

# The Wish

Bruce Springsteen

Dirty old street all slushed up in the rain and snow  
Little boy and his ma shivering outside a rundown music store window  
That night on top of a Christmas tree shines one beautiful star  
And lying underneath a brand-new Japanese guitar

I remember in the morning, ma, hearing your alarm clock ring  
I'd lie in bed and listen to you gettin' ready for work  
The sound of your makeup case on the sink  
And the ladies at the office, all lipstick, perfume and rustlin'  
' skirts  
And how proud and happy you always looked walking home from work

If pa's eyes were windows into a world so deadly and true  
You couldn't stop me from looking but you kept me from crawlin'  
through  
And if it's a funny old world, mama, where a little boy's wishes  
come true  
Well I got a few in my pocket and a special one just for you

It ain't no phone call on Sunday, flowers or a mother's day card  
It ain't no house on a hill with a garden and a nice little yard  
I got my hot rod down on Bond Street, I'm older but you'll know  
me in a glance  
We'll find us a little rock 'n roll bar and baby we'll go out and  
dance

Well it was me in my Beatle boots, you in pink curlers and matador  
pants  
Pullin' me up of the couch to do the twist for my uncles and  
aunts  
Well I found a girl of my own now, ma, I popped the question on  
your birthday  
She stood waiting on the front porch while you were telling me  
to get out there  
And say what it was that I had to say

Last night we all sat around laughing at the things that guitar  
brought us  
And I layed awake thinking 'bout the other things it's brought  
us  
Well tonight I'm takin's requests here in the kitchen  
This one's for you, ma, let me come right out and say it  
It's overdue, but baby, if you're looking for a sad song, well  
I ain't gonna play it