

# Indian Town

Bruce Springsteen

'Cross the desert, the rain came hard and black  
Two shovelheads rumblin' 'cross the railroad tracks  
Sheriff steps out of his car, takes off his hat  
And slowly looks around

Ostrich boots and a diamond ring  
Scar on his cheek too deep to think  
He steps up to the bar, orders a drink  
I watch him as he shoots it down

I was just eighteen down in Indian Town

Billy was workin' as a hired hand  
He was a Hopi in off the First Mesa  
Weekends, we'd head into town for a drink and a dance  
A little trouble and a look around

A woman with hair black as coal and eyes of blue  
Stood in the street over a young kid with his leg shot through  
Sheriff pushes his way through  
Shakes his head as he looks down

In the spring, we'd ride the high desert  
Through Seligman and Kingman on old 66  
Make the poker run through Bullhead City  
Into Laughlin and back around

Well, I welded it outta cast iron, just like his ride  
Stuck it into the ground, where he died  
Marked on it his name and the day he was born  
And the day he went down  
On that white stretch of road outside of Indian Town

It was closing time, I was drunk  
And she was somebody's wife  
I was drunk, too drunk to see the knife  
I felt a push, and I was on my back  
Ceiling black and comin' down