

House of a Thousand Guitars

Bruce Springsteen

The blood moon shines across the vale
Bells ring out through churches and jails
I tally my wounds and count the scars
Here in the house of a thousand guitars

The criminal clown has stolen the throne
He steals what he can never own
May the truth ring out from every small town bar
We'll light up the house of a thousand guitars

Well, it's alright, yeah, it's alright
Meet me, darling, come Saturday night
All good souls from near and far
Will meet in the house of a thousand guitars

Here the bitter and the bored
Wake in search of the lost chord
That'll band us together for as long as there're stars
Here in the house of a thousand guitars

Yeah, it's alright, yeah, it's alright
Meet me, darlin', come Saturday night
Brother and sister, wherever you are
We'll meet in the house of a thousand guitars

So wake and shake off your troubles, my friend
We'll go where the music never ends
From the stadiums to the small town bars
We'll light up the house of a thousand guitars

House of a thousand guitars, house of a thousand guitars
Brother and sister, wherever you are
We'll rise together till we fire the spark
That'll light up the house of a thousand guitars

Well, it's all right, yeah, it's all right
Meet me, darlin', come Saturday night
All good souls from near and far
We'll meet in the house of a thousand guitars

A thousand guitars, a thousand guitars
A thousand guitars, a thousand guitars
A thousand guitars, a thousand guitars
A thousand guitars, a thousand guitars