

Eric Church, Springsteen

To this day when I hear that song, I see you standing there on that lawn
Discount shades, store bought tan, flip-flops and cut off jeans
Somewhere between that setting sun, I'm On Fire and Born To Run
You looked at me and I was done, we were just getting started

I was singing to you, you were singing to me
I was so alive, never been more free
Fired up my daddy's lighter and we sang oh
Stayed there 'til they forced us out
We took the long way to your house
And I can still hear the sound
Of you saying don't go

When I think about you
I think about 17
I think about my old Jeep
I think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen

I bumped in to you by happenstance
You probably wouldn't even know who I am
But if I whispered your name, I bet there'd still be a spark
Back when I was gasoline and this old tattoo had brand new ink
And we didn't care what your momma would think 'bout your name on my arm

Baby is it spring or is it summer
The guitar sound or the beat of the drummer
You hear sometimes late at night on your radio
Even though you're a million miles away
When you hear Born In The USA
Do you relive those glory days from so long ago

When you think about me
Do you think about 17
Do you think about my old Jeep
Think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
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Woah-oh-oh-oh /6x

Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
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Woah-oh-oh-oh /12x