CADILLAC RANCH

Moderately bright

Well, there she sits, buddy, just a gleamin' in the sun, right there to greet a workin' man when his day is done. I'm gonna pack my pa and I'm
gon-na pack my aunt; I'm gon-na take 'em down to the Cadillac Ranch.

El-dorado fins, great big white walls and skirts: James Dean in that Mercury Forty-nine, Jun-
Hey little girlie in the blue jeans so tight,

just like a little bit of heaven here on earth. But
ior Johnson runnin' through the woods of Carolina,
riding a long through the Wisconsin night,

buddy, when I die, throw my body in the back. Ride all
even Burt Reynolds in that black Trans Am,
you're my last love, baby, you're my last chance.
me to the junk-yard in my Cadillac.

gon-na meet down at the Cadillac Ranch.

Don't let 'em take me to the Cadillac Ranch.

 Cadillac, long and dark, shiny and black, open up your engines. Let 'em roar, tearing up the highway like a big old dinosaur.

pulled up to my house to-day, came and took my little girl away.
CRUSH ON YOU

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Medium Rock beat

E

A

E

My feet were flyin' down the street just the other night when a spot a little stranger stand-in' cross the room. My brain takes

A

E

Hong Kong special pulled up at the light. What was inside, man, was just "c'est a vacation just to give my heart more room. For one kiss, darlin', I swear ev'ry-
mag-nifique." Want to hold the bump-er and let her drag me down the street. thing I would give, 'cause she's a walk-in' talk-in' reason to live.

Ooh, ooh, I got a crush on you.

Ooh, ooh, I got a crush on you.

Ooh, ooh, I got a crush on you to-night.

Sometimes I

Well now, she
might be the talk of high society.
Venus de Milo look like she's got no style.
She makes Sheena of the Jungle look

al - i - ty.
She might be an heirress to Rockefeller.
She
meek and mild.
I need a quick shot, Doc. Knock me off my feet, 'cause I'll be

might be a waitress or a bank teller.
She makes the down the street.

mind-in' my own bus'-ness walk-in'

Ooh, ooh, I got a crush on you.
Ooh, ooh, I got a
crush on you. Ooh, ooh, I got a crush on you tonight.

Repeat and fade

Ooh, ooh, I got a crush on you. Ooh, ooh, I got a crush on you.
DRIVE ALL NIGHT

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Slow Ballad

When I lost you, honey,
sometimes I think I
night there's fallen angels,
and they're waiting for us
chimes and there's fire,
baby, waiting on the

lost my guts, too...
donw in the street...
edge of town...
And I wish God would send me a word, send me
And tonight there's calling strangers, Hear them
They're out there for hire, but

something I'm afraid to lose.
crying in defeat.
baby, they can't hurt us now.

Ly-ing in the heat of the night,
Let them go, let them go,
'cause you've got, you've got,

like prisoners, all our lives,
to their dances of the dead.
let them

You've got my love, girl.
head, girl.

love, girl,

I get shivers down my spine, girl, and all I

want to do is hold you tight.

come on, let's go to bed.

I swear I'd drive all

night again,

just to buy you some shoes

and to taste your tender
charms.
And I just wanna sleep to-

ightly again in your arms.

To -
There's ma-
through the wind, through the rain,
the snow, the wind, the rain. You've got, you've got my, my
love, oh, girl, you've got my love, heart
and soul. Heart and soul.
Moderately

Well now, you say you've found another man who does things to you that I can't say that you've made up your mind; it's been such a long, long time since I don't wanna be just another useless memory

and that no matter what I do, it's hold ing you tight, and that somewhere back along the line, you or just some other ghost out on the street to

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all over now between me and you, girl.
lost your love and I lost your trust.
whom you stop and politely speak, when you pass on by.

But I can't believe what you say.
No, I can't believe what you say.
Now rooms that once were so bright are filled with the left to vanish
vanishing into the night, 'cause, baby,

lieve what you say, coming into the night.
Oh, darlin', I don't wanna fade away.
in to the night.
No, baby, oh, I don't wanna fade away.

