

Bruce Springsteen - My Hometown

[Spicy Filters from BeWellPlayed.com](http://BeWellPlayed.com)

I was eight years old and running with a dime in my
hand
Into the bus stop to pick up a paper for my old man
I'd sit on his lap in that big old Buick
And steer as we drove through town
He'd tousle my hair and say "Son, take a good look
around
This is your hometown."

This is your hometown
This is your hometown
This is your hometown

In '65 tension was running **high** at my **high** school
There was a lot of fights 'tween the black and white
There was nothing you could do
Two cars at a light on a Saturday night
In the back seat there was a **gun**
Words were passed, then a **shotgun** blast

Troubled times had come to my hometown

To my hometown

To my hometown

To my hometown

Now Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant
stores

Seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down
here no more

They're closing down the textile mill across the
railroad tracks

Foreman says "These jobs are going, boys
And they ain't coming back
To your hometown."

To your hometown

To your hometown

To your hometown

Last night me and Kate, we **laid** in bed

Talking about getting out

Packing up our bags maybe heading south

I'm thirty-five, we got a boy of our own now

Last night I sat him up behind the wheel, and said

"Son take a good look around
This is your hometown."

Songwriter: Bruce Springsteen

[Lyrics from genius.com](https://www.genius.com)