

## **Bruce Springsteen**

# **"The Ghost Of Tom Joad"**

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Men walkin' 'long the railroad tracks  
Goin' someplace there's no goin' back  
Highway patrol choppers comin' up over the ridge

Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge  
Shelter line stretchin' 'round the corner  
Welcome to the new world order  
Families sleepin' in their cars in the Southwest  
No home no job no peace no rest

The highway is alive tonight  
But nobody's kiddin' nobody about where it goes  
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light  
Searchin' for the ghost of Tom Joad

He pulls a prayer book out of his sleeping bag  
Preacher lights up a butt and takes a drag  
Waitin' for when the last shall be first and the first shall  
be last  
In a cardboard box 'neath the underpass  
Got a one-way ticket to the promised land  
You got a hole in your belly and gun in your hand

Sleeping on a pillow of solid rock  
Bathin' in the city aqueduct

The highway is alive tonight  
Where it's headed everybody knows  
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light  
Waitin' on the ghost of Tom Joad

Now Tom said "Mom, wherever there's a cop beatin' a  
guy  
Wherever a hungry newborn baby cries  
Where there's a fight 'gainst the blood and hatred in  
the air  
Look for me Mom I'll be there  
Wherever there's somebody fightin' for a place to  
stand  
Or decent job or a helpin' hand  
Wherever somebody's strugglin' to be free  
Look in their eyes Mom you'll see me."

Well the highway is alive tonight  
But nobody's kiddin' nobody about where it goes  
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light  
With the ghost of old Tom Joad

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