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PRODUCED BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND CLUCK FLEMMING  
RECORDED AND MIXED BY TOSY SCOTT

# bruce springsteen

## the ghost of tom joad





the highway

## The ghost of Tom Joad

Men walkin' long the railroad tracks  
Goin' anywhere there's no goin' back  
Highway patrol choppers zoom 'up over the ridge

Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge  
Shelter like strabobin' 'round the corner  
Welcome to the new world order  
Families sleepin' in their cars in the Southwest  
No farms no job no peace no rest

The highway is alive tonight  
But nobody's talkin' nobody about where it goes  
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light  
Searchin' for the ghost of Tom Joad

He gets a groovy look out of his sleeping bag  
Preacher lights up a fat and takes a drag  
Water for when the last ahead be fire and the first  
shall be last

In a well-lit box 'neath the overpass  
Got a one-way ticket to the promised land  
You get a hole in your belly and gun in your hand  
Sleeping on a pillow of solid rock  
Barkin' in the city apartment

The highway is alive tonight  
Where it's headed everybody knows  
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light  
Watchin' on the ghost of Tom Joad

Now Tom said "Wow, wherever there's a cop  
'sassin' a guy  
Wherever a hunger, wherever helpin' girls  
Where there's a fight 'gainst the good and honest  
in the air  
Look for me when I'm back  
Wherever there's somebody fightin' for a year  
in a land  
Of decent job or a helper hand  
Wherever somebody's strugglin' to be free  
Look in their eyes when you see me."

Well the highway is alive tonight  
But nobody's talkin' nobody about where it goes  
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light  
Watchin' the ghost of old Tom Joad

Gary Finkel: keyboard  
Gary Holman: drums  
Henry Lewis: guitar, mandolin  
Steve Springsteen: vocal, guitar, harmonica  
Gary Tallent: bass

## Straight time

Got out of prison back in '88 and I found a wife  
Walked the clean and narrow  
Just tryin' to stay out and stay alive  
Got a job at the rendering plant, it ain't gonna  
make me rich

In the darkness before dawn comes  
Sometimes I can feel the touch  
I got a cold mind to go trippin' 'cross that thin line  
I'm sick of doin' straight time

My uncle's at the messin' table, makes his thing  
runnin' hot cars  
Slaps me a hundred dollar bill says  
"Charlie you best remember who your friends  
are."

Got a cold mind to go trippin' 'cross that thin line  
I ain't makin' straight time

Eight years in it feels like you're gonna die  
But you just need to surviving  
Lamin' or lamin' it, just forgotten your life  
A whole year in the evening session by nine o'clock  
high

Man's standin' but she's watchin' me out of the  
corner of her eye  
Seems you can't get any more than half free  
I step out onto the front porch and suck the cold  
air deep inside of me

Got a cold mind to go trippin' 'cross that thin line  
I'm sick of doin' straight time

is alive tonight

In the basement front' gun and a backhoe  
Sip a beer and thirteen inches of beard drop to the floor

Come home in the evening, run I get the smell  
from my hands

Lay my head down on the pillow  
And go driftin' off into foreign lands

Steve Hopkins keyboard  
Don Harmon bass  
Gary Walker drums, percussion  
Mark Miller additional guitar  
Bruce Springsteen vocal guitar  
Steven Seidman violin

## highway 25

Felliped on her shoe, she was a perfect size  
seven

I said "There's no sweater in the store around."  
She crossed her legs and then

We made some small talk that's where it should  
have stopped

She slipped me her number, I put it in my pocket  
My hand slipped up her skirt, everything slipped  
up mine

In that little roadside  
On Highway 25

It was a small town bank if was a mess  
that I had a gun you know the rest

Money on the floorboards, shirt was covered in  
blood

And she was cryin', her a'nd the way headed south  
On Highway 25

In a little town from the air was hot and glass  
filled the street on the desert didn't afford

I came in the morning, wrapped my back on the wire  
We headed west on State Route 25, those the  
border line

The winter sun shot through the black trees  
I told myself it was all something in her

But as we drove I knew it was something in me

Something third been comin' for a long long time  
And something that was here with me now  
On Highway 25

The road was filled with broken glass and gasoline  
She wasn't cryin' nothin', it was just a dream

The wind came silent through the windshield  
All I could see was snow, sky and pine

I closed my eyes and I was remote  
I was numb' then I was flyin'

Bruce Springsteen vocal guitar keyboard

## Youngstown

Here in northern Ohio

Back in eighteen-a-three

James and Don Houston

Found the ore that was sold "Yellow Creek"

