

Dinner At Eight

Bruce Springsteen

Put on my coat, shut the light
Make my way in the evening light
I'm all right
Dinner at eight, dinner at eight

A love, a home
A simple world of our own
Your voice on the phone
Dinner at eight, dinner at eight
The burdens of the day
Are all slipping away, away

What mistakes did I make
To make you walk away?
Your face, my prayer
The grace I find there
Your hands, these hours
A day that's ours

One husband, one wife
One dream of a life
One lost and lonely night
Dinner at eight, dinner at eight

A tie, crisp white shirt
To cover the scars and the hurt
I get outta bed, go to work
Have dinner at eight, dinner at eight
Dinner at eight, dinner at eight