



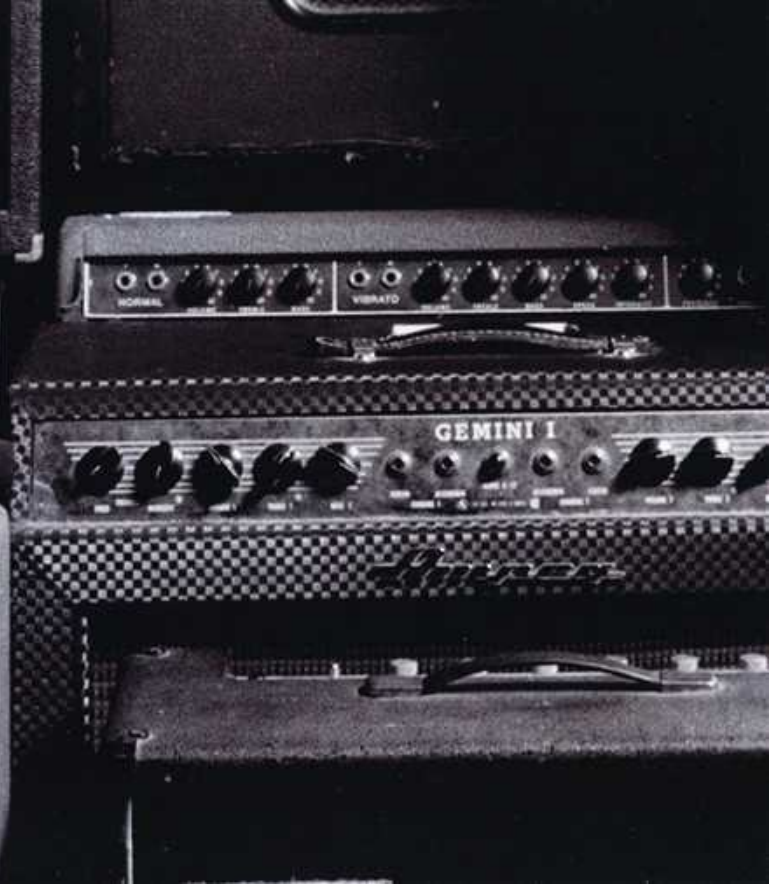
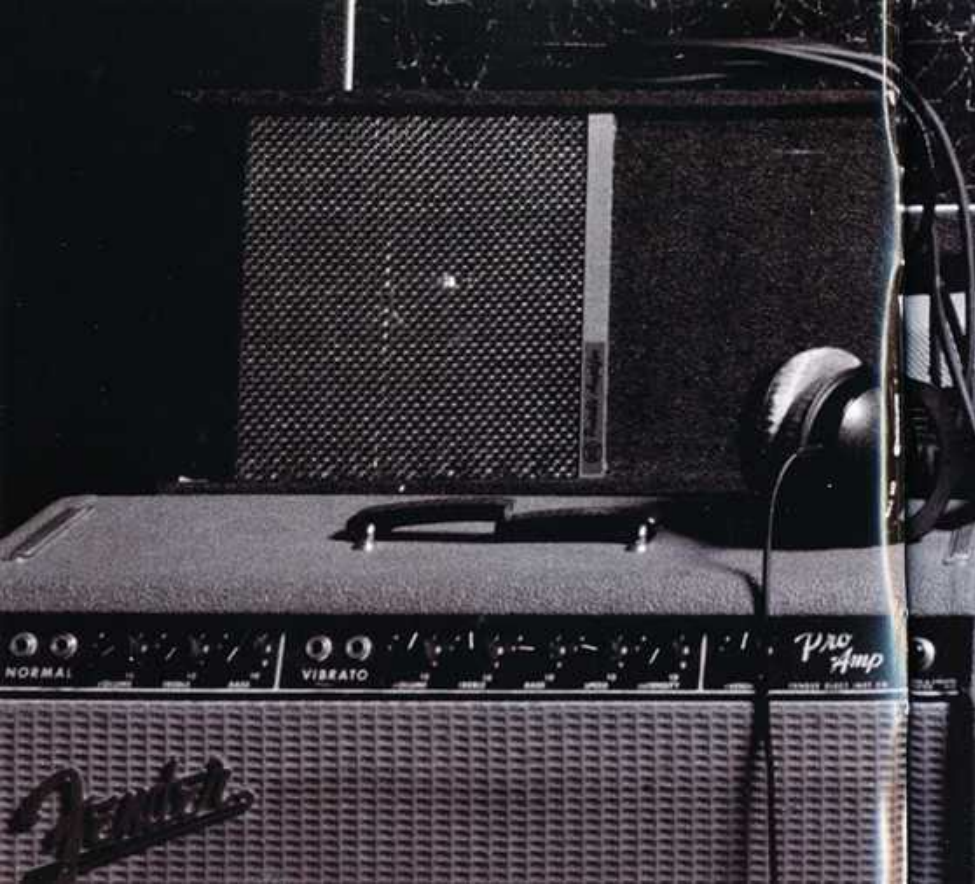


Welcome! The songs presented here come from seven albums that have for one reason or another never seen the light of day. After recording, mixing, and reviewing them I felt I'd found faults that made me unsure of turning them into major releases. I've always released my records with great care, making sure my narratives built upon one another. I'm glad I did, as it usually assured the best of what I had came out, weaving a clear picture in my fans' minds of who I was and where I was going in my work life at that moment. The records this collection draws from did not comfortably fit into that narrative, my creative arc. *LA Garage Sessions* was cut in '83 in between *Nebraska* and *Born in the U.S.A.* I was still a little gun shy of fame. I was unsure whether to immediately release *Born in the U.S.A.* after *Nebraska*. I spent a good part of the next year in California working on an alternative record. That was the record that these LA '83 demos are the result of.

