

IL TESTO ORIGINALE DI BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN PER IL FILM WESTERN STARS

Western Stars is a 13-song meditation on the struggle between individual freedom and communal life. There are two sides of the American character. One is transient, restless, solitary. But the other is collective and communal, in search of family, deep roots, and a home for the heart to reside. These two sides rub up against one another, always and forever in everyday American life.

The barn. We've got a 100-year-old barn on our property built in the late 1800s, and the hayloft is simply a spiritual space. It has a high cathedral ceiling that used to be packed with enough winter hay to reach from the floor to the roof. Since we've had the place, we've held barn dances, weddings, harvest parties up there. So it's a space filled with the best kind of ghosts and spirits. When we knew we were going to film Western Stars, due to the instrumentation, I knew we'd need some place that could fit a 30-piece orchestra. Our barn is a structure that speaks to you. Its natural beauty, the aged wood. It's like a fine instrument itself. And it sounds good. It's just got soul. So for a few days, we got to play for a few friends and entertain the horses down below. So come on in, 'cause we're about to start our tale with a man just standing by the roadside. To having a great time.

HITHC HIKIN'

*Thumb stuck out as I go
And I'm just travelin'
Up the road
Well, maps don't do much
For me, friend
I follow the weather
And the wind
I'm hitch hikin'
All day long
Got what I can carry
In my song
I'm a rolling stone
Just rolling on
Catch me now
'Cause tomorrow I'll be gone
Family man gives me a ride
Got his pregnant Sally
At his side
Yes, indeed, sir
Children are a gift
Well, thank you kindly
For the lift
Well, I'm hitch hikin'
All day long
Trucker gears
His engine down
Says, "Climb on up, son
I'm highway bound"
Well, dashboard picture
Of a pretty girl
I'm ridin' high
On top of the world
I'm hitch hikin'
All day long
Gearhead in a souped-up '72
Wants to show a kid
Just what this thing'll do*

*Telephone poles and trees
Go whizzin' by
Well, thank you, pal
She sure can fly
Hey, I'm hitch hikin'
All day long
Well, I'm hitch hikin'
All day long
Hey, I'm hitch hikin'
All day long*

Cars. This is my 19th album and I'm still writing about cars. Writing about the people in 'em, anyway. Why? I don't know. I guess the car remains a powerful metaphor for me. We still live a lot of our lives here in America in cars... just trying to get from one place to another, from one place to another. Now, I suppose 40 years ago, they were a potent metaphor for open roads, freedom. Today, not so much. At best, they're a metaphor for movement. When we're in a car, we can feel like we're always moving forward, over the rise, around the bend, into the future. It can settle the spirit sometimes. But are we moving forward? A lot of the time, we're just moving.

THE WAYFARER

*It's the same sad story
Love and glory
Goin' 'round and 'round
It's the same old cliché
A wanderer on his way
Slippin' from town to town
Some find peace here
On the sweet streets
The sweet streets of home
Where kindness falls
And your heart calls
For a permanent place
Of your own
I'm a wayfarer, baby
I drift from town to town
When everyone's asleep
And the midnight bells sound
My wheels are hissinn'
Up the highway
Spinning 'round and 'round
You start out slow
In a sweet little bungalow
Something two can call home
Then the rain comes fallin'
The blues come calling
You're left
With a heart of stone
Some folks are inspired
Sitting by the fire
Slippers tucked
Under the bed
When I go to sleep
I can't count sheep
For the white lines
In my head*

*I'm a wayfarer, baby
I roam from town to town
When everyone's asleep And
The midnight bells sound
My wheels are hissinn'
Up the highway
Spinning 'round and 'round
Where are you now?
Where are you now?
Where are you now?
Come on!
I'm a wayfarer, baby
I roam from town to town
When everyone's asleep
And the midnight bells sound
My wheels are hissinn'
Up the highway
Spinning 'round and 'round
I'm a wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby
Wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby
Wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby
Wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby
Wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby
Wayfarer, baby
I'm a wayfarer, baby
Wayfarer, baby*