Tell me, what
can I do, what can I say? 'Cause, dar-lin', I don't wanna fade a-way.

Well now, you You say it's not eas-y for you

and that you've been so lone-ly, while oth-er

girls go out, do-ing what they want to do.
You say that you miss the nights when we'd go out

dancing,

the days when you and

I walked as two.

Well girl, I

miss them, too.

Oh, I swear that I do,
HUNGRY HEART

Medium Rock beat

C          Am7        Dm7         F/G

C          Am7        Dm7

Got a wife and kids in Baltimore, Jack... I went out for a ride... and I
I met her in a Kings-town bar... We fell in love... I knew

F/G     C      Am7

F/G     C

never went back... Like a river that don’t know where it’s flowin’,
it had to end... We took what we had and we ripped it apart...
I took a wrong turn and I just kept goin' now here I am down in Kingston again.

Ev'rybody's got a hungry heart.

Lay down your money and you play your part.

Ev'rybody's got a hungry heart.
Dm7                      F/G                      2. F/G
                      
                                     huh - uh - un - gry heart.
                      
                      
                      
                      Eb     Cm7 3fr.  Fm7  Ab/Bb 4fr.
                      
                      
                      
                      
                      Eb     Cm7 3fr.  Fm7  F/G
                      
                      
                      
                      
                      C     Am7     Dm7  F/G
                      
                      Ev'rybody needs a place to rest...
                      Ev'rybody wants to have a home.
Don't make no difference what nobody says:
ain't nobody like to

be alone. Well...
Ev'rybody's got a hungry heart.

Ev'rybody's got a hungry heart. Lay down your money and you

play your part...
Ev'rybody's got a hungry heart.
I wanna marry you

Medium Rock beat

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

I see you walkin', baby,
Now honey, I don't wanna
down the street,
clip your wings.
Pushin' that baby carriage at your feet,
I see that lonely ribbon in your hair.
Tell me, am I the man for whom you havin' a home and a family,
facin' up to their responsibility.
put it there? You never smile, girl. You never speak. You just
bilities. They say in the end true love prevails, but in the

walk on by, darlin', week after week. Raisin' two kids alone in this
end true love can't be some fairytale. To say I'll make your dreams come

mixed-up world must be a lonely life for a working girl. But maybe, darlin', I could help them along.

Little girl, I wanna marry you. Oh, yeah! Little girl, I wanna
marry you. Yes, I do. Little girl, I wanna marry you.

My daddy said right before he died that

true, true love was just a lie. He went to his grave a broken heart. An

unfulfilled life, girl, makes a man hard. Oh darlin', there's some-thin' happy and there's
some-thin’ sad
'bout want-in’ some-bod-y oh so bad.
I wear my love, dar-lin’,

without shame.
I’d be proud if you would wear my name.

Repeat and fade
I'M A ROCKER

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Brightly

I got a double-seven watch; it's a one and only,
hanging from a cliff or you're tied to the tracks, girl;
fell for some jerk who was tall, dark and handsome.

It's got a I-Spy beep-er that tells
Columbo split and you
Now, he kidnapped your heart and he's
_me when you're lonely.
can't find Kojak;
holdin' it for ransom.

I got a true
Well, like a

Batmobile so I can reach you in a fast shake,
love is broken and your tears are falling faster.
mission impossible, I'm gonna go and get it back.

when your world's in crisis of an impending heartbreak.
from the pain in your heart, you have a natural disaster.
You know I would've taken better care of it, baby, than
Now, don't you call James Bond or Secret that.

Now, I don't care what kind of
Some-times I get so hot, girl, well,

A-gent Man, 'cause they can't do it I'd like I can.
shape you're in. If they put up a road-block, I'd par-a-chute in.
I can't talk. But when I'm with you, I cool off.

