

# Bruce Springsteen, Bobby Jean

Well, I came by your house the other day.  
Your mother said you went away.  
She said there was nothing  
that I could have done.  
There was nothing nobody could say.  
Me and you, we've known each other  
ever since we were sixteen.  
I wished I would have known,  
I wished I could have called you  
just to say goodbye, Bobby Jean  
Now you hung with me when all the others  
turned away, turned up their nose.  
We liked the same music, we liked the  
same bands, we liked the same clothes.  
We told each other that we were the wildest,  
the wildest things we'd ever seen.  
Now I wished you would have told me,  
I wished I could have talked to you  
just to say goodbye, Bobby Jean.  
Now we went walking in the rain talking  
about the pain that from the world we hid.  
Now there ain't nobody, nowhere nohow  
gonna ever understand me the way you did.  
Maybe you'll be out there on that road  
somewhere, in some bus or train travelling  
along, in some motel room.  
There'll be a radio playing and  
you'll hear me sing this song.  
Well, if you do, you'll know I'm thinking  
of you nad all the miles in between  
and I'm just calling one last time  
not to change your mind,  
but just to say, "I miss you, baby,  
good luck, goodbye, Bobby Jean."