



HIGH HOPES

BY TIM SCOTT MCCONNELL

Monday mornin' runs to Sunday night
Screamin' slow me down before
the new year dies
It won't take much to kill a lovin' smile
And every mother with a baby cryin'
in her arms, singin'
Give me help, give me strength
Give a soul a night of fearless sleep
Give me love, give me peace
Don't you know these days
you pay for everything
Got high hopes, I got high hopes

Comin' from the cities, comin' from the wild
I see a breathless army breakin' like a cloud
They're gonna smother love,
they're gonna shoot your hopes
Before the meek inherit they'll
learn to hate themselves
Singin', give me help, give me strength
Give a soul a night of fearless sleep
Give me love, give me peace
Don't you know these days
you pay for everything
Got high hopes, I got high hopes

Give me help, give me strength
Ah, give a soul a night of fearless sleep
Give me love, give me peace

Don't you know these days you pay for everything
Got high hopes, I got high hopes

So tell me someone, now, what's the price
I wanna buy some time and maybe live my life
I wanna have a wife, I wanna have some kids
I wanna look in their eyes and know
they stand a chance

Give me help, give me strength
Give a soul a night of fearless sleep
Give me love, give me peace
Don't you know these days you pay for everything
Got high hopes, got high hopes, I got high hopes,
got high hopes

PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCAL, GUITAR, VIBRAPHONE,
PERCUSSION

ROY BITTAN - PIANO
NILS LOFGREN - GUITAR
PATTI SCIALFA - BACKING VOCALS
GARRY TALLENT - BASS
MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

TOM MORELLO - GUITAR
CHARLIE GIORDANO - ACCORDION
SOOZIE TYRELL - BACKING VOCALS
RON ANIELLO - DRUM LOOP

EVERETT BRADLEY - PERCUSSION, BACKING VOCALS /
BARRY DANIELIAN, CLARK GAYTON, STAN HARRISON, ED
MANION, CURT RAMM - HORNS / CURTIS KING, CINDY
MIZELLE, MICHELLE MOORE - BACKING VOCALS



HARRY'S PLACE

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Downtown hipsters drinkin' up the drug line
I'm down in the kitchen working in the coal mine
Got a special sin mister you can't quite confess
Messy little problem maybe baby need a new dress
Razorback diamond you shine too hard
Need a hammer help you handle little
trouble in your backyard
Bring it on down to Harry's Place

When Harry speaks it's Harry's streets
In Harry's house it's Harry's rules
You don't want to be around brother when Harry schools
It's Harry's car, Harry's wife, Harry's dogs run Harry's town,
Your blood and money spit shines Harry's crown
You don't fuck with Harry's money you
Don't fuck Harry's girls these are the rules, this is the world
When you bring it on down to Harry's Place
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)

Need a little shot of somethin' to improve your health,
A taste of that one little weakness you allow yourself,
You're looking for the key to that box you locked yourself in
Just step up to the line and be one of Harry's friends

Shithole on the corner, no light, no sign
Nobody on the street 'cept the deaf dumb and blind
Mayor Conner's on the couch
Father McGowan's at the bar
Chief Horton's at the door checkin' who the fuck you are
Seesaw Bobby dressed in drag and Mr. Nice
Carry me into the back room and dim the lights,
My arms strapped to the table, a thousand angels
spinnin' up the room
A voice whispers in my ear "We do what we must do."
When we bring it on down to Harry's Place
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)

Nobody knows his number nobody knows his name
If he didn't exist it'd all go on just the same...

