

We Take Care of Our Own

Bruce Springsteen

i've been knockin' on the door, there's of throne
i've been lookin' for the map that leads me home
i've been stumblin' on good hearts turned to stone
those good intentions have gone dry as bone
we take care of our own
we take care of our own
wherever this flag's flown
we take care of our own
from chicago to new orleans
from the muscle to the bone
from the shotgun shack to the superdome
we needed help but the cavalry stayed home,
there ain't no-one hearing the bugle blown
we take care of our own
we take care of our own
wherever this flag's flown
we take care of our own

where's the eyes, the eyes with the will to see
where's the hearts, they run over with mercy
where's the love that has not forsaken me
where's the work that set my hands, my soul free
where's the spirit to reign, reign over me
where's the promise, from sea to shining sea
where's the promise, from sea to shining sea
wherever this flag is flown
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