Faithless was a piece of work I took (on commission) for a spiritual Western film that was preparing to be made around 2004. In Hollywood, I have found, you can disappear into "development" for long periods of time so I thought I would release these now and let you hear my results of this interesting project. Many of these records were done on a whim. *Somewhere North of Nashville* was recorded entirely during the afternoons of our *Tom Joad* sessions. Or, as with *Streets of Philadelphia Sessions* and *Twilight Hours*, I was just experimenting with genres (Electro pop/American Standards) usually out of my wheelhouse.

Inyo was a record I wrote in California during long drives along the California aqueduct, up through Inyo County on my way to Yosemite or Death Valley. It's one of my favorites. The outlier is *Perfect World*. This is a record I pieced together from work I had held for this project. It's the only piece here not originally conceived as its own record and I wanted just a little fun, noise, and rock 'n' roll to finish the package.

The joy of these records to me now are their imperfections. Perhaps their release during their day may have made for a more interesting career and explained what I was doing during a period where my fans could feel that I was searching for where I'd light out next. I've played this music to myself and often to close friends for years now. I'm glad you'll get a chance to finally hear them. I hope you enjoy them.



Facility Location	Track	Description	Format	SMPTL
LOST AND FOUND	SELECTIONS FROM	THE LOST ALBUMS		

REEL # _____
DATE 1983-2018

FROM LA GARAGE SESSIONS '83

FOLLOW THAT DREAM

If your heart is restless from waiting so long / If you're tired and weary and you can't go on / If a distant dream is calling you / Then there's just one thing you can do // Follow that dream / Wherever it may lead / Come on follow that dream / To find the love you need / Come on follow that dream // Now I've been searching for a heart that's free / Searching for someone to search with me / I need a love / A love I can trust / Together we'll search for the things that come to us // In dreams / Wherever they may lead / Come on follow that dream / To find the love you need / Come on follow that dream // Now every man has the right to live / The right to a chance / To give what he has to give / The right to fight for the things he believes / For the things that come to him in dreams // Yeah follow that dream / Wherever it may lead / Come on follow that dream / To find the love you need / Come on now follow that dream / Wherever it may lead / Come on now follow that dream / To find the love you need / Come on follow that dream / Yeah follow that dream / Yeah come on and follow that dream / Come on and follow that dream / Come on and follow that dream / To find the love you need

SEVEN TEARS

I had a wife, I had a child / I had a home upon a hill / Had a good life for seven years / Now all I've got is seven tears // Went down to see my gypsy man / He said, "Now son, I understand" / When I said, "I want one for every year" / He tattooed on my face, these seven tears // Oh seven tears, oh seven tears / I want one for every happy year / My baby's gone, she's gone gone gone / And I'll cry forever ever on // When I walk out into the lights of town / People see me comin' and they gather 'round / They wanna know how I ended up here / With this tattoo on my face of seven tears // Oh seven tears, oh seven tears / I want one for every happy year / My baby's gone, she's gone gone gone / And I'll cry forever ever on

UNSATISFIED HEART

Sir I am a pilgrim and a stranger in this land / Once I had a home here and my salvation was at hand / I lived in a house of gold yeah on a far hillside / I had two beautiful children and a kind and loving wife // Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart // One day a man came to town with nothing and nowhere to go / He came to me and he mentioned something I'd done a long time ago / I allowed him into my home on his vow our secret would never see the light / At night I'd lay awake in my wife's arms, she'd sigh, "Joe, you alright?" // Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart // The life I had built so carefully / It fell before my sin / My home became my prison / My truth hidden deep within // One night I woke up and as my wife did sleep / I got dressed in the darkness and I fled into the street // Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart // Well, night after night the same dream keeps coming 'round / I'm standing high in the green hills on the outskirts of town / The night air fills my lungs, the wind rustles my shirt / I can see the house where we lived, the building where I used to work / As I draw near the town's on fire, lit by a red summer moon / I feel your arms around me, I wake up in this room // Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart / Can you live with an unsatisfied heart

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS AND INSTRUMENTS / MIKE BATLAN AND BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: DRUM PROGRAMMING

RECORDED BY MIKE BATLAN / MIXED BY MIKE BATLAN / MASTERED BY BOB LUDWIG AT GATEWAY MASTERING (PORTLAND, ME) AND ROB LEBRET / ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING: ROB LEBRET / RECORDED AT: THRILL HILL BELLEVUE AVE, NJ / THRILL HILL BEVERLY HILLS, CA / STONE HILL STUDIO, NJ

