

# 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 jeansSomewhere 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

Lyrics provided by  
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