

# The Wall

Bruce Springsteen

Cigarettes and a bottle of beer  
This poem that I wrote for you  
This black stone and these hard tears  
Are all I've got left now of you  
I remember you in your Marine uniform laughing  
Laughing that you're shipping out probably  
I read Robert McNamara says he's sorry

You and your boots and black t-shirt  
Ah Billy you looked so bad  
Ya, you and your rock and roll band  
Was the best thing this shit town ever had  
Now the man who put you here  
He feeds his family in rich dining halls  
And apology and forgiveness got no place here at all  
At the wall

I'm sorry I missed you last year  
I couldn't find no one to drive me  
If your eyes could cut through that black stone  
Tell me would they recognize me?  
For the living, time must be served  
Life goes on  
Cigarettes and a bottle of beer  
Skin on black stone

High School pictures, paper flowers  
Ribbon, red as the blood  
Ya, as the blood you spilled  
In the Central Highlands mud  
Now the limousines rush down Pennsylvania Avenue  
As the rain falls  
And apology and forgiveness got no place here at all