FROM STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA SESSIONS

BLIND SPOT

We inhabited each other / Like it was some kind of disease / I thought that I was flyin' / But I was crawlin' on my knees // Everybody's got a blind spot that brings 'em down / Everybody's got a blind spot they can't get around // We mixed our blood together / Down on the muddy shore / I was looking for some lost part of myself / I prayed you might restore // Everybody's got a blind spot that brings 'em down / Everybody's got a blind spot they can't get around // I dreamt my love was lost / And I lived, lived by luck and fate / I burned each bridge I crossed / Until I stood at your gate // Everybody's got a blind spot that brings 'em down / Everybody's got a blind spot they can't get around / Everybody's got a blind spot that brings 'em down / Everybody's got a blind spot they can't get around

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, BASS, KEYBOARDS / TOBY SCOTT: DRUM PROGRAMMING

SOMETHING IN THE WELL

Woke last night to that same sound / At first, I thought it was you breathin' / Got out of bed and went to the window, just as a cloud rushed 'cross the moon / Baby, baby, there's something in the well / There's something in the well // Lately I've been watchin' that corner of the field / Out where the old black willow fell / Things can seem so safe and sure, but you can never really tell / Baby, baby, there's something in the well / Something waiting in the well // Now, I boarded it up myself back a lot of years / It's too long a story to tell / But there was no more sadness, no more tears, and since I've guarded it well / There's some secrets that should never be told / There's some words that should never be said / Now I know there's things in this world baby / That should stay locked up forever inside our heads / Baby, baby, there's something in the well / There's something in the well // Folks in town forgot, now they don't much care / Quiet years past but I could still feel it there / Snow melted off the fields, summer crops came through / Still, it stayed silent... then I met you // Well, last night darling I did sleep naked on the dark spring ground / The leaves in the trees came alive and spoke to me / And I could feel the dirt 'neath me movin' 'round / The well was torn open and

I stared down / Into the muddy darkness my black tears fell / Stars spread their false light on the earth, moon slipped from the sky and fell // My love for you came rushin' forward / My fear and hatred as well / Things can seem so safe and sure / But you can never really tell / There's something in the well

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITARS, KEYBOARDS / ZACHARY ALFORD: DRUMS / DAVID CAMPBELL: VIOLA / LARRY CORBIETT: CELLO

WAITING ON THE END OF THE WORLD

We loved each other like a disease / I came to you crawlin' on my knees / Your eyes were filled with rain / I could feel the poison runnin' through my veins / I'm waitin', I'm waitin', I'm waitin', waitin' on the end of the world // For one deadly kiss what would we give / Your skin tremblin' 'neath my fingertips / All I know is someday for love, baby, everybody pays / I'm waitin', I'm waitin', I'm waitin', waitin' on the end of the world // We hide from the truth in our hearts / One look and everything would fall apart / Here in your arms a soft decay I can feel myself wastin' away // Will you meet me in the halls / Where light scatters and darkness falls / Here in this feast of friends / A breath (yea) and we begin again / I'm waitin', waitin' on the end of the world

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, KEYBOARDS, PERCUSSION / ZACHARY ALFORD: DRUMS / TOMMY SIMS: BASS / SHANE FONTAYNE: GUITAR
RECORDED BY TOBY SCOTT / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: MIKE BAUMGARTNER, JIM LABINSKI, KRISH SHARMA / MIXED BY BOB CLERMOUNTAIN AT MIX THIS! LA / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: JAY MILTSCHER, RYAN FREELAND, TONY DUINO-BLACK, MICK PATTERSON / MASTERED BY BOB LUDWIG AT GATEWAY MASTERING (PORTLAND, ME) / TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE: GARY MYERBERG / RECORDED AT: THRILL HILL STONE CANYON, CA / THRILL HILL BEVERLY HILLS, CA / ASM STUDIOS, LA

MASTER TRACK VARIOUS SONGS

FROM FAITHLESS

FAITHLESS

Well I woke by the rocks of the river // Faithless, faithless, faithless / Then I met you // I walked 'neath the eaves of the garden // Faithless, faithless, faithless / Then I saw you // I stood in the fields of the mountainside / Looked out across the open lands / I walked in the valley 'neath an endless sky // Faithless, faithless, faithless / Then I found you // I reached for the hem of his garment / I stood in the light of the doorway / I saw my face in the waters at the riverside // Faithless, faithless, faithless // I woke by the rocks of the river // Faithless, faithless, faithless / Then I found you // Faithless, faithless, faithless

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, PERCUSSION, KEYBOARDS, PIANO, ORGAN / RON ANIELLO: UPRIGHT BASS

GOD SENT YOU

I was lost on the road that I traveled / Between the high mountains and the sea / I prayed for you this morning / And God sent you to me // Now though darkness lingers all around us / And darkness is all I see / Though the wine in my glass has turned to dust / God sent you to me // God sent you to me / A prayer of safety and salvation / God sent you to me / When faith was so hard to see / God sent you to me / His inner light is my patience / God sent you to me // Now I lie still in the evening / Listening as God's breath drifts through the trees / I can feel the darkness receding / God sent you to me // So if you're weary on that road you travel / Of the hardships handed to thee / I walk forever thankful / That God sent you to me // God sent you to me / A prayer of safety and salvation / God sent you to me / When faith is hard to see / God sent you to me / His inner light is my patience / God sent you to me / Yeah, God sent you to me / Well, God sent you to me

