

## My hometown

Bruce Springsteen

I was \_\_\_\_\_ years old  
And running with a dime in my \_\_\_\_\_  
To the bus stop to pick  
Up a paper for my old \_\_\_\_\_  
I'd sit on his lap in that big old Buick  
And steer as we drove \_\_\_\_\_ town  
He'd tousle my \_\_\_\_\_  
And say, "son, take a good look \_\_\_\_\_"  
This is your \_\_\_\_\_  
This is your hometown  
This is your hometown  
This is your hometown

In \_\_\_\_\_ tension was running high  
At my \_\_\_\_\_  
There was a lot of \_\_\_\_\_  
Between the black and white  
There was nothing you \_\_\_\_\_ do  
Two cars at a light on a \_\_\_\_\_ night  
In the back seat there was a \_\_\_\_\_  
Words were passed in a shotgun blast  
Troubled times had \_\_\_\_\_  
To my hometown ...

Now Main Street's whitewashed \_\_\_\_\_  
And vacant \_\_\_\_\_  
Seems like there ain't nobody  
Wants to come down here no \_\_\_\_\_  
They're closing down the textile mill  
Across the railroad tracks  
Foreman \_\_\_\_\_, "these jobs are going, \_\_\_\_\_  
And they ain't coming back  
To your hometown....

Last \_\_\_\_\_ me and Kate we laid in bed  
Talking about getting out  
Packing up our bags, maybe heading \_\_\_\_\_  
I'm thirty \_\_\_\_\_, we got a boy of our own now  
Last night I sat him up behind the \_\_\_\_\_  
And said, "son, take a good look around  
\_\_\_\_\_ is your hometown"