

# Life Itself

## Bruce Springsteen

We met down in the valley, where the wine of love and destruction flows  
There in that curve of darkness where the flowers of temptation grow  
I left the rest for the others it was you and nothing else  
You felt so good to me, baby, as good as life itself  
You were life itself, rushing over me  
Life itself, the wind in the black elms  
Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes  
I can't make it without you  
I knew you were in trouble, and anyone could tell  
You carried your little black book from which all your secrets fell  
You squandered all your riches, your, your beauty and your wealth  
Like you had no further use for, for life itself  
You were life itself, rushing over me  
Life itself, the wind in the black elms  
Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes  
I can't make it without you  
Why the things that we treasure most slip away in time?  
'Til to the music we grow deaf and to God's beauty blind  
Why do the things that connect us slowly pull us apart?  
'Til we fall away in our own darkness, stranger to our own hearts  
And to life itself, rushing over me  
Life itself, the wind in the black elms  
Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes  
I can't make it without you  
So here's one for the road, here's one to your health  
And to life itself, rushing over me  
Life itself, the wind in the black elms  
Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes  
I can't make it without you  
Life itself, life itself  
Life itself, life itself

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