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, PIANO, ORGAN / RON ANIELLO: UPRIGHT BASS / PATTI SCIALFA, SOOZIE TYRELL, LISA LOWELL, CURTIS KING, JR., MICHELLE MOORE, ADA DYER: BACKGROUND VOCALS

RECORDED BY TOBY SCOTT, ROB LEBRET / MIXED BY ROB LEBRET / MASTERED BY BOB LUOWIG AT GATEWAY MASTERING (PORTLAND, ME) / RECORDED AT: THRILL HILL BELLEVUE AVE, NJ / THRILL HILL BEVERLY HILLS, CA / STONE HILL STUDIO, NJ

FROM SOMEWHERE NORTH OF NASHVILLE

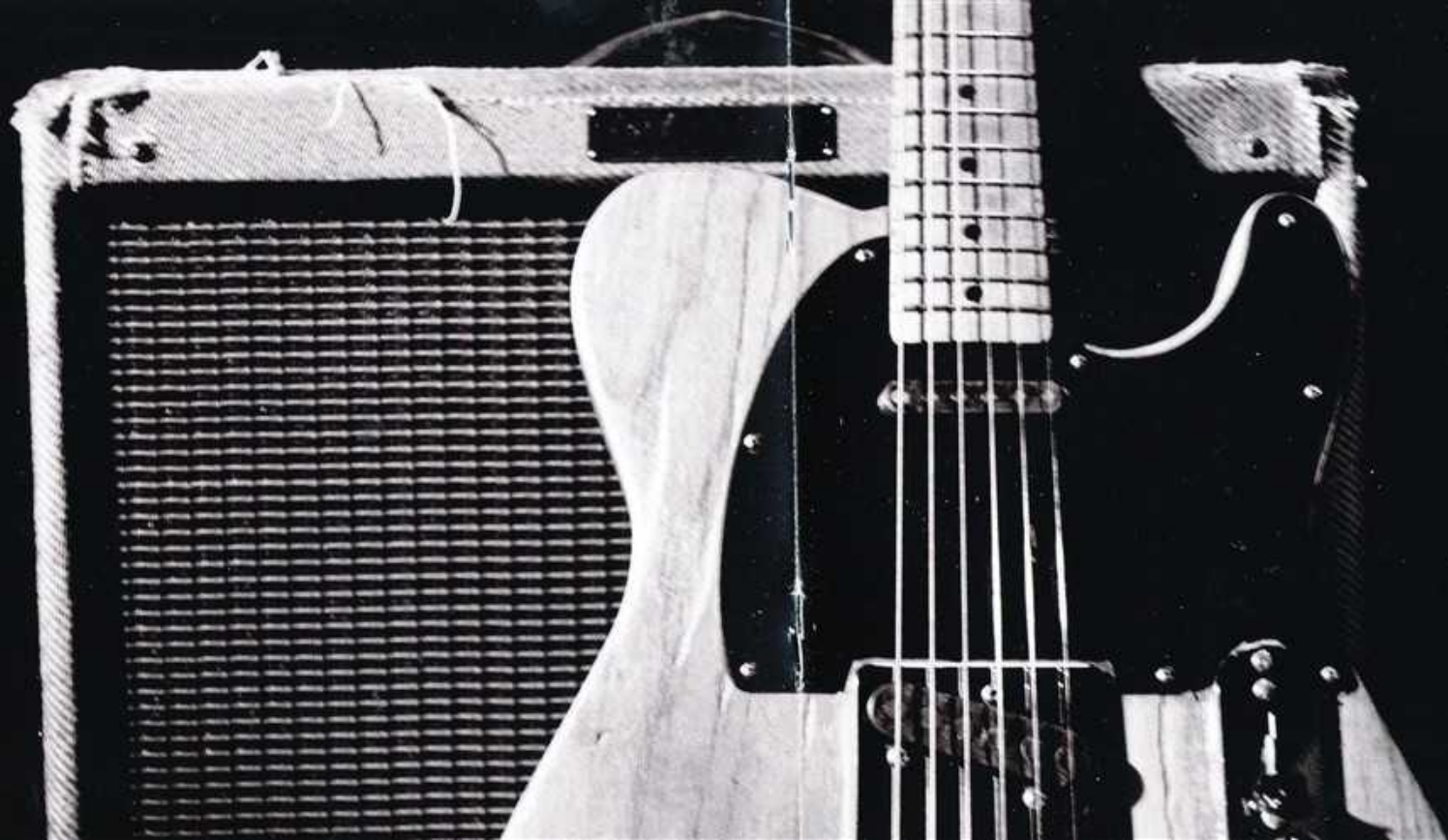
REPO MAN

There's a man who leads a life of danger / With everyone he meets, he stays a stranger / He's a repo man / Oh baby, that's a repo man / Well, hey big daddy cruisin' down the line / You don't make your monthly that Mercedes is mine, I'm a repo man / Hey buddy, I'm a repo man // Well, dead beats, tax cheats, you on welfare / Had a little dry spell, repo man don't care / A repo man lives by a code / You don't pay and I own your little piece of the road // Hide it in the city, hide it in the 'burbs / You wake up and it's gone 'fore you can say the words / Repo man / Quick baby, it's the repo man // Grifters, bums, hard cases, and slob / A real repo man, he loves his job / Couldn't tell you how many times I could've got killed or laid / You shouldn't a bought it if you couldn't a paid // Gran Torino way up in the Bronx / Guy with a pistol in his briefs and socks / Shoutin' repo man / I'll kill you, repo man // Well, a little pink nighty cryin' by the road, Sorry Miss, a repo man's got his code // Porch light flickering, I'm under the hood / A shot, I'm burning rubber, Ahhh life is good / I'm a repo man / Yea baby, that's a repo man / Honey, I'm a repo man / Oh, that's a real repo man / Yea sugar, I'm a repo man / Good God, baby, I'm a repo man