1. Ev-er-y day!

I'm a rock-er, ba-by, I'm a rock-er.
I'm a rock-er, ba-
I'm in love, by, I'm a rocker. If you're I'm a rocker, baby, I'm a rocker.

every day,

I'm a rocker, baby, I'm a rocker. I'm a rocker, baby, I'm a rocker.

with you!

I'm a rocker, baby, I'm a rocker. So you
And I walk,

I'm a rocker, baby, I'm a rocker.

and I talk,

I'm a rocker, baby, I'm a rocker.

I'm a rocker, baby, I'm a rocker.

every day!

by, I'm a rocker.

I'm a rocker, baby, I'm a rocker.
INDEPENDENCE DAY

Words and Music by BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately slow

Well, Pa-pa, go to bed now; it's getting late. Nothing we can
darkness of this house has got the best of us. There's a

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say is gonna change anything now. I'll be leaving in the morning from St.
darkness in this town that's got us too. But they can't touch me now and you can't

Mary's gate. We wouldn't change this thing even if we could some-
touch me now. They ain't gonna do to me what I watched them do to

how. 'Cause the you. So say goodbye. It's Independence

F

pendence Day. It's Independence Day all down the line. Just

C
say good-bye... It's Independence Day... It's Independence Day... this time.

Now I don't know what it always was with us. We chose the words, and yeah, we drew the lines... There was just no way this house could hold the two of us. I guess that we were just too much of the same kind...

Well,
say good-bye. It’s Independence Day. It’s Independence Day. All boys must run away. So say good-bye. It’s Independence Day. All men must make their way come Independence Day. Now the rooms are all empty down at Frankie’s joint, Papa, go to bed now; it’s getting late. Nothing we
way,she's de-sert-ed clear down to Break-er's Point. There's a lot of peo-ple
can say can change an-y-thing now. Be-cause there's just dif-ferent peo-
le com-ing down here now, leav-ing their friends, leav-ing town, their homes. At night they
now and they see things in dif-ferent ways. And soon
walk that dark and dust-y high-way all a-lone. Well, swept a-way. So
ev-'ry-thing we've known will just be
say good-bye. It's In-de-pend-ence Day. Pa-pa, now I know the things you want-ed that you
could not say... But won't you just say good-bye? It's Independence Day... I swear I
never meant to take those things away.
Medium Rock beat

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Driving home she grabs something to eat,
Every day ends in wasted motion,
Baby, there's nights when I dream of a better world,

turns a corner and drives down her street. Into a row of houses
just crossed swords on the killing floor. To settle back is to
but I wake up so downhearted, girl. I see you feeling so
F#m          E          F#m          A
she just melts away like the scenery in another man's play,
settle without knowing the hard edge that you're settling for.
tired and confused. I wonder what it's worth to me or you.

B          C#m 4fr.
in- to a house where the blinds are closed to keep from seeing things she don't
Because there's always just one more day, and it's always gonna
Just wait- ing to see some sun, never knowing if that

A          B
want to know... She pulls the blinds and looks out on the street.
be that way... Little girl, you've been down here so long. I can
day will ever come. Left alone standing out on the street till you be-
cool of the night takes the edge off the heat in the Jack - son Cage,

tell by the way that you move you be-long to the Jack - son Cage,

come the hand that turns the key down in Jack - son Cage,

down in the Jack - son Cage,

down in Jack - son Cage,

down in Jack - son Cage,

You can try with all your might, but you're re-mind - ed
every night that you been judged and handed life down

in the Jackson Cage.

And it don't matter just what you say. Are you tough enough to play the

game they play, or will you just do your time and fade away down
- into the Jackson Cage?

