

# Bruce Springsteen, This Hard Land

Hey there mister can you tell me what happened to the seeds I've sown  
Can you give me a reason sir as to why they've never grown  
They've just blown around from town to town  
Till they're back out on these fields  
Where they fall from my hand  
Back into the dirt of this hard land  
Now me and my sister from Germantown we did ride  
We made our bed sir from the rock on the mountainside  
We been blowin' around from town to town  
Lookin for a place to stand  
Where the sun burst through the cloud to fall like a circle  
Like a circle of fire down on this hard land

Now even the rain it don't come 'round  
It don't come 'round here no more  
And the only sound at night's the wind  
Slammin' the back porch door  
It just stirs you up like it wants to blow you down  
Twistin' and churnin' up the sand  
Leavin' all them scarecrows lyin' face down  
Face down in the dirt of this hard land

From a building up on the hill  
I can hear a tape deck blastin' "Home on the Range"  
I can see them Bar-M choppers sweepin' low across the plains  
It's me and you Frank we're lookin' for lost cattle  
Our hooves twistin' and churnin' up the sand  
We're ridin' in the whirlwind searchin' for lost treasure  
Way down south of the Rio Grande  
We're ridin' cross that river in the moonlight  
Up onto the banks of this hard land

Hey Frank won't ya pack your bags  
And meet me tonight down at Liberty Hall  
Just one kiss from you my brother and we'll ride until we fall  
Well sleep in the fields, we'll sleep by the rivers  
And in the morning we'll make a plan  
We'll if you can't make it  
Stay hard, stay hungry, stay alive  
If you can  
And meet me in a dream of this hard land