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR / GARRY TALLENT: BASS / CHARLIE GIORDANO: PIANO / GARY MALLABER: DRUMS / MARTY RIFKIN: PEDAL STEEL

DETAIL MAN

Well, I'm a hundred percent guaranteed / Honey, I'm the finisher that you need I'm your detail man / Baby, I'm your detail man / You want the job done right / Any day or night / Call your detail man // Well, I'll dot all the I's and I'll cross all your T's / From your pretty red lips down to your knees / I'm a detail man Baby, I'm a detail man / Well, I understand if you need a good hand / Call a detail man // Well, a detail man will never leave you in doubt / I'll kiss you in places other men ain't even heard about / I'm a detail man / Baby, I'm a detail man / You want the job done right any time of day or night / Call your detail man // Well, a detail man he always gets it right / He's still working when other men have rolled over and



called it a night / I'm a detail man / Baby, I'm a detail man / I know you understand if you need a good hand / Call your detail man // It don't matter if you're custom / It don't matter if you're stock / I'll have you purring like a kitty and running like a clock / You want a little of the spit-and-shine / Call the detail man and you're mine // Well, now it's as simple as a singing bird / Come to where professionalism ain't a dirty word / Call your detail man / Call your detail man / You want the job done right any time of day or night / Call your detail man // Well, call your detail man / Yeah, your detail man / Sugar, I'm a detail man / Let me be your detail man / I wanna be your detail man / Let me be your detail man / I wanna be your detail man // Come on, come on, come on baby let me be your man / Come on, come on, come on baby let me be your man

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, HARMONICA / GARRY TALLENT: BASS / CHARLIE GORDANO: PIANO / GARY MALLABER: DRUMS, TAMBOURINE / MARTY RIFKIN: LAP STEEL

YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE

The lights are out all over town / The evening sun is sinking down / I know you're good, babe / At moving on / But you're gonna miss me when I'm gone // Bartender's ringing last call / Does anyone hear angels when they fall / Here's one last drink, dear / And we'll dance to our song / You're gonna miss me when I'm gone // You're gonna miss me when I'm gone / When the nights get lonely and long / I know you're good, babe / At traveling on / But you're gonna miss me when I'm gone // You're gonna miss me when I'm gone / When the nights get lonely and long / Yeah, I know you're good, babe / At moving on / But you're gonna miss me when I'm gone

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, PIANO, SYNTH, KEYBOARDS / RON ANIELLO: KEYBOARDS / PATTI SCIALFA: VOCALS AND BACKGROUND VOCAL ARRANGEMENT / MAX WEINBERG: DRUMS / KAVEN RASTEGAR: BASS / MARTY RIFKIN: PEDAL STEEL

RECORDED BY TOBY SCOTT, ROB LEBRIET, ROSS PETERSEN, RON ANIELLO / MIXED BY BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN AT MIX THIS! LA / ASSISTANT ENGINEER: SERGIO RUELAS, JR. / MASTERED BY BOB LUDWIG AT GATEWAY MASTERING (PORTLAND, ME) / ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING: JAMES BROWN / RECORDED AT: THRILL HILL BEVERLY HILLS, CA / STONE HILL STUDIO, NJ

FROM INYO

THE LOST CHARRO

Godmother when I die, make of my clay a jar / And when you are thirsty, drink from it // And if you feel a shadow, a shadow touching your lips / It's the kisses of your charro // Pull the leather strip from your hair / And your black tresses fall upon the dark skin of your shoulders // Your dress embroidered with gold / Moves like a choir of young girls, scarcely touching the ground // My rope winds as the smoke rises / Burning the horn of my saddle / My rope winds as the evening sun sets / And we bring in the cattle // The traditions of the charro are the same eternally / No matter how much the horse changes / No matter how much the horseman may want / The cola is always the cola, the terna, the terna, the pial, the pial // My rope winds as the smoke rises / Burning the horn of my saddle / My rope winds as the evening sun sets / And we bring in the cattle // For two seasons I've picked the lettuce in Salinas / The prunes in Santa Clara / The oranges from the Ontario trees / I've traded in my leather for the denim of my campesinos / Godmother, I'll return home soon you'll see / And tonight in my dreams... / My rope winds as smoke rises / Burning the horn of my saddle / My rope winds as the evening sun sets / And we bring in the cattle // Godmother when I die, make of my clay a jar / And when you are thirsty drink from it