Coda

Well, dar-lin', can you un-der-stand... the way that they will

turn a man into a stran-ger to waste a-

way down in the Jackson Cage?
OPEN ALL NIGHT

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Bright Rock beat

G

1. Well, I had...

the car·bu·ret·or, ba·by, cleaned and checked. With her line

blown out she's hum·min' like a tur·bo·jet. Propped her up

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in the back yard on concrete blocks for a new clutch plate and a
new set of shocks. Took her down to the car wash, check the
plugs and points. Well, I'm goin' out tonight. I'm gonna

1. 3. 5. 2. 4.
rock that joint. 2. Ear-lunar landscape.
2. Early north Jersey industrial skyline,
   I'm a all-set cobra jet creepin' through the nighttime.
   Gotta find a gas station; gotta find a pay phone.
   This turnpike sure is spooky at night when you're all alone.
   Gotta hit the gas, baby. I'm runnin' late.
   This New Jersey in the mornin' like a lunar landscape.

3. Now, the boss don't dig me, so he put me on the night shift.
   It's an all-night run to get back to where my baby lives.
   In the wee, wee hours your mind gets hazy.
   Radio relay towers, won't you lead me to my baby?
   Underneath the overpass, trooper hits his party light switch.
   Good night, good luck. One, two power shift.

4. I met Wanda when she was employed
   Behind the counter at Route Sixty Bob's Big Boy Fried Chicken.
   On the front seat, she's sittin' in my lap.
   We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco road map.
   I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill
   With them big brown eyes that make your heart stand still.

5. Well, at five a.m., oil pressure's sinkin' fast.
   I make a pit stop, wipe the windshield, check the gas.
   Gotta call my baby on the telephone,
   Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home.
   Sit tight, little mama, I'm comin' 'round.
   I got three more hours, but I'm coverin' ground.

6. Your eyes get itchy in the wee, wee hours.
   Sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers.
   Radio's jammed up with gospel stations.
   Lost souls callin' long distance salvation.
   Hey, mister deejay, won'tcha hear my last prayer?
   Hey, ho, rock 'n' roll, deliver me from nowhere.
OUT IN THE STREET

Medium Rock beat

A

A/D

F#m7

Bm7

Gus2

D

E

Put on your best dress, baby.

A

D

And darlin', fix your hair up right, 'cause there's a
par - ty, hon - ey, way down be - neath the ne - on lights. All day you've been work - in' that hard line. Now, to - night
you're gon - na have a good time.

I work five days a week, girl, load - in' you!
When I'm out in the street, girl, well, I
crates down on the dock. I take my hard-earned money
never feel alone. When I'm out in the street, girl,

and meet my girl down on the block. Monday when the
in the crowd I feel at home. The black and

foreman calls "time," I've already got Friday on my
whites, they cruise by, and they watch us from the corner of their

mind. When that whistle blows, girl, I'm down the street. I'm home. I'm
But there ain't no doubt, girl, that down here we ain't gonna
When that whistle blows, girl, I'm down the street. I'm home. I'm
F#  
A  
D  
out of my work clothes.} When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh
A  
E  
A  
oh, I walk the way I wanna walk. When I'm out in the street,
D  
A  
E  
To Coda Ô
— oh oh oh oh, I talk the way I wanna talk.
D  
A/C#  
Bm
When I'm out in the street, when I'm out in the street.
Baby, out in the street
I don't feel sad

or blue.

Baby, out in the street

I'll be waitin' for

When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh
oh, pretty girls, they're all pass-in' by. When I'm out in the street,

oh oh oh oh oh, on the corner we give them the eye.

Baby, out in the street I just feel all right.

Meet me out in the street, little girl, to -
POINT BLANK

Words and Music by BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately

Bm

G

Do you still

F#m

F#7

say your prayers, little dar-lin'? Do you go to bed at night

Bm

G

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knew that it was you. You were stand-in' in the door-way, out of the rain. You didn't

answer when I called out your name. You just turned and then you

looked away, like just another stranger, wait-in' to get blown away

point blank, right between the eyes. Oh,
A

point blank.

Right between the

F#m

prety eyes, you fell. Point blank,

you been

F#7

shot straight through the heart. Yeah, point blank.

Bm


A

You've been twisted up till you've become just another part of it.
Bm

Point blank, you're walk-in' in the sights.

