

# Springsteen

## Eric Church

To this day when I hear that song  
I see you standin' there all night long  
Discount shades, store bought tan  
Flip flops and cut-off jeans Somewhere between that setting sun  
I'm on fire and born to run  
You looked at me and I was done  
And we're, we're just getting started I was singin' to you, you were singin' to me  
I was so alive, never been more free  
Fired up my daddy's lighter and we sang, oh Stayed there 'til they forced us out  
And took the long way to your house  
I can still hear the sound of you sayin' don't go When I think about you, I think about seventeen  
I think about my old jeep  
I think about the stars in the sky  
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory  
Like the soundtrack to a July Saturday night, Springsteen I bumped into you by happenstance  
You probably wouldn't even know who I am  
But if I whispered your name  
I bet there'd still be a spark Back when I was gasoline  
And this old tattoo had brand new ink  
And we didn't care what your mom would think  
About your name on my arm Baby is it spring or is it summer  
The guitar sound or the beat of that drummer  
You hear sometimes late at night  
On your radio Even though you're a million miles away  
When you hear 'Born in the USA'  
You relive those glory days  
So long ago When you think about me, do you think about seventeen  
Do you think about my old jeep  
Think about the stars in the sky  
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory  
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night  
Springsteen, Springsteen Whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh Funny how a melody sounds like a memory  
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night  
Springsteen  
Springsteen  
Whoa Springsteen Whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh

Whoa-oh-oh-ohWhoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-ohWhoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-ohWhoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh

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