

Brothers Under the Bridges ('83)

Bruce Springsteen

Saigon, it was all gone
The same coke machines as the streets I grew on
Down in a mesquite canyon, come walking along the ridge
Me and the brothers under the bridge
Campsite's an hour's walk from the nearest road or town
There's too much brush in camp for the chp choppers to touch down
Ain't lookin' for nothin', I just want to live
Me and the brothers under the bridge
Come the santa anas and man that dry brush would light
Jimmy devon got burned up in his own campfire one winter night
We buried his body in the white stone high up on the ridge
Me and the brothers under the bridge
I had enough of the town oh and the straight life
Ain't careful you end up on the wrong end of someone's knife
Now I want no trouble and I ain't got none to give
Me and the brothers under the bridge
Well I shipped home back in '72
And you know you were just a beautiul light in your mom's dark eyes of
Blue
I stepped out on the tarmac, we were just kids
Me and the brothers under the bridge
Come veterans' day I sat on the stand in my dress blues
I held your mother's hand, and they passed with the red, white and
Blue
One minute you're right there, and somethin' slips.....

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