F₇

Bm

Point blank, e-ven one false move, just

G

one false move a-way. Caught you in their sights.

A

Point blank, did you for-
get how to love? Girl, did you forget how to fight?

They must have shot you in the head.

'Cause

point blank,

bang bang, baby, you're

dead.
pray in' that tomorrow ev'rything will be all right? But to-
morrows fall in number, in number, one by one.
You wake up and you're dying. You don't even know what from.

Well, they shot you point blank. You been shot in the back.
Baby, point blank. You been fooled this time, little girl. That's a fact.

Right between the eyes, baby.

Point blank, right between the
pretty lies that they tell.

Little girl, you fell.

You grew up where young girls, they grow up fast. You took what you were handed and left behind what was asked.
But what they asked, baby, wasn't right. You didn't have to

live that life. And I was gonna be your Romeo, you were gonna

be my Juliet. These days, you don't wait on Rom eos, you wait on

that welfare check and on all the pretty little things that
you can't ever have, and on all the promises that always end up

point blank.

Shot between the eyes, oh,

point blank, like little white lies you
tell to ease the pain.

You're
walking in the sights, girl. Point blank,

and it's one false move and baby, the lights go out.

Bm

G
Once I dreamed we were together again, baby, you and me,
back home in those old clubs, the way we used to be. We were standin' at the bar, and it was hard to hear. The band was playin' loud, and you were shoutin' somethin' in my ear. You pulled my
jack - et off, and as the drum - mer count - ed four, you grabbed my hand and pulled me out

on the floor. You just stood there and held me, and you started
dancin' slow. And as I pulled you tight - er, I swore I'd nev - er let you go. Well, I

saw you last night - down on the av - enue. Your face was in the shad - ows, but I
RAMROD

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately bright

Hey little dolly with the blue jeans on,
Hey little dolly, won't you say you will.

I wanna ramrod with you, honey, till half past dawn.
Well, she's a road runner engine in a Thirty-two Ford.
Meet me to-night up on top of the hill.
Let your hair down, ma-ma, and pick
Late at night when I'm
Well, just a few miles 'cross the
up this beat.
dead on the line,
coun-ty line,

Come on and I swear I think of well, there's a
meet me to-night down on Blue-bird Street.
your pret-ty face when I let her un-wind.
cute lit-tle chap-el nest-led down in the pine.

I've been work-ing all week; I'm up to my neck in hock-
Well, look o-ver yon-der, see them cit-y lights.
Say you'll be mine, lit-tle girl, I'll put my foot to the floor.
Come Saturday night, I let my
Yeah, come on, little dolly, go ram-
ram-rod rock...
rod-din' tonight...

Well, she's a
Well, I said

Come on, come on, little baby.
Come on, come on, let's shake it tonight.

Come on, come on, come on, little sugar. Dance.
with your daddy and we'll go ram-rod-din' to-night.

D. S. ½ al Coda

Give me the

word now, sugar, we'll go ram-rod-din' for-ev-er more.
SHERRY DARLING

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Medium Rock beat

Your ma-ma's

yap-pin' in the back seat. Tell her to push

girls melt-in' on the beach, and they're so fine but so

out of

feet. Ev'-ry Monday morn-ing I got ta drive her down to

'cause I'm stuck in traffic down here on Fifty-third

reach,
Well, this morning I ain't fight-in'. Tell her I give up. Tell her she wins if she'll just shut up. But it's the real, but I didn't count on this package deal. And, baby, last time that she's gonna be rid-in' with me.

And you can tell her there's a hot sun beating on the black top. She keeps so you can tell her there's a hot sun beating on the black top. She keeps sunlight, let there be rain, let the
talk-in’, she’ll be walk-in’ that last block. She can take a subway back

broKEN-heart-ed love again. Sher-ry, we can run with our arms open
to the ghet-to to-night.

to the ghet-to to-night.

wide before the tide.

beer, and the highway’s free. And I got you, and, ba-by, you got

girls down at Sacred Heart and all you op-er-a-tors back in the

me. Hey, hey, hey, what do you say, Sher-ry Dar-lin’.

me. Hey, hey, hey, what do you say, Sher-ry Dar-lin’.

