

Bruce Springsteen, Soul Driver

Rode through forty nights of the gospels rain
Black sky pourin snakes frogs
And love in vain
You were down where the river grows wider
Baby let me be your soul driver

Well if something in the air feels a little unkind
Dont worry darlin
Itll slip your mind
Ill be your gypsy joker your shotgun rider
Baby let me be your soul driver

Now no one knows which way loves wheel turns
Will we hit it rich
Or crash and burn
Does fortune wait or just the black hand of fate
This love potions all weve got
One toast before its too late

If the angels are unkind or the season is dark
Or if in the end
Love just falls apart
Then heres to our destruction
Baby let me be your soul driver