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR / JOE BRON: DRUMS / MARIACHI BAND: JORGE ESPINOSA: HARP / LUIS VILLALOBOS: VIOLIN / MIGUEL PONCE: GUITARRÓN (BASS) / ENGINEER: ROSS PETERSEN

INYO

Over the washes of the big and little Tujunga / Above the Mojave in a two-horse buckboard / Bill Mulholland and Fred Eaton set out for the Owens River Valley / In the fall of 1904 / Through the Tehachapi up along the Sierra Nevada // Through the Green Valley towards the Owens River mouth / They come to bring that Owens River water / Two hundred miles to the desert city south / Ain't you feeling dry, ain't you feeling dry now / My brother, ain't you feeling dry // I was a blaster in the black hole of Elizabeth / Hard rock tunneled five miles of the coast range / In the black mud we'd drilled and set the charges / Blew through that mountain in just a thousand days / Owens River water for the Queen of Angels / From the

heavens of the High Sierra packed snow / Owens River water for the children of the Queen of Angels // And to make rich the land syndicate of the San Fernando / Ain't you feeling dry, ain't you feeling dry now / My brother, ain't you feeling dry // My uncle pushed the Paiute from their valley / Cut out his homestead in blood / And pulled crops out of the desert sand // Then the south they come to share our water / Cause the south was thirsty my friend // Come the drought of '19 they started pumpin' / Water from the Owens table underground / Our big cottonwoods died, our ranches they went dry / The green fields they blew dusty and brown // I set the first charges for the ranchers in '24 / Fired the fuse on two hundred pounds of dynamite / Blew a hole in that aqueduct I'd helped build / Sent thunder rollin' out across that desert night / Ain't you feeling dry, ain't you feeling dry now / My brother, ain't you feeling dry // The Sacramento, the Kern, the Colorado / The King, the San Joaquin my friend / For the power, for the water, for the prosperity / And for the men with the money in the end / Tonight the Santa Ana's drawing west across the Mojave / Blowing fire and dust onto L.A. County windowsills / Bill Mulholland and Fred Eaton are dead in their graves / The Queen of Angels, she remains thirsty still / Ain't you feeling dry, ain't you feeling dry now / My brother, ain't you feeling dry

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, SYNTH / RON ANIELLO: BASS / SOOZIE TYRELL: VIOLIN, BACKGROUND VOCAL

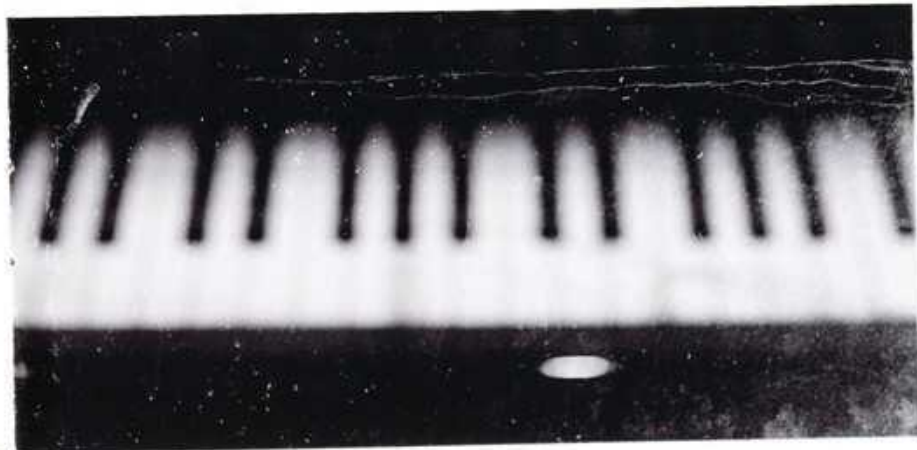
ADELITA

In the High Sierras, camped were the soldiers / And a young soldada who valiantly fought / Side-by-side with Francisco Villa, Adelita / I'm far from my home now a Texacan soldiers / It's not for fortune or risk to the battlefield I fight // I fell in love with Adelita with my very soul / We'll stand in arms this night // She said "Johnny if I should die in battle / And my body be left in the Sierranea / My love, my love, in God's name / Fight on and remember me / That my blood will not have been spilled in vain" / On horseback, a carbine full and at her side / Over her blouse, cartridges filled her bandoleras / Side-by-side, into battle we rode Villistas, my Adelita // We met the enemy in the Zamoran mountains / From their bullets many of our soldiers died / And wounded I lay fallen with my comrades // As Adelita stood above us /

Firing her rifle till the gunpowder turned her hand black / The sky was blue, 'neath the cannon the earth trembled / I watched as a bullet pierced my love's side / She fell amidst the brothers and sisters / Smoke and empty sky in her eyes // Adelita my love, Adelita my wife, Adelita my comrade, my life / They'll remember your name, when freedom fills the Sierranea / I'll remember the warmth of your skin against mine // Tonight, I lay in the mountains with the campesinos / My mind at peace from the vows I've made / I know I'll never see Texas again // Your portrait I carry deep in my breast pocket / My rifle firing into the campaña, I ride with you 'round my heart / Protected from this death by beauty