PRODUCED BY: BRENDAN O'BRIEN

MUSICIANS:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCAL, GUITAR

ROY BITTAN - PIANO

CLARENCE CLEMONS - TENOR SAXOPHONE

NILS LOFGREN - GUITAR

GARRY TALLENT - BASS

MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

TOM MORELLO - GUITAR

ATLANTA STRINGS: ED HORST - STRING ARRANGEMENT & CONDUCTOR; JUSTIN BRUNS, JAY CHRISTY, SHEELA IYENGAR, JOHN MEISNER, CHRISTOPHER PULGRAM, WILLIAM PU, OLGA SHPITKO, KENN WAGNER - VIOLINS; AMY CHANG, TANIA MAXWELL, LACHLAN MCBANE - VIOLAS; KAREN FREER, CHARAE KRUEGER, DANIEL LAUFER - CELLI

AMERICAN SKIN (41 SHOTS)

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

41 shots and we'll take that ride, cross this bloody river to the other side
41 shots cut through the night
You're kneeling over his body in the vestibule, praying for his life

Is it a gun, is it a knife, is it a wallet, this is your life
It ain't no secret, it ain't no secret, no secret my friend
You can get killed just for living in your American Skin

41 shots Liana gets her son ready for school
She says "On these streets Charles, you've got to understand the rules.
If an officer stops you, promise me you'll always be polite
That you'll never ever run away,
promise Momma you'll keep your hands in sight."

Is it a gun, is it a knife, is it a wallet, this is your life
It ain't no secret, it ain't no secret, no secret my friend
You can get killed just for living in your American Skin

Is it a gun is it a knife
Is it in your heart is it in your eyes
It ain't no secret, it ain't no secret, it ain't no secret

41 shots and we'll take that ride, cross this bloody river to the other side
41 shots got my boots caked with this mud
We're baptized in these waters and in each other's blood

Is it a gun, is it a knife, is it a wallet, this is your life
It ain't no secret, it ain't no secret, no secret my friend
You can get killed just for living in, (you) can get killed just for living in
You can get killed just for living in, your American Skin

PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCAL, GUITAR, PERCUSSION

ROY BITTAN - PIANO

NILS LOFGREN - BACKING VOCALS

PATTI SCIALFA - BACKING VOCALS

STEVIE VAN ZANDT - GUITAR, BACKING VOCALS

MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

TOM MORELLO - LEAD GUITAR, BACKING VOCALS

SOOZIE TYRELL - BACKING VOCALS

CHARLIE GIORDANO - ORGAN

RON ANIELLO - BASS, SYNTHS, GUITAR, DRUM LOOP,

PERCUSSION, ORGAN, VIBRAPHONE

CURTIS KING, CINDY MIZELLE - BACKING VOCALS

JAKE CLEMONS - TENOR SAX SOLO / BARRY DANIELIAN,

CLARK GAYTON, STAN HARRISON, ED MANION, CURT

RAMM - HORNS / SCOTT TIBBS - HORN ORCHESTRATION

JUST LIKE FIRE WOULD

BY CHRIS J. BAILEY

One night in a motel room
Eyes cast like steel
I drank the wine that they left on my table
I knew the morning was too far

I smoked my last cigarette
I stay only to defy
The night was dark & the land was cold
It's frozen right to the bone

Just like fire would, I burn up
Just like fire would
Just like fire would, I burn up

500 miles I have gone today
Tomorrow's 500 more
Outside my window
the world passes by, it's
Stranger than my dreams

Just like fire would, I burn
Just like fire would
Just like fire would, I burn up

I go to work & I earn my pay, Lord
The sweat it falls to the ground
I see you now but we may
never meet again child
The ice is hanging on the door

One night in a motel room
Eyes cast like steel
I drank the wine that they left on my table
I knew the morning was too far

Just like fire would, I burn up
Just like fire would
Just like fire would, I burn up

Just like fire would, I burn
Just like fire would
Just like fire would, I burn up

PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCAL, GUITAR

ROY BITTAN - PIANO

NILS LOFGREN - GUITAR

GARRY TALLENT - BASS

MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

STEVIE VAN ZANDT - BACKING VOCALS

PATTI SCIALFA - BACKING VOCALS

TOM MORELLO - GUITAR

CHARLIE GIORDANO - ORGAN

RON ANIELLO - 12 STRING GUITAR

EVERETT BRADLEY - PERCUSSION, BACKING VOCALS / JAKE CLEM-
ONS, BARRY DANIELIAN, CLARK GAYTON, ED MANION, CURT RAMM
- HORNS / JEFF KIEVIT - PICCOLO TRUMPET / CURTIS KING, CINDY
MIZELLE, MICHELLE MOORE - BACKING VOCALS / NY CHAMBER
CONSORT STRINGS: ROB MATHES - STRING ARRANGEMENT AND
CONDUCTOR; LISA KIM (CONCERTMASTER); QUAN GE, HYUNJU LEE,
JESSICA LEE, ANN LEHMAN, JOANNA MAJER, SUZANNE ORNSTEIN,
ANNALIESA PLACE, DAVID SOUTHWORN, JEANINE WYNTON, SHARON
YAMADA - VIOLINS; MAURICY BANASZEX, DESIREE ELSEVIER,
SHMUEL KATZ, ROBERT RINEHART - VIOLAS; MARIA KITSPOPOULOS,
ALAN STEPANSKY, RU PEI YEH - CELLI



DOWN IN THE HOLE

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Sun comes every morning, but it ain't no friend
I get dressed and I go back again
The rain it keeps on fallin', on twisted bones and dirt
I'm buried to my heart here in this hurt
The fire keeps on burnin' you're waiting in the cold
Down in the hole

Dark and bloody autumn, pierces my heart
The memory of your kiss tears me apart
The sky above is turning, the world below's gone gray
I thought that I could turn and walk away
But the fire keeps on burnin', I'm working in the cold
Down in the hole

Radio's cracklin' with the headlines
Wind in the phone lines
The sun upon your shoulder
Empty city skyline
The day rips apart
A dark and bloody arrow pierced my heart

I got nothin' but hard blue sky and sunshine
The things you left behind
I wake to find my city's gone to black
The days just keep on fallin'
Your voice it keeps on callin'
I'm gonna dig right here until I get you back
The fires keep on burning, I'm here with you in the cold
Down in the hole

PRODUCED BY: BRENDAN O'BRIEN

MUSICIANS:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCALS, GUITARS

CLARENCE CLEMONS - TENOR SAXOPHONE

DANNY FEDERICI - ORGAN

PATTI SCIALFA - BACKING VOCALS

GARRY TALLENT - BASS

MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

SOOZIE TYRELL - VIOLIN

EVAN, JESSIE & SAM SPRINGSTEEN -

BACKING VOCALS

HEAVEN'S WALL

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

(Raise your hands...)

There was a woman waiting at the well
Drawing water 'neath a desert sky of blue
She said he'll heal the blind, raise the dead
Cure that sickness out of you

Come on men of Gideon
Come all men of Saul
Come all sons of Abraham
Waiting outside heaven's wall

Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
Together we'll walk into Canaan land
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand

He saw the watcher at the city gates
Jonah in the belly of the whale
He watched you walk your ragged mile
His mercy did not fail

Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
And together we'll walk into Canaan land
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand

Lai, lai, lai lai lai, lai lai, lai lai, lai lai lai

Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
And together we'll walk into Canaan land
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand

Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
And together we'll walk into Canaan land
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand

Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
And together we'll walk into Canaan land
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand

Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand
And together we'll walk into Canaan land
Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand

PRODUCED BY: BRENDAN O'BRIEN; CO-PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCAL, GUITAR, ADDITIONAL BASS,
PERCUSSION LOOP, ORGAN, SYNTH

PATTI SCIALFA - BACKING VOCALS

GARRY TALLENT - BASS

MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

TOM MORELLO - LEAD GUITAR

SOOZIE TYRELL - BACKING VOCALS

RON ANIELLO - PERCUSSION LOOP, SYNTH, FARFISA ORGAN

SAM BARDFIELD - VIOLIN / EVERETT BRADLEY - PERCUSSION /
TAWATHA AGEE, KEITH FLUITT, CURTIS KING, JOHN JAMES, CINDY
MIZELLE, AL THORNTON, BRENDA WHITE - BACKING VOCALS / NY
CHAMBER CONSORT STRINGS: ROB MATHES - STRING ARRANGE-
MENT AND CONDUCTOR; LISA KIM (CONCERTMASTER), QIAN GE,
HYUNJU LEE, JESSICA LEE, ANN LEHMAN, JOANNA MAUER, SUZANNE
ORNSTEIN, ANNALIESA PLACE, DAVID SOUTHOORN, JEANINE WYNTON,
SHARON YAMADA - VIOLINS; MAJRYCY BANASZEK, DESIREE
ELSEVIER, SHMUEL KATZ, ROBERT RINEHART - VIOLAS; MARIA
KITSOPOULOS, ALAN STEPANSKY, RU PEI YEH - CELLI

