

## **Bruce Springsteen "Sugarland"**

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They're grazin' the field  
Covered with tar  
Can't get a price  
To see my way clear  
I'm sitting down  
At the sugarland bar  
It might as well bury  
My body right here

Tractors and combines  
Out in the cold  
Sheds piled high  
With the wheat we ain't sold  
Silos filled with  
Last year's crops  
If something don't break me  
We'll gonna drop

Well my wife got another  
Coming in july  
She's just laid up in bed  
All she does is cries, cries, cries  
Tommy, oh tommy

I'm so alone  
Tommy, oh tommy  
Oh! won't you stay home

Pa' don't say nothing  
Except when it rains  
He sits by the window  
Listening to the sound of passing trains  
Roaring out of the night  
Carrying an empty load  
We got a whole lot of grain  
That ain't got nowhere to go

Well, if prices  
Don't get no higher  
I'll fill this dustbin with gas and set these fields on fire  
Sit out on a ridge  
Where the bluebirds fly

And watch the flame rise up  
Against this sugarland sky

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