

Bruce Springsteen, Life Itself

We met down in the valley, where the wine of love and destruction flows
There in that curve of darkness where flowers of temptation grow
I left the rest for the others it was you and nothing else
You felt so good to me baby, as good as life itself

You were life itself, rushing over me
Life itself, the wind in the black elms
Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes
I can't make it without you

I knew you were in trouble, anyone could tell
You carried your little black book from which all your secrets fell
You squandered all your riches, your love, your beauty and your wealth
Like you had no further use for, for life itself

You were life itself, rushing over me
Life itself, the wind in the black elms
Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes
I can't make it without you

Why the things that we treasure most slip away in time
'Til to the music we grow deaf and to god's beauty blind
Why do the things that connect us slowly pull us apart
'Til we fall away in our own darkness, stranger to our own hearts

And to life itself, rushing over me
Life itself, the wind in the black elms
Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes
I can't make it without you

So here's one for the road
Here's one to your health
And to life itself, rushing over me
Life itself, the wind in the black elms
Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes
I can't make it without you

Life itself
Life itself
Life itself
Life itself