Change. How do you change yourself? I've spent my 10,000 hours, and then some, learning my musical craft. But I've spent a lot more time than that, some 35 years, trying to learn how to let go of the destructive parts of my character. They did not go easily into that good night. For a long time, if I loved you and if I felt a deep attachment to you, I would hurt you if I could. It was a sin, and I still have days when I struggle with it. But I've gotten better. Through the love of my family, my good friends, I've learned how to love. And to be compassionate with those close to me, and to try and live with some small honor. "Tucson Train" is about a guy who's trying to follow his better angels, working in the sun for a new start. He's trying to change.

TUCSON TRAIN

*I got so down
And out in Frisco
Tired of the pills
And the rain
I picked up
Headed for the sunshine
I left a good thing behind
Seemed all of our love
Was in vain
Now my baby's coming in
On the Tucson train
I come here*

*Lookin' for a new life
One I wouldn't
Have to explain
To that voice
That keeps me awake at night
When a little peace
Would make everything right
If I could just
Turn off my brain
Now my baby's coming in
On the Tucson train
Well, we fought hard
Over nothin'
We fought
Till nothin' remained
I've carried that nothin'
For a long time
Now I carry
My operator's license
And spend my days
Just runnin' this crane
My baby's coming in
On the Tucson train
Hard work'll clear
Your mind and body
The hard sun
Will burn out the pain
If they're lookin' for me
Tell 'em, buddy
I'm waitin'
Down at the station
Just prayin'
To the fivefifteen
I'll wait
All God's creation
Just to show her
A man can change
Now my baby's coming in
On the Tucson train
On the Tucson train
On the Tucson train
Waitin' on the fivefifteen
Here she comes*

Western Stars is the heart of the record. It was my reference point when I was searching for who my character was and where he, I, was headed. You've got a fading Western film star watching the world change around him. Watching it pass him by. He's left doing Viagra commercials, and weekend rodeoing in the desert, east of Los Angeles, with some Mexicancharros who've come across la frontera. He lives in the Hollywood Hills, frequents LA watering holes, here he's the oldest guy in the room. But he's still got an inner compass that doesn't allow him to bullshit himself. He knows exactly who he is, what he's done, the good, the bad and the ugly of it. It's his small redemption... and he's made a relative peace with himself. He's losing old friends quickly, a lot of empty boots. But he wakes up in the morning, glad that his are still on.

WESTERN STARS

www.pinkcadillacmusic.it

*I wake up in the morning
Just glad my boots are on
Instead of empty
In the whispering grasses
Down the Five
At Forest Lawn
On the set
The makeup girl brings me
Two raw eggs
And a shot of gin
Then I give it all up
For that little blue pill
That promises to bring it
All back to you again
Yeah, ride me down easy
Ride me down easy, friend
Tonight, the western stars
Are shining bright again
Here in the canyons
Above Sunset
The desert
Don't give up the fight
A coyote with someone's
Chihuahua in its teeth
Skitters 'cross my veranda
In the night
Some lost sheep
From Oklahoma
Sips her mojito
Down at the Whiskey Bar
Smiles and says
She thinks she remembers me
From that commercial
With the credit card
Hell, these days
There ain't no more
Now there's just again
Tonight, the western stars
Are shining bright again
Sundays
I take my El Camino
Throw my saddle in and go
East to the desert
Where the charros
They still ride and rope
Our American brothers
Cross the wire and bring
The old ways with them
Tonight, the western stars
Are shining bright again
Once I was shot
By John Wayne
Yeah, it was
Towards the end
That one scene's bought me
A thousand drinks*

*Set me up and I'll tell it
For you, friend
Here's to the cowboys
And riders in the whirlwind
Tonight, the western stars
Are shining bright again
And the western stars
Are shining bright again
Tonight
The riders on Sunset
Are smothered
In the Santa Ana winds
And the western stars
Are shining bright again
Come on
And ride me down easy
Ride me down easy, friend
Tonight, the western stars
Are shining bright again
I woke up this morning
Just glad my boots were on*

Saturday night, let's rock and roll! You've got to have a Saturday night. I used to take my bike up into the Santa Monica Mountains, where there was a weekend club. Hundreds of bikes, a live band, folks dancing from afternoon till night. I have a few tequilas, and watch the parade.

