

This Hard Land

Bruce Springsteen

Hey there mister can you tell me what happened to the seeds I've sown
Can you give me a reason sir as to why they've never grown
They've just blown around from town to town
Till they're back out on these fields
Where they fall from my hand
Back into the dirt of this hard land Now me and my sister from Germantown
We did ride
We made our bed sir from the rock on the mountainside
We been blowin' around from town to town
Lookin' from a place to stand'
Where the sun burst through the cloud
To fall like a circle
Like a circle of fire down on this hard land Now even the rain it don't come 'round
It don't come 'round here no more
And the only sound at night's the wind
Slammin' the back porch door
It just stirs you up like it wants to blow you down
Twistin' and churnin' up the sand
Leavin' all them scarecrows lyin' face down
Face down in the dirt of this hard land From a building up on the hill
I can hear a tape deck blastin' "Home on the Range"
I can see them Bar-M choppers
Sweepin' low across the plains
It's me and you Frank we're lookin' for lost cattle
Our hooves twistin' and churchin' up the sand
We're ridin' in the whirlwind searchin' for lost treasure
Way down south of the Rio Grande
We're ridin' 'cross that river
In the moonlight
Up onto the banks of this hard land Hey Frank won't ya pack your bags
And meet me tonight down at Liberty Hall
Just one kiss from you my brother
And we'll ride until we fall
We'll sleep in the fields
We'll sleep by the rivers and in the morning
We'll make a plan
Well if you can't make it
Stay hard, stay hungry, stay alive
If you can

And meet me in a dream of this hard land

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>