

# Song for Orphans

Bruce Springsteen

The multitude assembled  
And tried to make the noise  
The black blind poet generals  
And restless loud white boys  
But times grew thin and the axis  
Was left somehow incomplete  
Where instead of child lions  
We found aging junkie sheep

How many wasted have I seen signed "Hollywood or bust"  
Left to ride them ever ghostly Arizona gusts  
Oh, cheerleader tramps and kids with big amps  
Sounding in the void  
High society vamps and ex-heavyweight champs  
Mistaking soot for soil

So break me now, big mama  
As Old Faithful breaks the day  
Believe me, my good Linda  
The aurora will shine your way  
The confederacy, she's in my name now  
And the hounds are held at bay  
The axis needs a stronger arm  
Do you feel your muscles play?

The doorstep blanket weaver  
Madonna pushes bells  
From house to house I see her  
Giving last kisses and wishing well  
To every gypsy, mystic and all star hero  
That the kids might find the place  
Who've been lost forever to papa and mama  
On their weekends out in space

Now the sons, they search for fathers  
But their fathers have all gone  
The lost souls search for saviors  
But saviors don't last long  
Those aimless, questionless renegade brats  
Who live their lives in songs  
They run the length of a candle  
In a goodnight whisper and a puff they're gone

So break me now, big mama  
As Old Faithful breaks the day  
Believe me, my good Linda  
The aurora will shine your way  
The confederacy, she's in my name now  
And the hounds are held at bay  
The axis needs a stronger arm  
Do you feel your muscles play?

The missions are filled with hermits looking for a friend  
The terraces are filled with cat-men looking for a way in  
There are orphans junked on silver mountains  
Lost in celestial alleyways  
They wait for that old tramp Dog Man Moses

He takes in all the strays

Now, don't grow on empty legends  
Or lonely cradle songs  
'Cause Billy the Kid was just a bowery boy  
Who made his living twirling his guns  
The night she's long, she's lanky  
She speaks in her mother tongue  
And lullabies the refugees  
With an amplifier's hum

So break us now, big mama  
As Old Faithful breaks the day  
Believe me, my sweet Linda  
Oh, help is sure on the way  
The confederacy, she's in my name now  
And the hounds are held at bay  
The axis needs a stronger arm  
Do you feel your muscles play?  
The confederacy, she's in my name now  
And the hounds are held at bay  
The axis needs a stronger arm  
Do you feel your muscles play?