

# The Line

## Bruce Springsteen

I got my discharge from Fort Irwin  
Took a place on the San Diego county line  
Felt funny bein' a civilian again  
It'd been some time  
My wife had died a year ago  
I was still tryin' to find my way back whole  
Went to work for the INS on the line  
With the California border patrol Bobby Ramirez was a ten-year veteran  
We became friends  
His family was from Guanajuato  
So the job it was different for him  
He said "They risk death in the deserts and mountains  
Pay all they got to the smugglers rings  
We send 'em home and they come right back again  
Carl hunger is a powerful thing." Well I was good at doin' what I was told  
Kept my uniform pressed and clean  
At night I chased their shadows  
Through the arroyos and ravines  
Drug runners farmers with their families  
Young women with little children by their sides  
Come night we'd wait out in the canyons  
And try to keep 'em from crossin' the line Well the first time that I saw her  
She was in the holdin' pen  
Our eyes met and she looked away  
Then she looked back again  
Her hair was black as coal  
Her eyes reminded me of what I'd lost  
She had a young child cryin' in her arms  
I asked "Seora is there anything I can do ?" There's a bar in Tijuana  
Where me and Bobby drink alongside  
The same people we'd sent back the day before  
She said her name was Louisa  
She was from Sonora and had just come north  
We danced and I held her in my arms  
And I knew what I would do  
She said she had some family in Madera county  
If she her child and younger brother could just get through At night they come across the levee  
In the searchlight's dusty glow  
We'd rush 'em in our Broncos

Force 'em back down into the river below  
She climbed into my truck  
She leaned toward me and we kissed  
As we drove her brother's shirt slipped open  
And I saw the tape across his chest We were just about on the highway  
When Bobby's jeep come up in the dust on my right  
I pulled over and let my engine run  
And stepped out into his lights  
I felt myself movin'  
My gun restin' 'neath my hand  
We stood there starin' at each other  
As off through the arroyo she ran Bobby Ramirez he never said nothin'  
Six months later I left the line  
I drifted to the central valley  
And took what work that I could find  
At night I searched the local bars  
And the migrant towns  
Lookin' for my Louisa  
With the black hair fallin' down

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