

Bruce Springsteen, The Word

Well you flash your tongue like diamonds
You tied me to your wildcat schemes
And you forced me into a power dive
And left your mark on my jeans
And I hear the word on your soldiers
And I hear the word on Jesus too
I heard the word on the country
But I never heard the word on you

Your love was like a machine gun
I wore your bugle in my belt
And I was your kid glove lover
All the cards were yours
You always dealt
And I stood before your soapbox
Noiseless and shoeless
Playing my pantry boy's games
You had your hands raised up to the sky
Shouting oh Sunday deity
Oh big daddy longlegs
Come down and bless your sister please
You were shoutin' orders about the construction

Going on down the highway
You were namin' names, blamin' blames
And you blamed me

You wore your heart like a challenge
Far and apart for anyone who came
Open and wide like the river
With rocks on both sides to keep the water tame
But I heard the word on your high tides
And I felt the pain when I tried
To rip your flood gates wide
And pull your body on over to my side
Where we both could hide
But you heard about the freedom ride
And you heard about the highway crew
Who could cut the light a little bit faster than you
So you left me just your shoes

And I hear the word on Jesus
And I hear the word on his marching troop
And I hear the word on the country
But I never heard the word on you