FRANKIE FELL IN LOVE

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Good mornin', good mornin',
the church mouse is snorin'
News is out all over town, Frankie fell in love

Wake up boys, wake up, you drunken choir boys shake it up
Our Juliet says her Romeo's been found, Frankie fell in love

World peace is gonna break out, from here
on in we're eatin' take out
She ain't gonna be cookin' for the likes of us
Somebody call mama and just tell her, Frankie fell in love

Einstein and Shakespeare, sittin' havin' a beer
Einstein tryin' to figure out the number
that adds up to bliss
Shakespeare says, "Man, it all starts with a kiss"

Einstein is scratchin', numbers on his napkin
Shakespeare says, "Man, it's just one and
one makes three,
That's why it's poetry"

World peace is gonna break out,
from here on in we're eatin' take out
She ain't gonna be cookin' for the likes of us
Somebody call mama and just tell her,
Frankie fell in love

Glory, glory, it's the same old story,
Kid there ain't nothin' anybody can do
Yea it's gonna happen to you, just like,
Frankie fell in love

Good evening, good evening,
the church mouse is sleepin'
News is out all over town,
Frankie fell in love

PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO
WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCAL, GUITAR,
PERCUSSION, ORGAN, MANDOLIN

ROY BITTAN - PIANO
STEVIE VAN ZANDT - BACKING VOCALS
MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

RON ANIELLO - BASS, GUITAR
SAM BARDFIELD - VIOLIN

THIS IS YOUR SWORD

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Brothers and sisters listen to me
These are the few things that I leave to thee
This sword of our fathers with lessons hard taught
This shield strong and sturdy from battles well fought

This is your sword, this is your shield
This is the power of love revealed
Carry them with you wherever you go
And give all the love that you have in your soul

The times they are dark, darkness covers the earth
But this world's filled with the beauty of God's work
Hold tight to your promise, stay righteous, stay strong
For the days of miracles will come along

This is your sword, this is your shield
This is the power of love revealed
Carry it with you wherever you go
And give all the love that you have in your soul

In the days of despair you can grow hard
Till you close your mind and empty your heart
If you find yourself staring in the abyss
Hold tight to your loved ones and remember this

This shield will protect your sacred heart
This sword will defend from what comes in the dark
Should you grow weary on the battlefield
Do not despair our love is real

This is your sword, this is your shield
This is the power of love revealed
Carry it with you wherever you go
And give all the love that
you have in your soul
And give all the love that
you have in your soul

PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO
WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCAL, GUITAR, SYNTHS,
MANDOLIN, BANJO, PIANO

ROY BITTAN - PIANO, ORGAN

PATTI SCIALFA - BACKING VOCALS

STEVIE WAN ZANDT - BACKING VOCALS

SOOZIE TYRELL - BACKING VOCALS

RON ANIELLO - BASS, GUITAR, SYNTH

SAM BARDFIELD - VIOLIN

JOSH FREESE - DRUMS

CILLIAN VALLELY - UILLEANN PIPES,

HI & LO WHISTLE

HUNTER OF INVISIBLE GAME

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

I hauled myself up out of the ditch
And built me an ark of gopher wood and pitch
Sat down by the roadside and waited on the rain
I am the hunter of invisible game

Well I awoke last night to the heavy clickin' and clack
And a scarecrow on fire 'long the railroad tracks
There were empty cities and burnin' plains
I am the hunter of invisible game

We all come up a little short and we go down hard
These days I spend my time skipping through the dark
Through the empires of dust, I chant your name
I am the hunter of invisible game

Through the bone yard rattle and black smoke
We rolled on,
Down into the valley
Where the beast has his throne
There I sing my song and I sharpen my blade
I am the hunter of invisible game

