

Bruce Springsteen, Brothers Under The Bridges (

Every spring when the weather gets warm
They come pourin' into town straight off of them farms
Driving 455s running hard and strong
They'd scratch built in them tool sheds all winter long
'Neath the trestless drinkin' the beer and the wine
Now some came on run, some just to pass the time
With the brothers under the bridges

Me and Tommy we was just fourteen, didn't have our licenses yet
Our walls were covered with pictures of cars we'd get
We'd listen and wait for that highway to rumble and quake
As they drove in through town when the weekend'd break
Bringin' girls with that distant look in their eyes
Now together 'neath the trestless they'd be laughing in the night
With the brothers under the bridges

Well me and my brother'd hitched a ride in Joey's pickup to the edge of town
And we watched from the tall grass as the challenges were made and the duels went down
We'd hitchhike back home, sneak in, get in bed before our mom'd come
And we'd lay there in the night talkin' about how we might someday be one
Yeah someday run with the brothers under the bridges

Well now I hear a cry in the distance and the sound of marching feet come and gone
Well I'm stittin' down here by this highway figuring, figuring just where I belong
Tonight up on Signal Hill
I watch a young man in a red shirt walking through a night so still
Put his jacket 'round his girl as the autumn wind send a chill
Through the brothers under the bridges