

Bruce Springsteen, Sugarland

They're grazin' the field
Covered with tar
Can't get a price
To see my way clear
I'm sitting down
At the Sugarland Bar
It might as well bury
My body right here

Tractors and combines
Out in the cold
Sheds piled high
With the wheat we ain't sold
silos filled with
Last year's crops
If something don't break me
We'll gonna drop

Well my wife got another
Coming in july
She's just laid up in bed
All she does is cries, cries, cries
Tommy, oh Tommy
I'm so alone
Tommy, oh Tommy
Oh! Won't you stay home

Pa' don't say nothing
except when it rains
He sits by the window
Listening to the sound of passing trains
Roaring out of the night
Carrying an empty load
We got a whole lot of grain
That ain't got nowhere to go

Well, if prices
Don't get no higher
I'll fill this dustbin with gas And set these fields on fire
Sit out on a ridge
Where the bluebirds fly
And watch the flame rise up
Against this sugarland sky