

# Springsteen

Emily Ann Roberts

To this day when I hear that song  
I see you standin' there on that lawn  
Discount shades, store bought tan  
Flip flops and cut-off jeans  
Somewhere between that setting sun  
I'm on Fire and Born to Run  
You looked at me and I was done  
And we're just getting started

I was singin' to you, you were singin' to me  
I was so alive, never been more free  
Fired up my daddy's lighter and we sang "ohh"  
Stayed there 'til they forced us out  
And took the long way to your house  
I can still hear the sound of you sayin' "don't go"

When I think about you, I think about 17  
I think about my old Jeep  
I think about the stars in the sky  
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory  
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night  
Springsteen

If I bumped into you by happenstance  
You probably wouldn't even know who I am  
But if I whispered your name I bet there'd still be a spark  
From back when I was gasoline  
And this old tattoo had brand new ink  
And we didn't care what your mom would think  
About your name on my arm

Baby, is it spring or is it summer?  
The guitar sound or the beat of that drummer  
You hear sometimes late at night  
On your radio  
Even though you're a million miles away  
When you hear Born in the USA  
You relive those glory days  
So long ago

When you think about me, do you think about 17?  
Do you think about my old Jeep  
You think about the stars in the sky  
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Funny how a melody sounds like a memory  
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night  
Springsteen  
Oh, Springsteen

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