

Bruce Springsteen

"Phantoms"

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Jamie rides in high boots
Braves the bank and wades in the river
Holds his gun above the water
And crosses to the shore

Now, the Christian Army awaits you
And Jessie's still waiting to date you
Those phantoms fly in strict formation
Over the hills of St George

Now the rebel life is lonely
Oh but the mountains are soft with freedom
To be free is to be lonely
Oh, lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely

Jamie rides down a broken highway
The heat of the sun tends to bring him down
His field's full of crazy visions
Of Needles and white women in evening gowns

And he hears Jessie calling to him in the hills
Oh, she calls to him from the clouds
And the men are working in the fields
Oh, listen to 'em work
Ah, busting rocks
Ah, busting those rocks

Jamie rides in high boots
Braves the bank and wades in the river
Holds his gun above the water
And crosses to the shore

Now, the Christian Army awaits you
and Jessie's still waiting to date you
Those phantoms fly in strict formation
over the hills of St George

Those phantoms still fly in strict formation
Over the hills of St. George
Those fighters fly in strict formation
Over the hills of St. George

But he hears Jessie calling him home
He hears Jessie calling him home
And he hears the prisoners working in the field
Sees the chain gang busting rocks
And Jessie's calling him home

Those phantoms still fly in strict formation
Over the hills of St. George

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