

High Sierra

Bruce Springsteen

I was down on my luck, so down on my luck
Packed my bags and left the big city and the trouble I'd seen
Took the highway north, tryin' to find some place where the air
felt clean
I came upon that little café in the early spring
Where, as you came through the door, above a little bell would
ring

She was waiting there, in the High Sierras
A flower in her long black hair, in the High Sierras
I'd been down on my luck, so down on my luck

It was laughter and wine, and warm endless nights
In that little motel, I could have stayed there the rest of my
life

I found a job at the filling station, she worked at the luncheonette
In the evening she'd set the table, as I washed off the dirt and sweat
Then it was good as it gets, just as good as it gets

We were happy there, in the High Sierras
Oh, so happy there, in the High Sierras
And I'd been down on my luck, and she lifted me up

One day a man came through town, someone I used to know
Reminded me of something I'd done a long time ago
I told him I changed. He said, "We owe what we owe."

That evening I boarded the train into the big city
I told her I'd be back again, soon, from the big city
It's just old business that had to be done
As the train left the station, they gave me my gun

The day smelled of ash
The sky was hard and blue
All I remember was my shirt, with the blood seeping through

At dusk she'd set the tables for the morning shift
She'd sit on the motel porch with a beer and cigarette
As the summer nights would drift
Seasons passed and the winter snow melted come the early spring
At the luncheonette she'd look up from the counter
Each time that little bell would ring

We were happy there, in the High Sierras
Oh, so happy there, in the High Sierras

I was down on my luck, she lifted me up