

Lost In The Flood
Bruce Springsteen

INTRO: Em D

C D G Bm
The ragamuffin gunner is returnin home like a hungry runaway
C D
He walks through town all alone
G Bm
He must be from the fort he hears the high school girls say
D D/C Em Bm
His countryside s burnin with wolfman fairies dressed in drag for homicide
C D G Bm
The hit and run, plead sanctuary, neath a holy stone they hide
C D G Bm
They re breakin beams and crosses with a spastic s reelin perfection
C D G Bm
nuns run bald through Vatican halls pregnant, pleadin immaculate conception
D D/C Em Bm
And everybody s wrecked on Main Street from drinking unholy blood
C D C Bm Em
Sticker smiles sweet as Gunner breathes deep, his ankles caked in mud
C D Em C D Em
And I said Hey, gunner man, that s quicksand, that s quicksand that ain t mud
C D Em C D Em Am D
Have you thrown your senses to the war or did you lose them in the flood?
C D G Bm
That pure American brother, dull-eyed and empty-faced
C D G Bm
Races Sundays in Jersey in a Chevy stock super eight
D D/C
He rides her low on the hip, on the side he s got Bound For Glory
Em Bm
In red, white and blue flash paint
C D C Bm Em D
He leans on the hood telling racing stories, the kids call him Jimmy The Saint
Em G Am
Em
Well that blaze and noise boy, he s gunnin that bitch loaded to blastin point
G Am Em
He rides head first into a hurricane and disappears into a point
D D/C
And there s nothin left but some blood where the body fell
Em Bm
That is, nothin left that you could sell
C D C Bm Em

Just junk all across the horizon, a real highwayman s farewell

And I said Hey kid, you think that s oil? Man, that ain t oil that s blood
I wonder what he was thinking when he hit that storm
Or was he just lost in the flood?

Eighth Avenue sailors in satin shirts whisper in the air
Some storefront incarnation of Maria, she s puttin on me the stare
And Bronx s best apostle stands with his hand on his own hardware
Everything stops, you hear five, quick shots, the cops come up for air
And now the whizz-bang gang from uptown, they re shootin up the street

And that cat from the Bronx starts lettin loose
but he gets blown right off his feet
And some kid comes blastin round the corner but a cop puts him right away
He lays on the street holding his leg screaming something in Spanish
Still breathing when I walked away

And somebody said Hey man did you see that?
His body hit the street with such a beautiful thud
I wonder what the dude was sayin or was he just lost in the flood?
Hey man, did you see that, those poor cats are sure messed up
I wonder what they were getting into, or were they all just lost in the flood?

OUTRO: D Am Em Em Am D
D Am Em Em Am D
D Am Em Em Am D
D Am Em Em Am D
D Am Em Em Am D