

# Bruce Springsteen, Empty Sky

I woke up this morning  
I could barely breathe  
Just an empty impression  
In the bed where you used to be  
I want a kiss from your lips  
I want an eye for an eye  
I woke up this morning to the empty sky

Empty sky, empty sky  
I woke up this morning to an empty sky  
Empty sky, empty sky  
I woke up this morning to an empty sky

Blood on the streets  
Yeah blood flowin' down  
I hear the blood of my blood  
Cryin' from the ground

Empty sky, empty sky  
I woke up this morning to an empty sky  
Empty sky, empty sky  
I woke up this morning to an empty sky

On the plains of Jordan  
I cut my bow from the wood  
Of this tree of evil  
Of this tree of good  
I want a kiss from your lips  
I want an eye for an eye  
I woke up this morning to an empty sky

Empty sky, empty sky  
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I woke up this morning to an empty sky  
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