

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