

# 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