Bruce Springsteen

We met down in the valley, where the wine of love and destructi on flows

There in that curve of darkness where flowers of temptation gro $_{\mbox{\scriptsize W}}$

I left the rest for the others it was you and nothing else You felt so good to me baby, as good as life itself

You were life itself, rushing over me Life itself, the wind in the black elms Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes I can't make it without you

I knew you were in trouble, anyone could tell You carried your little black book from which all your secrets fell

You squandered all your riches, your, your beauty and your weal th

Like you had no further use for, for life itself

You were life itself, rushing over me...

Why are things that we treasure most slip away in time 'Til to the music we grow deaf and to god's beauty blind Why do the things that connect us slowly pull us apart

'Til we fall away in our own darkness Stranger to our own hearts And to life itself, rushing over me Life itself, the wind in the black elms

Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes I can't make it without you So here's one for the road Here's one to your health

And to life itself, rushing over me Life itself, the wind in the black elms Life itself, in your heart and in your eyes I can't make it without you

Life itself Life itself Life itself Life itself