SLEEPY JOE'S CAFE

*There's a place
Out on the highway
'Cross the San Bernardino line
Where the truckers
And the bikers
Gather every night
At the same time
At seven, the band comes in
And locals
Dance the night away
At Sleepy Joe's Cafe
I drive on down
From the big town Friday
When the clock strikes five
As the red sun
Sets in the ocean
I start to come alive
Summer girls
In the parking lot
Slap on their makeup
And they flirt the night away
At Sleepy Joe's Cafe
Joe came home in '45
And took out a GI loan
On a sleepy little spot
An army cook
Could call his own
He married May*

*The highway come in
And they woke up to find
They were sitting on top Of
a pretty little gold mine
Whoop.
Saturday night
The lights are bright
As the folks pour in
From town
Joe keeps the blues playin'
At the bar
May lays the beers down
I come through the door
And feel the workweek
Slip away
See you out on the floor
And Monday morning's
A million miles away
At Sleepy Joe's Cafe
At Sleepy Joe's Cafe
At Sleepy Joe's Cafe*

In "Drive Fast," I had that metaphor... of the stuntman. Which is always a metaphor of risk, and of this idea that we all have our broken pieces. What frightens and what exhilarates and inspires us, are often very close together. Those feelings are the essence of what drives us to risk... in life and in love. Everybody's broken in some way. Physically, emotionally, spiritually. In this life, nobody gets away unhurt. I wrote a song about a guy not just finding the fearlessness to do his job, but the fearlessness to risk being with somebody that you love. We're always trying to find somebody whose broken pieces fit with our broken pieces, and something whole emerges. So, it was just a good metaphor for a story like that.

THE STUNTMAN

*I got two pins in my ankle
And a busted collarbone
A steel rod in my leg
But it walks me home
At nine, I climbed high
Into the boughs
Of our neighborhood's
Tallest tree
I don't remember the fear
Just the breeze
Drive fast, fall hard
I'll keep you in my heart
Yeah, don't worry
About tomorrow
Don't mind the scars
Just drive fast, fall hard
At 19
I was the king of the dirt
Down at the Remington draw
I liked the pedal
And I didn't mind the wall
'Midst the roar
Of the metal*

*I never heard a sound
I was looking for anything
Any kind of drug
To lift me up off this ground
Yeah, drive fast, fall hard
I'll keep you in my heart
Yeah, don't worry
About tomorrow
And don't mind the scars
Just drive fast, fall hard
We met on the set
Of this Bpicture
That she made
She liked her guys
A little greasy
'Neath her pay grade
We headed down to Baja
In the desert
We made our stand of it
Figured maybe together
We could get
The broken pieces to fit
Drive fast, fall hard
Keep me in your heart
Yeah, don't worry
About tomorrow
And don't mind the scars
Just drive fast, fall hard
I'll keep you in my heart
Yeah, don't worry
About tomorrow
And don't mind the scars
Just drive fast, fall hard
I got two pins in my ankle
And a busted collarbone
A steel rod in my leg
But it walks me home*

It's easy to lose yourself... or never find yourself. The older you get, the heavier that baggage becomes that you haven't sorted through. So you pay the price. And the older you get, the higher that price is. But in the past, putting yourself on the line, putting your heart on the line, has bred nothing but pain and failure, so you run. I've done a lot of that kind of running. You lose control of your desires, your appetites, your temper, and you reap what you sow. You run until you've left everything that you've loved and loves you behind.

