

# Bruce Springsteen, From Small Things Big Things

At sixteen she quit high school  
To make a fortune in the promised land  
She got a job behind the counter  
In an all-night hamburger stand  
She rode faithfully home to mama  
Now, mama don't you worry none  
From small things, mama, big things one day come

It was late one friday  
He pulled in out of the dark  
He was tall and handsome  
First she took his order, then she took his heart  
They bought a house up on the hillside  
Where little feet soon would run  
From small things, mama, big things one day come

Oh, but love is bleeding  
It's sad but it's true  
When your heart is beating

You don't want to hear the news  
She packed her bags  
And with a wyoming county interstate map  
She drove down to tampa  
In an eldorado grand  
She wrote back, dear mama  
Life is just heaven in the sun  
From small things, mama, big things one day come

Well, she shot him dead on a sunny florida road  
When they caught her all she said  
Was she couldn't stand the way he drove  
Back home lonesome johnny waits for his baby's parole  
He waits high on the hillside  
Where the wyoming rivers roll  
And his seed have almost grown now  
To a daughter and a handsome son  
From small things, mama, big things one day come