

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