They built a steel furnace

Here along the shore

And they made the cannonballs

That helped the Union win the war

Here in Youngstown

Here in Youngstown

My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down

Here starlin' in Youngstown

Well my daddy worked the furnaces

Kept 'em hotter than hell

I come home from 'Nam worked my way to aclear

A job doing out the grill at work

Terrific coke and limestone

Had my first kiss and made my guy

Them cannonballs, couldn't stop the arms of God

into a beautiful sky of snow and 'Navy

Here in Youngstown

Here in Youngstown

My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down

Here starlin' in Youngstown

Well my daddy come on the Ohio works

When he come home from World War Two

Now the yard's just scrap and rubble  
He said "Them big boys did what other couldn't  
do."

These mills they built the tanks and bombs  
That won this country's wars  
He said you come to Korea and Vietnam  
Now we're wonderin' what they were fightin' for

Here in Youngstown

Here in Youngstown

My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down

Here starlin' in Youngstown

From the Monongahela valley

To the Mesabi iron range

To the coal mines of Appalachia

The story's always the same

Seven hundred tons of metal a day

How air you tell me the world's changed

Oh, I made you rich enough

Rich enough to forget my name

And Youngstown

And Youngstown

My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down

Here starlin' in Youngstown

When I die I don't want no part of heaven

I would not do heaven's work well

I pray the devil comes and takes me

To stand in the fiery furnaces of hell

Don Harmon bass

Gary Walker drums, percussion

Mark Miller additional guitar

Bruce Springsteen vocal guitar

Steve Seidman violin

Steven Seidman violin

## Billie Joe's Cowboy

Billie Joe came from a small town in northern Ohio

He came north with his brother Louis to California

Three years ago

They crossed at the river where Louis was

just sixteen

And found work together in the fields of the  
San Joaquin

They left their families and family  
Their father said "My sons are thing you will learn  
For everything the north gives it wants a price in  
return"

They worked side by side in the orchards

From morning till the day was through

Doing the work the farmer wouldn't do

Word was out some men in from Dinuba were

looking for some hands

Well deep in Fresno county there was a deserted

chicken ranch

There in a small tin shack on the edge of a ravine

Billie and Louis stood cooking methamphetamine

You could spend a year in the orchards

Or make half as much in one ten-hour shift

Working for the men from Dinuba

But if you slipped the hydrocortisone

Could burn right through your skin

They'd leave you again up blood in the desert

if you breathed those fumes in

It was early one winter evening so Billie stood

watch outside

When the shack exploded lighting up the valley

right

Billie carried Louis' body over his shoulder down

a road

To the creekside and threw in the tall grass I said

Billie died

Billie and Louis' body into his truck and drove to

the

California the morning sunlight fell on a waterpump

gone

I'm in the car to dig up ten thousand dollars

all that they'll never!

Kept his brother's lips and placed him in his

grave

Bruce Springsteen vocal guitar keyboard

## The Lion

I got my discharge from Fort Irwin  
Took a place on the San Diego county line  
Felt funny being a civilian again  
It'd been some time  
My wife had died a year ago  
I was still tryin' to find my way back whole  
Went to work for the INS on the line  
With the California border patrol

Bobby Ramirez was a ten-year veteran  
He became friends  
His family was from Guanajuato  
So the job it was different for him  
He said "They risk death in the deserts and  
mountains  
Pay all they get to the smugglers rings  
We send 'em home and they come right back  
again  
Can't hunger is a powerful thing."

and I was good at what I was told  
Kept my uniform pressed and clean  
At night I chased their shadows  
Through the arroyos and ravines  
Drug runners coming with their families  
Young women with little children by their sides  
Some night we'll walk out in the canyon  
And try to keep 'em from crossin' the line

Met the first time that I knew her  
She was in the hotelin' pen  
Our eyes met and she looked away  
Then she looked back again  
Her hair was black as coal  
Her eyes reminded me of water I'd lost  
She had a young child born in her arms  
I asked "Before in there any thing like us?"

