

## Edmunds Dave "From Small Things"

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(Written by Bruce Springsteen)

At 16, she quit high school, to make her fortune in the  
Promised Land.

She got a job behind the counter at an all-night  
hamburger stand.

She wrote faithfully home to Mama, "Now mama, don't  
you worry none.

From small things, Mama, big things one day come."

It was late one Friday, he pulled in out of the dark.

He was tall and handsome. First she took his order,  
then she took his heart.

They bought a house up on a hillside where little feet  
would soon run.

From small things, Mama, big things one day come.

Oh, but luck was fleeting. It's sad but it's true.

When your heart is bleeding, you don't want to hear it  
abused.

She packed her bags and went to Wyoming with a real  
estate man.

She drove down to Tampa in an Eldorado Grand.

She wrote back, "Dear Mama, life is just heaven in the  
sun.

From small things, Mama, big things one day come."

Well, she shot him dead on a sunny Florida road.

When they caught her, all she said was she couldn't  
stand the way he drove.

Back home, lonesome Johnny waits for his baby's  
parole.

He waits high on the hillside where the wide-open  
rivers roll.

At his feet and almost grown now, a blue-eyed  
daughter and a handsome son.

From small things, Mama, big things one day come.

From small things, Mama, big things one day come.

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