

Bruce Springsteen, Southern Son

Born on the Hudson, twenty-two years gone
Bred and raised in the City
From my daddy's knee I learned the Union songs
But Grandma sang lullabies of Dixie
And though the Northern winter fills my heart with joy
Oh it's a Southern sun that shines down
On this Yankee boy

Mama dreamed of Paris nights
And boatin' on the Seine
She said, we're gonna make it there too
Soon as Papa comes home again
And she'd speak to me in broken french
Dressed like a painting of Lautrec's
In the night she'd clutch me to her breast
And say, we'll make it outta here yet
And though Parisian women
Strut so fine down the Eiffel mall
It's a Southern one I sing my songs for

Well with the local bunch of do-good boys
And an old man from the West
We crossed the land in the caravan
Yes we traveled with the best
With circus acts and vaudeville hacks
And the Mississippi Delta Queen
She told me the news and sold me her blues
In an alley in New Orleans
And though the Western plains are still stained
With the blood of great cowboys
It's a Southern sun
That shine down on this Yankee boy