

Eric Church "Springsteen"

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To this day when I hear that song
I see you standin' there on that lawn
Discount shades, store bought tan,
Flip flops and cut off jeans

Somewhere between that setting sun
I'm on fire and born to run
You looked at me and I was done
Well, we're just getting started

I was singin' to you, you were singin' to me
I was so alive, never been more free
Fired up my daddy's lighter and sang Oh-h-h-h-h-h

Stayed there 'til they forced us out
Took the long way to your house
I can still hear the sound of you saying don't go

When I think about you, I think about 17,
I think about my old jeep
I think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen.

I bumped into you by happenstance
You probably wouldn't even know who I am
But if I, whispered your name
I bet there'd still be a spark

Back when I was gasoline

And this old tattoo had brand new ink
And we didn't care what your momma'd think
About your name on my arm

Baby is it spring or is it summer
The guitar sounds or the beat of the drummer
You hear sometimes late at night
On your radio

Even though you're a million miles away

When you hear Born in the USA
You relive those glory days
So long ago

When you think about me, do you think about 17
Do you think about my old jeep,
Think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody, sounds like a memory
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen
Springsteen

Woah-oh-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh-h-
h-h (x2)

Funny how a melody sounds like a memory,
Like soundtrack to a July Saturday night,
Springsteen
Springsteen
Oh, Springsteen.

Woah-oh-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh-oh, Oh-h-
h-h

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