

# The Wish

## Bruce Springsteen

Dirty old street, all slushed up in the rain and snow.  
Little boy and his ma,  
Standin' outside a run-down music store window.  
On top of the christmas tree shines one beautiful star,  
And lyin' underneath, a brand new japanese guitar. I remember in the mornin' ma, hearin' your alarm clock ring.  
I'd lie awake and listen to you gettin' ready for work,  
The sound of your makeup case on the sink.  
And the ladies at the office, all silk stockin's and rustlin' skirts.  
And how proud and happy you always looked, walkin' home from work. Well if pa's eyes were windows, into a  
world so deadly and true,  
You couldn't stop me from lookin', but you kept me from crawlin' through.  
Well it's a funny old world ma,  
Where a little boy's wishes come true.  
Well I got a few in my pocket, and a special one just for you. It ain't no phone call on sunday, flowers, or a  
mother's day card.  
It ain't no house on the hill, with a garden and a nice little yard.  
I got my hot rod down on bond street,  
I'm older but you'll know me at a glance.  
We'll find us a rock 'n roll bar, baby we'll go out and dance. Well it was me in my beetle boots, you in pink  
curlers and matador pants,  
Gettin' up in the livin' room, to do the twist for my uncles and aunts.  
Well I got a girl of my own now ma,  
Yeah, we're doin' ok.  
And I've been workin' up the nerve, to say what it is I got to say. Last night we sat around laughin', at all those  
things that guitar brought  
Us,  
And I laid awake thinkin' about the other things it's brought.  
Well tonight I'm takin's requests here in the kitchen,  
This one's for you, let me come right out and say,  
That if you're lookin' for a sad song, well, I'm not gonna play

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>