Springsteen

Eastern Conference Champions

To this day when I hear that song
I see you standin' there on that lawn
Discount shades, store bought tan,
Flip flops and cut off jeansSomwhere between that setting sun
I'm on fire and born to run
You looked at me and I was done
Well, we're just getting startedI was singin' to you, you were singin' to me
I was so alive, never been more free
Fired up my daddy's lighter and sang Oh-h-h-h-h-hStayed there 'til they forced us out
Took the long way to your house
I canstill hear the sound of you saying don't goWhen 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 into 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 sparkBack when I was gasoline
And this old tattoo had brand new ink
And we didn't care what your momma'd think
About your name on my armBaby is it spring or is it summer
The guitar sounds or the beat of the drummer
You hear sometimes late at night
On your radioEven though you're a million miles away
When you hear Born in the USA
You relive those glory days
So long agoWhen 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
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen
SpringsteenWoah-oh-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh-h-h-h (x2)Funny how a melody sounds like a memory,
LIke soundtrack to a July Saturday night,
Springsteen
Springsteen
Oh, Springsteen.Woah-oh-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh-h-h-h

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