

Bruce Springsteen, Elouise

Well, I came to your house the other day
Your mother said you went away
She said there was nothing that I could have done
There was nothing nobody could say
Me and you, we've known each other ever since we were sixteen
I wished I could have known
I wished I could have called you
Just to say goodbye, Bobby Jean
Now, you hung with me when all the others
Turned away, turned up their nose
We liked the same music, we liked the same bands
We liked the same clothes
We told each other that we were the wildest
The wildest things we'd ever seen
Now I wished you would have told me
I wished I could have talked to you
Just to say goodbye, Bobby Jean
Now, we went walking in the rain, talking
About the pain that from the world we hid
Now there ain't nobody, nowhere, nohow
Gonna ever understand me the way you did
Maybe you'll be out there on that road
Somewhere in some bus or train
Traveling along in some motel room
There'll be a radio playing and you'll hear me sing this song
Well, if you do, you'll know I'm thinking of you
And all the miles in between
And I'm just calling you one last time
Not to change your mind, but just to say I miss you, baby
Good luck, goodbye, Bobby Jean