Park, say hey, hey, hey, what do you say, Sher-ry Dar-lin’.
Now, there's well, let there be Darlin'. Oh, oh,

Oh. Say hey, hey, what do you say, Sher-ry

Darlin'. Oh, come on. Say hey, hey, hey, what do you say,

Sher-ry Darlin'.
STOLEN CAR

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately, gently

G C(addD)/G G

I met a little girl and I settled down

C(addD)/G C(addD)/G

in a little house out on the

g G C(addD)/G C(addD)/G

dge of town. We got married and swore we'd
never part
Then, little by little, we

drifted from each other’s hearts.
First I

thought it was just restlessness
that would

fade as time went by
and our love grew deep.
In the end it was something.

more, I guess, that tore us apart and

made us weep.

I'm driving a

stolen car down on Eldridge Avenue.
Each night I wait to get caught, but I never do...

She asked if I remembered the letters I wrote when our love was young and bold.

She said...
last night she read those letters

and they made her feel one hundred years old.

I'm driving a stolen car

on a pitch-black night.

And I'm
C(addD)

C(addD)

C(addD)

C(addD)

G

G

G

D. S. $\frac{3}{8}$ (instrumental) and fade
You make up your mind, on the strand,
with that pretty little baby
You ride to where the highway ends
And do you remember
You take in your hands,

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and the desert breaks.
Out onto an

story of the promised land;
how he crossed the

open road you ride until the day.
and he could not enter the chosen land?

You learn to sleep at night
On the banks of the river he stayed to face the

price you pay.
Now, with their hands held high,
price you pay.
So let the game start.
they reached out for the open skies.
You better run, you little wild heart.
And in
You can

one last breath, they built the roads they'd ride to their death,
run through all the nights and all the days.

But just across the county line, a stranger passing through

break away__ that counts the men fallen away
up a sign__ from the restless pull__
of the price you pay. Oh, the

price you pay. oh, the price you pay.

Now, you can't walk away from the

price you pay. Now, they'd come so far
and they'd waited so long,
just to end up

caught in a dream,
where every thing goes wrong

where the dark of night
holds back the

light of the day,
and you've gotta stand and fight
Oh, the price you pay.
price you pay, oh, the price you pay.
Now, you can't walk away from the
price you pay.

Little girl down

price you pay.
And, girl, before the end of the day,
I'm gonna tear it down and throw it away.

Repeat and fade
THE RIVER

Moderately bright

Am
G
C

Em
G
D

C(addD)
Em
G
C

come from down in the valley where, mister, when you're young, they bring you up to do like your daddy done.
Me and Mar - y, we met in high school when she was just sev en -

teen. We'd drive out of this val - ley down to where the fields were green.

We'd go down to the riv - er, and in - to the riv - er we'd dive. Oh, down to the riv - er we'd
ride.

Then I got Mary pregnant and, man, that was all she wrote. And for my nineteenth birthday I got a union card and a wedding coat.

We went down to the courthouse, and the judge...
put it all to rest. No wed-din' day smiles, no
walk down the aisle, no flow-ers, no wed-din' dress. That night, we went
down to the riv-er, and in-to the riv-er we'd
dive. Oh, down to the riv-er we did
I got a job working construction for the Johnstown Company, but lately there ain't been much work on account of the economy.

Now all them things that seemed so important, well, mister,
they vanished right into the air. Now I just act like I don't remember.

Mary acts like she don't care. But I remember us ridin' in my

brother's car, her body tan and wet down at the reservoir. At

night on them banks I'd lie awake and pull her close just to feel each breath.
she'd take. Now those memories come back to haunt me. They haunt me like a curse. Is a dream a lie if it don't come true? Or is it something worse that sends me down to the river though I know the river is dry, that sends me
down to the river tonight?

