

Shackled and Drawn

Bruce Springsteen

One

One

One, two, three, four Great morning light splits through the chain

Another day older and closer to the grave

I'm closer to the grave and come the dawn

I woke this morning shackled and drawn Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn

Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on

Trudging through the dark in a world gone wrong

Woke up this morning shackled and drawn Whoa!

Alright, yeah! I always love the feel of sweat on my shirt

Stand back, son, and let a man work

Let a man work, is that so wrong

I woke up this morning shackled and drawn Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn

Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on

What's a poor boy to do in a world gone wrong

Woke up this morning shackled and drawn Freedom, son, is a dirty shirt

The sun on my face and my shovel in the dirt

The shovel in the dirt keeps the devil gone

I woke up this morning shackled and drawn Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn

Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on

What's a poor boy to do but keep singing this song

I woke up this morning shackled and drawn Whoa whoa whoa! Whoa whoa whoa! Whoa whoa whoa! Gambling
man rolls the dice, working man pays the bills

It's still fat and easy up on bankers hill

Up on bankers hill the party's going strong

Down here below we're shackled and drawn Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn

Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on

Trudging through the dark in a world gone wrong

Woke up this morning shackled and drawn Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn

Pick up the rock, son, and carry it on

What's a poor boy to do but keep singing this song

I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Whoa! Whoa whoa-whoa!

Whoa whoa-whoa! Whoa whoa-whoa!

Whoa whoa-whoa!

Whoa whoa-whoa! (I want everybody to stand up)

(I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight)

(You know we got to pray together)

(I want you to stand up)

(I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight)

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