

Bruce Springsteen

"Look Toward The Land"

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Well, I dreamed I was a gypsy riding the land
With a tambourine and a gypsy queen
And a rainbow caravan
Happy old land sailor, yeah, that's what I want to be
Stealing diamonds from the rich men to throw in the
sea

Singing look toward the land
'cause the land holds the key
Keep an eye on the land
And an eye on the sea

Yes, I dreamed I was the cabin boy
On an American Clipper line
Stealing cargo to colonies of South Caroline
Watering flowers for the captain that they may not wilt
On the best ol' Clipper Donald McKay ever built

Singing look toward the land
'cause the land is the key
Singing keep an eye on the land
And an eye on the sea

Yes I dreamed I was a captain of a river queen
Caressing Mississippi waters down to New Orleans
Just a riverboat captain, that's what I want to be
Won't you come on now, I'd let you ride my mama for
free

Singing look toward the river
'Cause the river's the key
Keep an eye on the river
And an eye on the sea

And you know it's all right

Where the river flows, I'll follow
Where the sun shines, I will go
Mama take my hand, I want to bring you to the land
Where the wild wind blows
And the mountains grow

And the people know
Yes, they know
You must let the river flow
Let the river flow

Where the river flows, I will follow
Where the sun shines, I must go
And mama, take my hand, I want to bring you the land
Where the wild wind blows
And the people know
And the mountains grow
Yes, they grow
And the river flows
Gotta let the river flow

Yes I dreamed I was a river
Flowing free
And I dream

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