Strength is vanity and time is illusion
I feel you breathin', the rest is confusion
Your skin touches mine, what else to explain
I am the hunter of invisible game

Now pray for yourself that you may not fall
When the hour of deliverance comes on us all
When our hope and faith and courage and trust
Can rise or vanish like dust into dust
There's a kingdom of love waiting to be reclaimed
I am the hunter of invisible game

I am the hunter of invisible game
I am the hunter of invisible game

PRODUCED BY: BRENDAN O'BRIEN

MUSICIANS:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCALS, GUITAR

GARRY TALLENT - BASS

MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

TOM MORELLO - GUITAR

SOOZIE TYRELL - ADDITIONAL VIOLIN

ATLANTA STRINGS: ED HORST - STRING
ARRANGEMENT & CONDUCTOR; JUSTIN
BRUNS, JAY CHRISTY, SHEELA IYENGAR, JOHN
MEISNER, CHRISTOPHER PULGRAM, WILLIAM
PU, OLGA SHPITKO, KENN WAGNER - VIOLINS;
AMY CHANG, TANIA MAXWELL, LACHLAN
MCBANE - VIOLAS; KAREN FREER, CHARAE
KRUEGER, DANIEL LAUFER - CELLI



Men walkin' 'long the railroad tracks
Goin' someplace, there's no goin' back
Highway Patrol choppers
comin' up over the ridge
Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge
Shelter line stretchin' 'round the corner

Welcome to the new world order
Families sleepin' in their cars in the southwest
No home, no job, no peace, no rest

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

He pulls a prayer book out of his sleepin' bag
Preacher lights up a butt and takes a drag
Waitin' for when the last shall be first and the first shall be
last

In a cardboard box 'neath the underpass
You got a one way ticket to the promised land
You got a hole in your belly and a gun in your hand
Sleeping on a pillow of solid rock
Bathin' in the city's aqueduct

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

Now Tom said, "Mom, wherever there's a cop beatin' a guy
Wherever a hungry new born baby cries

THE GHOST OF TOM JOAD

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Where there's a fight 'gainst the blood and hatred in the air
Look for me mom I'll be there.

Wherever somebody's fightin' for a place to stand
Or a decent job or a helpin' hand.
Wherever somebody's strugglin' to be free,
Look in their eyes ma you'll see me."

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

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

With the ghost of old Tom Joad
With the ghost of old Tom Joad

PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - LEAD VOCAL, GUITAR

ROY BITTAN - PIANO

NILS LOFGREN - PEDAL STEEL, MANDOLIN

MAX WEINBERG - DRUMS

TOM MORELLO - LEAD VOCAL, GUITAR

SOOZIE TYRELL - VIOLIN

CHARLIE GIORDANO - ACCORDION

RON ANIELLO - BASS, SYNTH

THE WALL

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
IDEA AND TITLE: JOE GRUSHECKY

Cigarettes and a bottle of beer
this poem that I wrote for you
This black stone and these hard
tears are all I got left now of you
I remember you in your Marine uniform
laughin', laughin' at your ship out party
I read Robert McNamara says he's sorry

Your high boots and striped T-shirt,
Billy you looked so bad
You and your rock-n-roll band you
were best thing this shit town ever had
Now the men who put you here eat
with their families in rich dining halls
And apology and forgiveness got
no place here at all at the wall

I'm sorry I missed you last year,
I couldn't find no one to drive me
If your eyes could cut through that black
stone, tell me would they recognize me
For the living time it must be served,
the day goes on
Cigarettes and a bottle of beer,
skin on black stone

On the ground dog tags and wreaths
of flowers, with ribbons red as the blood
Red as the blood you spilled in the
Central Highlands mud
Limousines rush down Pennsylvania
Avenue rustling the leaves as they fall
Apology and forgiveness got
no place here at all
Here at the wall

DREAM BABY DREAM

BY MARTIN REV AND ALAN VEGA

PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO
WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - VOCAL, HARMONIUM,
PIANO, MANDOLIN, SYNTH, ACOUSTIC GUITAR
ROY BITTAN - PIANO