CHASIN' WILD HORSES

*Guess it was somethin'
I shouldn't have done
Guess I regret it now
Ever since I was a kid
Tryin' to keep
My temper down
Is like chasin' wild horses
Chasin' wild horses
Chasin' wild horses*

*I left my home
Left my friends
I didn't say goodbye
I contract out to the BLM
Up on the Montana line
Chasin' wild horses
Chasin' wild horses
We're out before sunup
We're in after sundown
There's two men
In the chopper
Two under saddle
On the ground
In the evenings
We'd hop in the pickup
Head into town for a drink
I make sure
I work till I'm so damn tired
Yeah, way too tired
To think
You lose track of time
It's all just storms
Blowin' through
You come rollin'
'Cross my mind
Your hair flashin'
In the blue
Like wild horses
Just like wild horses
Just like wild horses
A fingernail moon
In a twilight sky
I'm ridin' in the high grass
Of the switchback
I shout your name
Into the canyon
The echo throws it back
The winter snow whites
Out the plains
Till it can turn you blind
The only thing
Up here I've found
Is tryin' to get you
Off my mind
It's like
Chasin' wild horses
Chasin' wild horses
Chasin' wild horses
Chasin' wild horses*

Sundown. A new day in a new town. I had a gal in New Jersey who broke my heart, ripped it to shreds, trampled on it, and sent it to me, COD, in a paper bag. So, I was out of there, on the first ride west, no looking back. I was going to build a new life in California, 3,000 miles away from the pain. But it didn't, uh, take long before my luck ran out and my money ran out. And it just wasn't gonna happen, so... Well, this song was my shot, my tribute to all the great Jimmy Webb songs about

character and place. Here, we find my brother in heartbreak, a long way from home. Trying to work it off, sweat it out, over a long, lonely summer in a faraway town.

SUNDOWN

*I'm twentyfive hundred miles
From where I wanna be
It feels like a hundred years
Since you've been near to me
I guess what goes around
Baby, comes around
Just wishing
You were here with me
In Sundown
Sundown ain't
The kind of place
You want to be on your own
It's all long, hot
Endless days
And cold nights all along
I drift from bar to bar
Here in lonely town
Just wishing
You were here with me
Come sundown
Come sundown
Sundown the cafes are filled
With lovers passing time
Sundown all I've got
Trouble on my mind
So I work all day out here
On the county line
I tell myself
It's all just gonna
Work out in time
When summer's through
You'll come around
That little voice
In my head's
All that keeps me
From sinking down
Come Sundown
Come Sundown
When summer's through
You'll come around
You'll come around
That little voice
In my head's
All that keeps me
From sinking down
Sinking down
Come Sundown
Come Sundown*

I wrote this song quickly at the kitchen table one morning. It's just about being lost on the highway of life. Lost is something. I'm good at writing about. Sometimes you've been too beat up, or haven't healed enough of the fear out of you, to know a good thing when you've found it. Sometimes you just gravitate to the pain. It's what you're used to. It's how you recognize yourself. It feels like home. It feels more familiar to you than love. So that's where you go. You don't know how to hold onto love, but you know how to hold onto hurt.

SOMEWHERE NORTH OF NASHVILLE

*Came into town
With a pocketful of songs
I made the rounds
But I didn't last long
I'm out on this highway
With a bonecold chill
Here, somewhere North of Nashville
I lie awake
In the middle of the night
Makin' a list of things
That I didn't do right
With you at the top
Of a long page filled
Here, somewhere
North of Nashville
For the deal I made
The price was strong
I traded you for this song
We woke each morning
With hearts filled
Bluebird of love
On the windowsill
Now the heart's unsteady
The night is still
All I've got's this melody
And time to kill
Here, somewhere
North of Nashville
Here, somewhere
North of Nashville
Here, somewhere
North of Nashville*

Lies. They will devour everything you have and everything you will ever have. Faith. Hope. Trust. All those things that are hard to come by. That's what grows your garden of love. Lies will try to make a fool out of all those things. But without them? All you have is stones.

