

The Line

Bruce Springsteen

C
I got my discharge from Fort Irwin
F C
took a place on the San Diego county line
F C
felt funny bein' a civilian again
G
it'd been some time
C
my wife had died a year ago
F C
I was still tryin' to find my way back whole
F C
I went to work for the INS on the line
G C
with the California Border Patrol

F
Bobby Ramirez was a ten year veteran
C
and we became friends
F C
his family was from Guanajuato
G
so the job it was different for him
C
he said' "They risk death in the deserts and mountains"
F C
pay all they got to the smugglers rings,
F C
we send 'em home and they come right back again
G C
Carl, hunger is a powerful thing."

F C
Well I was good at doin' what I was told
F C
kept my uniform pressed and clean
F C
at night I chased their shadows
G
through the arroyos and ravines

C
Drug runners, farmers with their families,
F C
young women with little children by their sides
F C
come night we'd wait out in the canyons
G C
and try to keep 'em from crossin' the line

Well the first time that I saw her
F C
she was in the holdin' pen
F C
Our eyes met and she looked away

G
then she looked back again
C
her hair was black as coal
F **C**
her eyes reminded me of what I'd lost
F
she had a young child cryin' in her arms
C **G** **C**
and I asked, "Senora, is there anything I can do"

Am7
There's a bar in Tijuana
F
where me and Bobby drink alongside
C **G** **C**
the same people we'd sent back the day before
Am7 **F**
we met there she said her name was Louisa
C **G**
she was from Sonora and had just come north
Am7 **F**
we danced and I held her in my arms
G **C**
and I knew what I would do

F **C**
She said she had some family in Madera county
G **C**
if she, her child and her younger brother could just get through

At night they come across the levy
F **C**
in the searchlights dusty glow
F **C**
we'd rush 'em in our Broncos
G
and force 'em back down into the river below
C
she climbed into my truck
F **C**
she leaned towards me and we kissed
F **C**
as we drove her brothers shirt slipped open
G **C**
and I saw the tape across his chest

Am7 **F**
We were just about on the highway
C **G** **C**
when Bobby's jeep come up in the dust on my right
Am7 **F**
I pulled over and let my engine run
C **G**
and stepped out into his lights
Am7
I felt myself movin'
F **G** **C**
felt my gun restin' 'neath my hand
F **C**
we stood there starin' at each other
G **C**

as off through the arroyo she ran

Bobby Ramirez he never said nothin'

F **C**

6 months later I left the line

F **C**

I drifted to the central valley

G

and took what work I could find

C

at night I searched the local bars

F

and the migrant towns

C

Lookin' for my Louisa

G **C**

with the black hair fallin' down