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, PERCUSSION, SYNTH, KEYBOARDS / RON ANIELLO: GUITAR, ACCORDION / BARRY DANIELIAN: TRUMPET / MARIACHI BAND 1: LUIS VILLALOBOS, ALBERTO VILLALOBOS: VIOLIN / ANGEL RAMOS: VIHUELA / HUMBERTO MANUEL, FLORES GUTIERREZ: GUITARRÓN (BASS) / DAVID GLUKH: TRUMPET / MARIACHI BAND 2: JORGE ESPINOSA: HARP, VOCAL / MIGUEL PONCE: BASS, VOCAL / ENGINEER: ROSS PETERSEN

RECORDED BY TOBY SCOTT, ROB LEBRET / MIXED BY ROB LEBRET / MASTERED BY TED JENSEN AT STERLING MASTERING (NASHVILLE, TN) / ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING: ROSS PETERSEN / RECORDED AT: STONE HILL STUDIO, NJ



FROM TWILIGHT HOURS

SUNDAY LOVE

Monday, Monday, Monday brings the blues / I put on my shirt and tie / Someway I get by // Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday brings the same / Come sunny skies come rain / Paper and coffee on the train // As the weekend rolls around / Another lonely night on the town / A stranger's kiss at the door / But it's not what I'm lookin' for // I never had, I never had / I never had a Sunday love / Flowers and champagne / I never had a Sunday love / Long walks in the rain / Each night I pray, each night I pray / To God above / Oh, I've never had a Sunday love // Monday, Monday, Monday the alarm clock rings / I drag myself to the sink, run a razor 'cross my chin / A spray of cologne for each sin / Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday all goes gray / 'Til you come walkin' my way / God give me the strength to say / Tonight maybe you'll stay // Come the weekend I wear out the soles of my shoes / Trying to walk off these lover's blues / Only to end up at your door / I'll say a prayer / Just two steps more // I never had, I never had / I never had a Sunday love / Flowers and champagne / I never had a Sunday love / Long walks in the rain / Each night I pray, each night I pray / To God above / Oh, I never had a Sunday love // On and on through summer showers / On and on lost hours on hours / On and on I'm so uninspired / On and on 'til you get so damn tired // I never had, never had / Never had a Sunday love / Flowers and champagne / I never had a Sunday love / Long walks in the rain / Each night I pray, each night I pray / To God above / I never had a Sunday love // Oh, I never had, never had, never had a Sunday love / Flowers and champagne / I never had a Sunday love / Long walks in the rain / Each night I pray, each night I pray / To God above / Oh, I never had a Sunday love / No, I never had, never had, never had a Sunday love

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, PERCUSSION, SYNTHS, KEYBOARDS / RON ANIELLO: GUITAR, PIANO, ORCHESTRAL PERCUSSION / MAX WEINBERG: DRUMS / KAIER RASTEGAR: BASS / PATTI SCALFA: VOCALS AND BACKGROUND VOCAL ARRANGEMENT / SOOZIE TYRELL: LISA LDWELL: BACKGROUND VOCALS / SCOTT TIBBS: KEYBOARDS

HIGH SIERRA

I was down on my luck, so down on my luck / Packed my bags and left the big city and the trouble I'd seen / Took the highway north, tryin' to find some place where the air felt clean / I came upon that little café in the early spring / Where, as you came through the door, above a little bell would ring // She was waiting there, in the High Sierras / A flower in her long black hair, in the High Sierras / I'd been down on my luck, so down on my luck // It was laughter and wine, and warm endless nights / In that little motel, I could have stayed there the rest of my life // I found a job at the filling station, she worked at the luncheonette / In the evening she'd set the table, as I washed off the dirt and sweat / Then it was good as it gets, just as good as it gets / We were happy there, in the High Sierras / Oh, so happy there, in the High Sierras / And I'd been down on my luck, and she lifted me up // One day a man came through town, someone I used to know / Reminded me of something I'd done a long time ago / I told him I changed, he said, "We owe what we owe" // That evening I boarded the train into the big city / I told her I'd be back again, soon, from the big city / It's just old business that had to be done / As the train left the station, they gave me my gun // The day smelled of ash / The sky was hard and blue / All I remember was my shirt, with the blood seeping through // At dusk she'd set the tables for the morning shift / She'd sit on the motel porch with a beer and cigarette / As the summer nights would drift / Seasons passed and the winter snow melted come the early spring / At the luncheonette she'd look up from the counter / Each time that little bell would ring // We were happy there, in the High Sierras / Oh, so happy there, in the High Sierras / I was down on my luck, she lifted me up

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, HARMONICA, KEYBOARDS, PERCUSSION / RON ANIELLO: GUITAR, PERCUSSION, KEYBOARDS / LENNY CASTRO: CONGA / GUNNAR OLSEN: DRUMS / MARC MULLER: PEDAL STEEL / CURTIS KING, CINDY MIZELLE, MICHELLE MOORE: BACKGROUND VOCALS / STRINGS- LISA KIM, HYUNJULLEE, JOANNA MAURER: VIOLIN / SHMUEL KATZ, REBECCA YOUNG: VIOLA / ALAN STEPANSKY: CELLO / SCOTT TIBBS: STRING CONDUCTOR / SANDY PARK: STRINGS CONTRACTOR/COORDINATOR / BRASS- CURT RAMM, BARRY DANIELIAN: TRUMPET AND FLUGELHORN / DAN LEVINE: TROMBONE AND EUPHONIUM / RACHEL DREHMANN, LEEANEE STERRETT: FRENCH HORN / WOODWINDS- CHARLES PILLON: OBOE / ALDEN BANTA: BASSOON / ANDREW STERMAN: BASS FLUTE

