

Straight Time

Bruce Springsteen

Got out of prison back in '86 and I found a wife
Walked the clean and narrow
Just tryin' to stay out and stay alive
Got a job at the rendering plant, it ain't gonna make me rich
In the darkness before dinner comes
Sometimes I can feel the itch
I got a cold mind to go tripping 'cross that thin line
I'm sick of doin' straight time
My uncle's at the evenin' table, makes his living runnin' hot cars
Slips me a hundred dollar bill says
"Charlie you best remember who your friends are."
Got a cold mind to go tripping 'cross that thin line
I ain't makin' straight time
Eight years in it feels like you're gonna die
But you get used to anything
Sooner or later it just becomes your life
Kitchen floor in the evening tossin' my little babies high
Mary's smiling but she's watching me out of the corner of her eye
Seems you can't get any more than half free
I step out onto the front porch and suck the cold air deep inside of me
Got a cold mind to go tripping 'cross that thin line
I'm sick of doin' straight time
In the basement huntin' gun and a hacksaw
Sip a beer and thirteen inches of barrel drop to the floor
Come home in the evening, can't get the smell from my
hands
Lay my head down on the pillow
And go driftin' off into foreign lands

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