Down to the river my

baby and I, oh, down to the

river we ride.

D. S. (instrumental) and fade
THE TIES THAT BIND

Medium Rock beat

C sus2

You been hurt and you're all cried out, you say.
Cheap romance, you say it's all just, just a crutch.
You sit and wonder just who's gonna stop the rain,

F

You walk down the street pushin' people outta your way.
You don't want nothin' that anybody can touch.
You packed your bags and who'll ease the sadness, who's gonna quiet the pain.
It's a long, dark

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all alone you wanna ride. You don't want nothin', don't need no one by your side.
being some bod- y's fool. Not walk - in' tough, ba - by, not walk - in' cool.
high - way and a thin white line con -nect - ing, ba - by, your heart to mine.

You're walk - in' tough, ba - by, but you're walk - in' blind.
You walk cool, but dar - lin', can you walk the line.
We're run - nin' now, but dar - lin', we will stand in time.

to the ties that bind.
and face the ties that bind.
to face the ties that bind.
the ties that bind.
Now, you can't break the ties that bind.

To Coda

Whoo, oh, I, I'd rather feel the hurt inside,

yes, I would, darlin', than know, than know the emptiness your
heart must hide. Yes, I would, dar - lin'. Yes, I would, dar - lin'.

Yes, I would, oh ba - by.

You can't for - sake__

the ties that bind.__

Whoa, whoa, oh.

__
TWO HEARTS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Bright Rock beat

C       Csus4
       x0
       C       Csus4
       C       Csus4

I went out walking the other day.
Once I spent my time playing tough guy scenes.
that's if you think your heart is stone.

C       Csus4
       x0
       C       Csus4
       C       Csus4

But I was living in a
and that you're rough enough to

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She'd been world of childish dreams.
whip this world alone,
hurt so bad, said she'd never love again.
Some day these childish dreams must end,
alone, buddy, there ain't no peace of mind.

Some day your crying, girl will end,
to become a man and grow up to dream again.
That's why I'll keep searching till I find

And you'll find once again two
I believe in the end, two
my special one Two
Two hearts, girl, get the job done.

Sometimes it might seem like it was planned for you to roam, empty hearted through this land. Though the world turns you hard and cold,
there's one thing, mister, that I know:

I believe two hearts are better than one.

Two hearts, girl, get the job done.

Two hearts are better than one.
Moderately

Last night ambulance finally

was out driving,
came and took him to Riverside.

home at the end of a working day.
watched as they drove him away.
I was riding along through the drizzling rain on a deserted stretch of a country two-lane when I Trooper knocking in the middle of the night to say, "Your baby died in a wreck on the highway.

Now, there was blood and glass. Sometimes I sit
All over.
And there was no body there but me.

As the rain tumbled down hard and cold, I seen a young man lying by the side of the road. He cried,
“Mr., thinking ‘bout the wreck on the highway.

Won’t you help me, please?”
YOU CAN LOOK
(But You Better Not Touch)

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Medium Rock beat

Well, yes - ter - day I went shop - ping, bud - dy,
come home from work and I
called up Dirt - y An - nie on the
down to the mall, look - in' for some - thin' pret - ty I could
switched on Chan - nel Five. There was a pret - ty lit - tle girl - y look - in'
tel - e - phone. I took her out to the drive - in just to
hang on the wall.  
straight into my eyes.  
get her alone.  

Well, I watched as shewigged back and

I knocked over a lamp. Before it

I found a lover's rendezvous, the music

hit the floor, I caught it.  
forth across the screen.  
low.  

set to park, I heard a tap-pin' on my window and a

salesman turned around, said, "Boy, you

don't get me excited. She just

made me feel mean.  
voice in the dark:

You can look but you better not touch,
boy. You can look but you better not touch. Mess around
and you'll end up in Dutch, boy. You can look

but you better not, oh no, you better not,

oh no, you better not touch. Well, I touch.