There's a bar in Tijuana  
Where me and Bobby drink alongside  
The same people we'd sent back the day before  
She said her name was Louisa  
She was from Sonora and had just come north

We danced and I held her in my arms  
And I knew what I would do  
She said she had some family in Mexico county  
If she her child and younger brother could just  
get through

At night they come across the fence  
In the searchlight's steady glow  
We'd rush 'em in our Bronco  
Fence 'em back down into the river below  
She climbed into my truck  
She leaned toward me and we kissed  
As we drove her brother's shirt slipped open  
And I saw the tape across his chest

We were just about on the highway  
When Bobby's legs come up in the dust on my  
right  
I pulled over and let my engine run  
And stepped out into the night  
I felt myself move  
My gun reachin' toward my hand  
The mood there static at each other  
As if through the arroyo she ran

Bobby Ramirez he never said nothin'  
Six months later I left the line  
I drifted to the central valley  
And took what work that I could find  
At night I searched the local bars  
And the migrant towns  
Lookin' for my Louisa  
With the black hair that'd come

from the border and the border

## Ballena Park

My leg the night underneath the freeway  
At the evening sky grew dark  
Took a snif of cocaine from his coke can  
And headed through Ballena Park  
Where the men in their Mercedes  
Come nightly to employ  
In the cool San Diego evening  
The services of the border boys

He grew up near the Zona Norte  
With the teachers and smugglers he hung out with  
He swallowed their balloons of cocaine  
Brought 'em across to the Twelfth Street strip  
Sleeping in a shelter  
If the night got too cold  
Ramen' from the migra  
Of the border patrol

Fast the salvage yard 'cross the main tracks  
And in through the storm drains  
They stretched their blankets out 'neath the  
freeway

And each one took a name  
There was A-man and Cochise  
Little Spider his sneakers covered in clear mud  
They came north to California  
End up with the poison in their blood

He did what he had to for the money  
Sometimes he went home what he should spare  
The real want to high-top sneakers and tennis  
And jeans like the generation war

One night the border patrol swept Twelfth Street  
A big car come fast down the boulevard  
Spider about caught in the headlights  
Got hit and went down hard  
As the car sped away Spider held his stomach  
Limped to his shelter 'neath the underpass  
Lay there tasting his own blood on his tongue  
Spent his eyes and listened to the cars  
Watch 'em adjust

How the hell was he ever gonna work?

## Dry Lightning

I threw my rifle over the morning  
Watched the dog on the stove burn red  
Droved hydrocodone into a cup of coffee  
Pulled on my boots and made the bed  
Screen door banged off its hinges  
Kept hunger me awake at night  
As I look out the window  
The only thing in sight

Is dry lightning on the horizon line  
Just dry lightning and you on my mind

I chased the heat of her blood  
Like it was the holy grail  
Desecrated beautiful spirit  
Into the evening pain  
Her apparition's  
Kicker in the coral smelting rain  
There's a low thunder rolling  
'Cross the mesquite plain  
But there's just dry lightning on the horizon line  
It's just dry lightning and you on my mind

I'd drive down to Alvarado Street  
Where she'd always to make ends meet  
I'd spend the night over my gin  
As she'd talk to her men

Met the glass yellow sun  
Comes bringin' up the day  
She said "Ain't nobody can give nobody  
What they really need anyway."

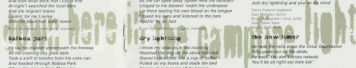
Well you get so sick of the fighter  
You lose your fear of the end  
But I can't lose your memory  
And the sweet smell of your skin  
And it's just dry lightning on the horizon line  
Just dry lightning and you on my mind

Henry Rodriguez composed  
Dino Malagon wrote  
Frank Rodriguez vocal guitar  
Carmelita Lopez  
Carmelita Lopez

## Don't Drive Home

My head the walls under the Great Depression  
Felt years but not the state  
He said "You ain't gonna nobody  
You'll be all right out here kid"

Left my family in Pennsylvania  
Searchin' for work I hit the road  
I met Frank in East Texas





In a freight yard blown through with snow  
From New Mexico to Colorado  
California to the sea  
Frank he showed me the ropes er  
Just till I could get back on my feet

I hood sugar beets outside of Firebaugh  
I packed the potatoes from the Wrayville trees  
They loaded us in a barn just like animals  
My and a hundred others just like me

We split up some the springtime  
I never seen Frank again  
'Till one rainy night he blew by me on a grader  
Showed my name and disappeared in the rain and  
wind

They found him shot dead outside of Stockton  
His body left on a muddy hill  
Nether taken neither stolen  
Somebody after just to kill

Late that summer I was riding through the plains  
of Texas  
A vision passed before my eyes  
A small horse with trackside  
With the glow of the evening's beautiful light  
A woman stood cooking in the kitchen  
And sat at a table with his old man  
Now I wonder where my son miss my  
Dad he wonder where I am

Tonight I pick my cigarette carefully  
Outside the Sacramento yard  
Gather some wood and light a fire  
In the early winter days

Went driving and I put my coat around the  
Heat some coffee and stare out into the black  
night  
I try pecks I to pecks er  
With my machine by my side

