

Bruce Springsteen, After The Thunder

An echo fades of sounds once heard
By thousands brought together for
His ringing voice, a soul that stirred
The faithful to a mighty roar.

For twenty years upon the stage
For twenty years upon the stage
The passion deep within his soul
Brought forth the anger and the rage
His vision locked upon one goal.

The promises of rock and roll could
Break the chains upon his life,
Guitar in hand he vowed he would
Be free from pain and inner strife.

He shook the rafters in the halls
And brought the faithful to their feet,
His river coursed through mighty walls
Across this land, down every street.

With flag unfurled he took the word
Across the seas to hungry youth
Who raised their hands when e'er they heard
His cries for faith, and hope, and truth.

Today he stands with inner peace
A man content with home and health,

Upon his brow a jagged crease
A symbol of success and wealth.

The thunder of his younger days
Has passed, and now his words reveal
A calmer soul in many ways
Fulfilled with satisfactions real.

His arms upraised against the light
He stands alone, his eyes look toward
The ground below, a bird in flight
Still searching for his true reward.

His mission done, he finds retreat
With children and a loving wife,
His body tired from the heat
The price he pays for touring life.

But deep within the longings stir
The music runs within him still,
His passions for the times that were
Are stronger than his iron will.

And all of us who know the man
Will come together when he cries
The message we all understand
The thunder in us never dies.