

Bruce Springsteen, Prodigal Son

In a place where outlaws abound from the range
???on a day mountains has fallen to falls???
In a land where boys are forbidden to grow
And Mell is the only master
Were the highway ends and the desert breakes
and buildings are bendt from great earthquackes
And statesmen crawl on their bellys like snakes
And feed of the public hunger
In a land were sky-scrapers scratch the sky
And delinquent daughters to their mothers still lie
Papa stands on the corner he ???waitin' to beat the drum???
Welcome Home My Prodigal Son
When Rivers run raging through city streets
And great eagels have fallen from their loofy peaks
And policemen moonlight the sideshow freeks
for the final crime is committed
When Presidents ride in Ford Mustangs
And the Black man releases his Caddilac ???fangs???
And your chech died in bed as the landlord thanks the young girl next door
for the rent
Where telegraph wires are atached to your mind
Delinquent daughters to their mothers still lie
Papa stands on the corner ???waitin to beat the drum???
Welcome Home My Prodigal Son
When the telephone rings and falls of the hook
And your legs have been stolen by some defense department crook
And you startin' to think about writing a book
But now you won't pledge allingence to anything
And the maid comes in with coffee and cake
In a low-cut dress she wore just for your sake
You explain your not dead and she takes it as a compliment
and sticks out her tounge and asks for requests
In a land were skyscrapers scrapes the sky
and delinquent daughters to their mothers still lie
Papa stands on the corner ???waitin' to beat the drum???
Welcome Home My Prodigal Son