

Bruce Springsteen "From Small Things"

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At sixteen she quit high school to
make her fortune in the promised land
She got a job behind the counter in an
all night hamburger stand
She wrote faithfully home to mama
"Now mama don't you worry none"
From small things, mama
Big things one day come

It was late one Friday he pulled in
out of the dark
He was tall and handsome; first she
took his order, then she took his heart
They bought a house up on the hillside
Where little feet soon would run
From small things, mama
Big things one day come

BRIDGE:

Oh but love is fleeting
it's sad but true
But when your heart is beating
You don't wanna hear the news
She packed her bags
and with a Wyomie County real estate man
She ran down to Tampa
In an "El Dorado Grande"
She wrote back home, "Dear Mama
Life is just heaven in the sun
From small things, mama
Big things one day come"

Well she shot him dead
On a sunny Florida road
When they caught her all she said
Was she couldn't stand the way he drove

Back home lonesome Johnny
Prays for his baby's parole
He waits on the hillside
Where the Wyomie waters roll
At his feet and almost grown now

A blue-eyed daughter and a handsome son
Well from small things, mama
Big things one day come
Well from small things, mama

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