

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