My Jesus your gracious love and mercy  
Tonight I'm sorry could not fill my heart  
Like one good mile  
And the name of who I ought to kill

When Sacramento road goes

### across the border

Tonight my bag is packed  
Tomorrow I'll walk these tracks  
That will lead me across the border

Tomorrow my love and I  
Will sleep in each others arms  
Somewhere across the border

We'll leave behind my dear  
The pain and sadness we found here  
And we'll drink from the river's muddy water

Where the sky grows gray and wide  
We'll swim on the other side  
There grows the cotton

Plains of Death's a word  
High upon a grassy hill  
Somewhere across the border

Where rain and memory  
Falls and memory falls dead  
There across the border

And sweet blossoms fill the air  
Features of gold and green

Roll down into cool clear waters  
And in your arms reach open gates  
I'll kiss the sorrow from your eyes  
There across the border

Tonight we'll sing the songs  
I'll dream of you my constant  
And tomorrow my heart will be wrong

And may the saints blessing and grace  
Carry me safely into your arms  
There across the border

For what are we  
Without hope in our hearts  
That someday we'll drink from God's blessed  
waters

And eat the fruit from the vine  
I know love and sorrow will be mine  
Somewhere across the border

Justin Cantrell was  
Darryl Fekken's keyboard accordion  
Lisa Lovell's backing vocal  
Chris Maloney's drums  
Mary Anne's guitar that guitar  
Pat Wolfe's backing vocal  
Brian Springfield's vocal guitar harmonies  
Steve Lyon's vocal backing vocal

### galveston bay

For fifteen years in the dust  
Fought side by side with the Lord's love  
In the mountains and delta of Vietnam  
in '70 Saigon fell and he left his girlfriend  
And brought his family to the promised land

Seabrook, Texas and the great plains in the Gulf  
of Mexico  
I was able country and reminded him of home  
He worked as a machinist, put his money away  
And bought a fishing boat with his cousin  
And together they harvested Galveston Bay

# SEARCHING FOR

In the moonlight 'fore the sun come up  
He'd kiss his sleeping daughter  
Steer out through the channel  
And cast his nets into the water

Billy Butler fought with Charlie Company  
In the highlands of Quang Tri  
He was wounded in the battle of Chu Lai  
Shipped home in '69

There he married and worked the gulf fishing  
grounds

In a boat that'd been his father's  
In the morning he'd kiss his sleeping son  
And cast his nets into the water

Billy sat in front of his TV as the South fell  
And the communists rolled into Saigon  
He and his friends watched as the refugees came  
Lined up on the same streets and worked the coast  
They'd grow up on  
Scam in the bars around the harbor, see the  
G.I. America for Americans  
Someone said "You want 'em bad, you got to earn  
'em out."  
And brought in the Texas Klan

One found Texas right there with three children  
on the harbor

Come to burn the Vietnamese boats into the sea  
In the fire's light shots rang out  
Two found a boy dead on the ground  
Laid dead with a pistol in his hand

A jury acquitted him in self-defense  
As before the judge he did stand  
But as he walked down the courthouse steps  
Billy said "My friend you're a dead man."

One late summer night he stood watch along the  
waterfront

Billy stood in the shadows  
By a car with his hand  
And the moon slipped behind the clouds  
Laid a cigarette, the boy was still as glass

As he walked by Billy stuck his knife into his pocket  
Took a breath and let him pass

In the early darkness Billy rose up  
Went into the kitchen for a drink of water  
Kissed his sleeping wife  
Headed into the channel  
And cast his nets into the water  
Of Galveston Bay

Bruce Springsteen, road, guitar, keyboard

## my heart was never good enough

"Every cloud has a silver lining, every dog has his  
day."

She said "Now don't say nothin'"

If you don't have something nice to say  
The dog's gonna get going when he goes  
- gets tough."

But for you my heart was never good enough

"Man don't try for a better job baby,  
If you can get the job done with a fat  
Remember a gutter never wins  
And a winner never quits  
The sun don't shine on a street any more"  
And all the rest of that shit  
But for you my heart was never good enough

"If God gives you nothin' but trouble then you  
make some trouble"

The early bird catches the fuckin' worm, Rome  
wasn't built in a day

Now life's like a box of chocolates  
You never know what you're going to get  
Stupid is as stupid does" and all the rest of that  
shit

Come on pretty baby call my bluff  
'Cause for you my heart was never good enough

Bruce Springsteen, road, guitar, keyboard

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Love to Phil, Frank, Anne & Sam

My love, she makes heaven with  
every breath she takes. Love, love, love