STONES

*I woke up this morning
With stones in my mouth
You said those are
Only the lies you've told me
Only the lies
You've told me
I pulled my collar
To the wind
And spit them on the ground*

*You said those are
Only the lies you've told me
Only the lies
You've told me
Sat on the edge of our bed
In the sun
I felt them gather
On my tongue
I woke up this morning
With stones in my mouth
You said those are
Only the lies
You've told me
Only the lies
You've told me
The dirtbrown winter field
A thousand black crows
Cover the ground
You say those are
Only the lies
You've told me
Those are
Only the lies
You've told me
Autumn wind blows
Through the trees
The dark leaves
Come tumbling down
You say those are
Only the lies
You've told me
Those are
Only the lies
You've told me
I walk a highway
Washed in sun
I feel weight
Gather on my tongue
I woke up this morning
With stones in my mouth
You said those are
Only the lies
You've told me
Only the lies
You've told me
Those are only
The lies you've told me
Only the lies
You've told me
Those are Only the lies you've told me
Only the lies
You've told me
Those are Only the lies you've told me
Only the lies
You've told me
Those are Only the lies you've told me*

*I woke up this morning
With stones in my mouth
I woke up this morning
With stones in my mouth*

"Miracle" is a Southern California pop symphony about throwing away the best thing you ever had. That's the perfect ingredient for an epic pop single. Love is one of the only miracles God has given us daily proof of on earth. And while we do our best to disprove this idea, love is there to better us. But you must work for its blessings. Love and the creative life it births is a small, sweet sign of God's divinity within us. Now, my man in this song knows the rules. Works to abide by them. But sometimes our fears, our old habits and our insecurities get the best of the best that's within us. And there goes my miracle.

THERE GOES MY MIRACLE

*Sunrise, sundown
The street's gone
Golden brown
Auburn skies above
I'm searching for my love
I'm searching for my love
There goes
My miracle
Walking away
Walking away
There goes my miracle
Walking away
Walking away
Moonlight, moon bright
Where's my lucky star
Tonight?
Streets lost in lamp light
Then suddenly in sight
Suddenly in sight
There goes
My miracle
Walking away
Walking away
There goes
My miracle
Walking away
Walking away
Look what you've done
Look what you've done
Look what you've done
Oh, oh
Look what you've done
Look what you've done
Look what you've done
Oh, oh
Look what we've done
Look what we've done
Look what we've done
Look what we've done
Look what we've done*

*Oh, oh
Heartache, heartbreak
Love gives, love takes
The book of love
Holds its rules
Disobeyed by fools
Disobeyed by fools
There goes
My miracle
Walking away
Walking away
There goes
My miracle
Walking away
Walking away
Walking away
Walking away
There goes
My miracle
Sunrise, sundown*

A love song. It's the redemption of your heart. Your soul transformed through hard thought, hard times, and hard realizations. We drive out of the darkness into sunshine and love. "You fall in love with lonely, you end up that way." I wish on you and yours only love, companionship, God's blessing, and a guiding light through the dark for all your days.

HELLO SUNSHINE

*Had enough of heartbreak and pain
Had a little sweet spot
For the rain
For the rain
And skies of gray
Hello, sunshine
Won't you stay?
You know I always liked
My walking shoes
But you can get a little
Too fond of the blues
You walk too far
You walk away
Hello, sunshine
Won't you stay?
You know I always loved
A lonely town
Those empty streets
No one around
You fall in love with lonely
You end up that way
Hello, sunshine,
Won't you stay?
You know I always liked
That empty road
No place to be
And miles to go
But miles to go*

*Is miles away
Hello, sunshine,
Won't you stay?
Yeah, miles to go
Is miles away
Hello, sunshine,
Won't you stay?
Hello, sunshine,
Won't you stay?
Hello, sunshine*

Here we are. When Patti and I got together, there was nothing guaranteed. We didn't know where our love was gonna take us. All we had was the next day, and the shaky faith that it would lead us somewhere. We had to sneak around so I'd meet her on the same bench in Chelsea, across from the Empire Diner when I came into New York City. I'd bring some beer in a paper bag and we'd sit and talk. That was the bench I proposed to her on, and where we brought our first son, Evan, and carved our initials into the wood. That was some 30 years ago now. And marriage still doesn't bring along its guarantees. Just the faith and love you have in one another and the next day.

