

# Sugarland

Bruce Springsteen

Grains in the field covered with tarp  
Can't get a price to see my way clear  
I'm sitting down at the Sugarland bar  
You might as well bury my body right here

Tractor and combines out in the cold  
Sheds piled high with the wheat we ain't sold  
Silos filled with last year's crop  
If something don't break, hey, we're all gonna drop

My wife's got another comin' in July  
She's just layin' up in bed  
All she does is cry, cry, cry  
Tommy, oh, Tommy, I'm so alone  
Tommy, oh, Tommy, oh, won't you stay home?

Pa don't say nothing except when it rains  
He sits by the window listening to the sound of passing trains  
Roarin' out of the night carryin' an empty load  
We got a whole lot of grain  
That ain't got nowhere to go

Well if them prices don't get no higher  
I'll fill this duster with gas and set these fields on fire  
Sit up on the ridge where the bluebirds fly  
And watch the flames rise up against the Sugarland sky