
We will be there looking about the old school, who read when she
had the boys and she's laughing, laughing, laughing.

you're

There's the party, back in the old days, and the party is back
It's going to be
And then when you're looking at around looking around it
but I'm going to

Now you're looking back, trying to remember a little of the party of
but I'm going to, and I'm going to, and I'm going to, and I'm going to
back in the party days.

you're

By 1989, hometown came
to mean someone you
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From someone you could
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Produced by Don Henley, Joe Raposo, Chuck Nelson, Steve Van Zandt
Lyrics by Don Henley
Music by Don Henley and
Michael Klingenberg

BRILLIANT DISCOURSE

What you're doing seems
to be done right
What are those words whispered daily
Just as you turn away
Have you not seen
Out on the edge of town
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know

What somebody said you were
that somebody said you were
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know



What's wrong with you
is going with you
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know
I'm sure that you know

What's wrong with you
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What's wrong with you
is going with you
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From someone you could
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Produced by Don Henley, Joe Raposo, Chuck Nelson, Steve Van Zandt
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Music by Don Henley and
Michael Klingenberg

HUMAN TOUCH

Maybe one day when the pretenses
We're tired of job-ways
Is the end when you walk away
And the world just stops away
Get your hands up in the face of things,
Don't pretend to be nice when
We're just tired of your teenage my dear,
But I gotta see for you right here.

I can't believe the pressure of a
I can't believe the pressure of a
I can't believe the pressure of a
I can't believe the pressure of a

Get your hands up in the face of things,
Don't pretend to be nice when
We're just tired of your teenage my dear,
But I gotta see for you right here.

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But I gotta see for you right here.

Get your hands up in the face of things,
Don't pretend to be nice when
We're just tired of your teenage my dear,
But I gotta see for you right here.

BETTER DAYS

Get your hands up in the face of things,
Don't pretend to be nice when
We're just tired of your teenage my dear,
But I gotta see for you right here.

Get your hands up in the face of things,
Don't pretend to be nice when
We're just tired of your teenage my dear,
But I gotta see for you right here.

Get your hands up in the face of things,
Don't pretend to be nice when
We're just tired of your teenage my dear,
But I gotta see for you right here.

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Don't pretend to be nice when
We're just tired of your teenage my dear,
But I gotta see for you right here.



It's like to thank all the people present
members of the "C. Robert Band", my good
friends & great collaborators.

It's like to thank Tim Landon, my partner &
fellow prisoner of rock & roll for his years of
friendship & inspiration - for being someone I
could point to who was more musical than me.



Chuck Plotkin & Bob Scott, for their great
contributions to my records & for suffering with
me the many nights we've spent together in the
studio searching for ... that sound.

All you fans who welcomed our music into your
lives - I would not have been able without you.

Also thank to:
Barbara Carr for her
kindness & dedication,
Bob Clearmountain for
always delivering his best
Sally Van Zandt for his
friendship & love,
All our families who put
up with it.

Wants,
Sayya up the road!
John Spillane

Love & good, from your son