MOONLIGHT MOTEL

*There's a place
On a blank stretch of road
Where nobody travels
And nobody goes
The deskman says
These days 'round here
Well, two young folks could
Probably up and disappear
Into rustlin' sheets
A sleepy corner room
Into the musty smell
Of wilted flowers
And lazy afternoon hours
At the Moonlight Motel
Well, the pool's filled
With empty eightfoot deep
Got dandelions growin' up
Through the cracks
In the concrete
Chainlink fence
Halftrused away
Got a sign says, "Children
Be careful how you play"
Your lipstick taste
And your whispered secret
I promised I'd never tell
A halfdrunk beer
Your breath in my ear
At the Moonlight Motel
Well, then it's
Bills and kids
And kids and bills
And the ringing of the bell
Across the valley floor
Through the dusty*

Screen door
Dusty screen door
Of the Moonlight Motel
Last night, I dreamed
Of you, my lover
And the wind
Blew through the window
And blew off the covers
Of my lonely bed
I woke to something you said
It's better to have loved
Yeah
It's better to have loved
As I drove, there was
A chill in the breeze
And leaves tumbled
From the sky and fell
Onto a road so black
As I backtracked
To the Moonlight Motel
She was boarded up and gone
Like an old summer song
Nothing but an empty shell I pulled in
And stopped into my old spot
I pulled a bottle of Jack
Out of a paper bag
Poured one for me
And one for you as well
Then it was one more shot
Poured out
Onto the parking lot
To the Moonlight Motel

Yeah, let's move on. That was good, Tommy, that was good.

But the one last night... You never know what's going to happen with new music. Especially when it's played live. I love collaborating with people from my past. But I also love the challenge of finding and working with new collaborators. Now, during the filmmaking process, we took some chances and a certain kind of magic took place. Just the right amount of mistakes happened. And as you hoped it would, the music began to take on a life of its own... as it bounced around the wooden shell of our old barn. So when the music's over at the end of the day, life's mysteries remain and deepen. Its answers, unresolved. But if your heart is open, and you're thinking hard, and living and loving in good faith, the questions you are asking yourself grow deeper, better. So you walk on in pursuit of those better questions, tentatively putting one foot in front of another through the dark. Because that's where the next morning is.

Travel safe, pilgrim.

RHINESTONECOWBOY

One, two, three, four.
I've been walkin'
These streets so long
Singin' the same old song
I know every crack In the
dirty sidewalks of Broadway
Where hustle's
The name of the game

*And nice guys get washed away
Like the snow and the rain
There's been a load
Of compromisin'
On the road to my horizon
But I'm gonna be where
The lights are shinin' on me
Like a rhinestone cowboy
Oh, riding out on a horse
In a starspangled rodeo
Like a rhinestone cowboy
Getting cards and letters
From people I don't even know
And offers
Comin' over the phone
I really don't mind
The rain
A smile can hide
All the pain
But you're down
When you're ridin' that train
It's takin' the long way
And I dream
Of the things I'll do
With a subway token
And a dollar
Tucked inside my shoe be a load
Of compromisin'
On the road to my horizon
But I'm gonna be where
The lights are shinin' on me
Like a rhinestone cowboy
Riding out on a horse
In a starspangled rodeo
Like a rhinestone cowboy
Gettin' cards and letters
From people I don't even know
And offers
Comin' over the phone
Like a rhinestone cowboy*