Bruce Springsteen, Dry Lightning

I threw my robe on in the morning
Watched the ring on the stove turn red
Stared hypnotized into a cup of coffee
Pulled on my boots and made the bed
Screen door hangin' off its hinges
Kept bangin' me awake all night
As I look out the window
The only thing in sight
Is dry lightning on the horizon line
Just dry lightning and and you on my mind
I chased the heat of her blood
Like it was the holy grail
Descend beautiful spirit
Into the evening pale
Her appaloosa's
Kickin' in the corral smelling 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 and you on my mind

I'd drive down to Alvarado Street
Where she'd dance to make ends meet
I'd spend the night over my gin
As she'd talk to her men
Well the piss 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 fightin'
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 horizonline
Just dry lightning and and you on my mind