

# 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