

Bruce Springsteen "You'll Be Comin' Down"

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White roses and misty blue eyes
Red mornings and nothing but grey skies
A cup of coffee, your heart shot clean through
Jacket you bought me gone daisy grey-blue
You're smilin' now but you'll find out
They'll use you up and spit you out now
Your head's spinnin' in diamonds and clouds
But pretty soon it turns out

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be comin' down
What goes around it comes around and
You'll be comin' down

Easy street and quick buck and true lies
Smile's as sad as those dusky blue skies
A silver plate of pearls my golden child
It's all yours at least for a little while
You'll be fine long as your pretty face holds out
Then it's gonna get pretty cold out

Endless streams of stars shootin' by
You got your hopes on high

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be comin' down
What goes around it comes around and
You'll be comin' down
For a while you'll go sparkling by
Just another pretty thing on high

[Sax solo]

Like a thief on a Sunday morning
It all falls apart with no warning
Satin sky's gone candy-apple green
The crushed metal of your little fine machine

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be comin' down
What goes around it comes around and
You'll be comin' down

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be comin' down
What goes around it comes around and
You'll be comin' down

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