

Another You

Bruce Springsteen

Your long hair braided in the sun
Summer's coming undone
Piss smell 'neath the pavilions as we kiss
There is nothing else but this

There will never be another you
There will never be another you
When this burns and evening's empires come crashing through
Still, there'll never be another you

Building towers into the sun
Climbing, climbing, rung by rung
Your tongue underneath my tongue
Damp sand in my fingers waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting

There will never be another you
There will never be another you
When this burns and evening's empires come crashing through
Still, there'll never be another you

I hold you as the horizon turns to rust
The ocean swallows the two of us
Your mouth waiting, waiting
The sun from the sea comes rising, rising, rising, rising

There will never be another you
There will never be another you
When this burns and evening's empires come crashing through
Still, there'll never be another you