

Bruce Springsteen, Souls Of The Departed

On the road to Basra stood young Lieutenant Jimmy Bly
Detailed to go through the clothes of the soldiers who died
At night in dreams he sees their souls rise
Like dark geese into the Oklahoma skies
Well this is a prayer for the souls of the departed
Those who've gone and left their babies brokenhearted
This is a prayer for the souls of the departed

Now Raphael Rodriguez was just seven years old
Shot down in a schoolyard by some East Compton Cholos
His mama cried "My beautiful boy is dead"
In the hills the self-made men just sighed and shook their heads

This is a prayer for the souls of the departed
Those who've gone and left their babies brokenhearted
Young lives over before they got started
This is a prayer for the souls of the departed

Tonight as I tuck my own son in bed
All I can think of is what if it would've been him instead
I want to build me a wall so high nothing can burn it down
Right here on my own piece of dirty ground

Now I ply my trade in the land of king dollar
Where you get paid and your silence passes as honor
And all the hatred and dirty little lies
Been written off the books and into decent men's eyes