Springsteen

Eric Church

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
Somwhere 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 canstill 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 nightSpringsteen
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Oh, Springsteen.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/