TOM MORELLO - GUITAR
RON ANIELLO - PERCUSSION, LOOPS,
SYNTHS, BASS, GUITAR

BARRY DANIELIAN, CLARK GAYTON, STAN
HARRISON, ED MANNON, CURT RAMM, HIKARI
NY CHAMBER CONCERTS/SHRINGS: ROBI
MATHES - STRING ARRANGEMENT AND
CONDUCTOR; LISA KIM (CONDUCTOR/MASTER);
QUAN GE, HYUNJAE LEE, JESSICA LEE, ANW
LEHMAN, JOANNA MARCE, SUZANNE ORNSTEIN,
ANNALIESA POKOR, DAVID ROUTHORN
JEANNE WYNTON, SHARON YAMADA, THOMAS
MAURICIO RAMALHO, YOUNG'S ELECTRIC
SHARJEI KATZ, HELENE THAKURIA, ANNE
MARIA WITSOR-DULZ, ALIX WYTHORPE, JO
PEI YEH - CELLO

PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO
WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

MUSICIANS:
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN -
VOCAL, GUITAR, DRUMS
ROY BITTAN - PIANO
DANNY FEDERICKS - DRUMS
NILS LOFGREN - GUITAR
PATTI SCIALFA - BACKING VOCALS
GARRY TALLENT - BASS
MAX WEINBERG - PERCUSSION
RON ANIELLO - SYNTH, ACCORDION
CURT RAMM - COBNET



I was working on a record of some of our best unreleased material from the past decade when Tom Morello (sitting in for Steve during the Australian leg of our tour) suggested we ought to add "High Hopes" to our live set. I had cut "High Hopes," a song by Tim Scott McConnell of the LA based Havalinas, in the 90's. We worked it up in our Aussie rehearsals and Tom then proceeded to burn the house down with it. We re-cut it mid tour at Studios 301 in Sydney along with "Just Like Fire Would," a song from one of my favorite early Australian punk bands, The Saints (check out "I'm Stranded"). Tom and his guitar became my muse, pushing the rest of this project to another level. Thanks for the inspiration Tom.

Some of these songs, "American Skin" and "Ghost of Tom Joad," you'll be familiar with from our live versions. I felt they were among the best of my writing and deserved a proper studio recording. "The Wall" is something I'd played on stage a few times and remains very close to my heart. The title and idea were Joe Grushecky's, then the song appeared after Patti and I made a visit to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington. It was inspired by my memories of Walter Cichon. Walter was one of the great early Jersey Shore rockers, who along with his brother Ray (one of my early guitar mentors) led the "Motifs". The Motifs were a local rock band who were always a head above everybody else. Raw, sexy and rebellious, they were the heroes you aspired to be. But these were heroes you could touch, speak to, and go to with your musical inquiries. Cool, but always accessible, they were an inspiration to me, and many young working musicians in 1960's central New Jersey. Though my character in "The Wall" is a Marine, Walter was actually in the Army, A Company, 3rd Battalion, 8th Infantry. He was the first person I ever stood in the presence of who was filled with the mystique of the true rock star. Walter went missing in action in Vietnam in March 1968. He still performs somewhat regularly in my mind, the way he stood, dressed, held the tambourine, the casual cool, the freeness. The man who by his attitude, his walk said "you can defy all this, all of what's here, all of what you've been taught, taught to fear, to love and you'll still be alright." His was a terrible loss to us, his loved ones and the local music scene. I still miss him.

This is music I always felt needed to be released. From the gangsters of "Harry's Place," the ill-prepared roomies on "Frankie Fell in Love" (shades of Steve and I bumming together in our Asbury Park apartment) the travelers in the wasteland of "Hunter of Invisible Game," to the soldier and his visiting friend in "The Wall," I felt they all deserved a home and a hearing. Hope you enjoy it.

Bruce Springsteen

Thanks to Producer Ron Aniello. Ron is a tireless partner in the making of these records, his musicality, attention to detail, flexibility and creativity shine through on High Hopes. Thanks to Producer Brendan O'Brien whose excellent work is also very much a part of this album. Thanks to all of the musicians, engineers, and mixers who serve this project with such dedication. Thanks to Barbara Carr as well as Jan Stabile and Ali Oscar at JLM for their many decades of excellence and devotion.

