

Wrecking Ball

Bruce Springsteen

I was raised out of steel here in the swamps of Jersey, some misty years ago
Through the mud and the beer, and the blood and the cheers, I've seen champions come and go

So if you got the guts mister, yeah if you've got the balls
If you think it's your time, then step to the line, and bring on your wrecking ball

Bring on your wrecking ball

Bring on your wrecking ball

Come on and take your best shot, let me see what you've got

Bring on your wrecking ball

Bring on your wrecking ball

Bring on your wrecking ball

Come on and take your best shot, let me see what you've got

Bring on your wrecking ball

Now my home was here in the Meadowlands, where mosquitoes grow big as airplanes

Here where the blood is spilled, the arena's filled, and Giants play the 'Skins

So raise up your glasses and let me hear your voices call

Come on!

Because tonight all the dead are here, so bring on your wrecking ball

Bring on your wrecking ball

Bring on your wrecking ball

Come on and take your best shot, let me see what you've got

Bring on your wrecking ball

One, two, one two three four!

[trumpet solo] Yeah we know that come tomorrow, none of this will be here

So hold tight on your anger

Hold tight on your anger

Hold tight to your anger, and don't fall to your fear

Now when all this steel and these stories, they drift away to rust

And all our youth and beauty, it's been given to the dust

And your game has been decided, and you're burning the down the clock

And all our little victories and glories, have turned into parking lots

When your best hopes and desires, are scattered to the wind

And hard times come, hard times go

Hard times come, hard times go

And hard times come, hard times go

Hard times come, hard times go

Hard times come, hard times go

Yeah just to come again

Bring on your wrecking ball

[illegible]

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