Coming off one of our most inspiring tours, I must thank the core E Street Band and every musician and singer who shared the stage with me. In addition, I thank our tour director George Travis for his 35 years of unfailing energy, thoroughness and good cheer - and for never once saying, "It can't be done." In that same spirit I also thank every member of our road team and all the folks at home who keep our touring wheels turning.

Thanks to Jon Landau for his continuing grace and guidance. We carry on.

And thanks to Patti for her love, support and generosity. She makes it all possible.

All love to (at the time, middle school guest vocalists) Evan, Jess and Sam on "Down in the Hole."

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PRODUCED BY: RON ANIELLO

WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

*PRODUCED BY BRENDAN O'BRIEN

†PRODUCED BY BRENDAN O'BRIEN, CO-PRODUCED BY RON ANIELLO WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

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ADDITIONAL RECORDING: ROB LEBRET, KEVIN MILLS, GEOFF SANOFF, BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN, DAVE SCHIFFMAN

MIXED BY: BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN (4, 6, 9, 11, 12)

AT: MIX THIS! LA, ASSISTANT: BRANDON DUNCAN, SERGIO RUELAS JR.

CHRIS LORD-ALGE, (1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 10) AT: MIX LA, ASSISTANT: NIK KARPEN, KEITH

ARMSTRONG, BRAD TOWNSEND, ANDREW SCHUBERT
BRENDAN O'BRIEN (5) AT: HENSON STUDIOS LA, ASSISTANT: TOM SYROWSKI / AT:
SOUTHERN TRACKS ATLANTA, ASSISTANT: KARL EGSIKER, TOM TAPLEY

MASTERED BY: BOB LUDWIG AT GATEWAY MASTERING, PORTLAND ME

RECORDED AT: THRILL HILL RECORDING NJ, STONE HILL STUDIO NJ, VERY LOUD
HOUSE LA, RENEGADE STUDIO NYC, VERITAS STUDIO LA
SOUTHERN TRACKS ATLANTA, ASSISTANT ENGINEER: KARL EGSIKER, TOM TAPLEY;
PROTOOLS: BILLY BOWERS

EAST WEST STUDIOS LA, ASSISTANT ENGINEER: BRENDAN DEKORA

NRG STUDIOS LA, ASSISTANT: KYLE HOFFMAN

VILLAGE STUDIOS LA, ASSISTANT ENGINEER: ALEX WILLIAMS

STUDIOS 301 BYRON BAY AND SYDNEY AUSTRALIA, ASSISTANT ENGINEER: SEAN

ASTILL, TOM ASTILL, JORDAN POWER, JACK PREST, LUKE YEOMAN

RECORD PLANT LA, ASSISTANT ENGINEER: DANIEL ZAIDENSTADT, BENJAMIN RICE

/ ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS NYC, ASSISTANT ENGINEER: PHIL JOLY, JOHN HORNE,

JOE VISCANO / AVATAR STUDIOS NYC, ASSISTANT ENGINEER: MIKE BAUER / SEAR

SOUND NYC, ASSISTANT ENGINEER: TED TUTHILL, OWEN MULHOLLAND / BERKE-

LEY STREET STUDIO SANTA MONICA, ASSISTANT: BRANDON DUNCAN

PRODUCTION COORDINATION: TOBY SCOTT

MUSICIAN CONTRACTOR: SHARI SUTCLIFFE

STRINGS CONTRACTOR: SANDRA PARK & PATRICIA HORST

GUITARS AND TECHNICAL SERVICES: KEVIN BUELL

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BOOKING AGENCY: ROB LIGHT, CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY

TOUR DIRECTOR: GEORGE TRAVIS

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR SONY MUSIC TEAM AROUND THE WORLD,

ESPECIALLY DOUG MORRIS, ROB STRINGER, EDGAR BERGER, GREG LINN,

TRACY NURSE AND BETSY WHITNEY.



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