SUNLINER

Sunliner, carry me home / Sunliner / Sunliner, no more shall I roam / Sunliner // Where the skies open wide, I belong / My love at my side, my song // Sunliner, I'm in your hands / Sunliner / Sunliner, no tomorrows, no plans / Sunliner // Gone are the ways that burden my soul / And gentle are the days that make me whole // Sunliner, I'm goin' back to those I love / I sleep to the thunder of the steel on the tracks / The silence of the stars above / The dark of this night will be broken soon / By the forgiving light / The light, the light, the light / The light / The light...

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, ORGAN, SYNTH / RON ANIELLO: GUITAR, BASS, BANJO, DRUMS, PERCUSSION, KEYBOARDS / MARC MULLER: PEDAL STEEL

RECORDED BY TOBY SCOTT, ROB LEBRET, ROSS PETERSEN, RON ANIELLO / "SUNDAY LOVE" - MIXED BY BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN AT MIX THIS! LA / ASSISTANT ENGINEER: SERGIO RUELAS, JR. / "HIGH SIERRA" - MIXED BY TOM ELMHIRST AT ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS / "SUNLINER" - MIXED BY ROB LEBRET / MASTERED BY TED JENSEN AT STERLING MASTERING (NASHVILLE, TN) / RECORDED AT: STONE HILL STUDIO, NJ

FROM PERFECT WORLD

I'M NOT SLEEPING

I never go out, I just stay at home / Change my address, disconnect the phone / Turn off the TV, because it bothers me / I've seen all that, all that I wanna see / And if my friends ask where I've been / Just say I don't know what's become of him // I'm not sleeping / I'm only resting my eyes / I'm not sleeping / I'm only takin' my time // Yea, it's so hard, to be responsible / Knowin' everything, everything that's possible / And when that bad wind, it comes blowin' in / I pack my things and I move on again // Feed the rich, eat the poor / Stack their bodies outside my door // 'Cause I'm not sleeping / I'm only resting my eyes / I'm not sleeping / I'm only takin' my time // The world outside, it's such a dangerous place / I don't dare, I don't dare show my face / They got my number, yea they know where I live / Got no more to say, got no more to give // Another night comes drawin' near / I lock my doors and I disappear // I'm not sleeping / I'm only resting my eyes / I'm not sleeping / I'm only takin' my time // I'm not sleeping / Yea, I'm only resting my eyes / I'm not sleeping / I'm only takin' my time

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, PERCUSSION / RON ANIELLO: BASS, GUITAR, PIANO, GLOCKENSPIEL / ROY BITTAN: PIANO, B3 / MATT CHAMBERLAIN: DRUMS, TAMBOURINE / CURT RAMM, BARRY DANIELIAN: TRUMPET / CLARK GAYTON: TROMBONE / STAN HARRISON: TENOR SAXOPHONE / ED MANION: BARITONE SAXOPHONE

RAIN IN THE RIVER

Down at the water, I held my Marie / She said now Johnny, your love means no more to me // Than rain in the river / Than rain in the river // In bloody boots I stood on shallow ground // Her long black hair beneath me fallin' down // Like rain in the river / Like rain in the river // Last night I put on my jacket and I went for a ride / Smelled the sweet mustard fields / Had my Colt at my side // Like rain in the river / The rain in the river / The rain in the river / The rain in the river // Rain in the river / Rain in the river / Rain in the river / Rain in the river / Rain in the river / Rain in the river

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, BASS, PERCUSSION, KEYBOARDS, HARMONICA / RON ANIELLO: BANJO, ORGAN, DRUMS

YOU LIFTED ME UP

All of my praise to you / All of my praise to you / All of my praise to you / All of my praise to you // You lifted me up / You lifted me up / You lifted me up // You lifted me up / You lifted me up / You lifted me up // All of my faith's in you / All of my faith's in you / All of my faith's in you / All of my faith's in you // You lifted me up / You lifted me up / You lifted me up // You lifted me up / You lifted me up / You lifted me up // All of my love's with you / All of my love's with you / All of my love's with you // You are my prayer / You are my prayer / You are my prayer // You lifted me up / You lifted me up / You lifted me up // You lifted me up / You lifted me up / You lifted me up

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: VOCALS, GUITAR, TAMBOURINE, KEYBOARDS, ORGAN, PIANO / RON ANIELLO: BASS, GUITAR, GLOCKENSPIEL / MAX WEINBERG: DRUMS / PATTI SCIALFA: VOCALS AND BACKGROUND VOCAL ARRANGEMENT / STEVIE VAN ZANDT: BACKGROUND VOCALS

RECORDED BY TOBY SCOTT, ROB LEBRET, ROSS PETERSEN, CLIF NORRELL, RON ANIELLO / MIXED BY BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN AT MIX THIS! LA / ASSISTANT ENGINEER: SERGIO RUELAS, JR., BRANDON DUNCAN / EXCEPT "RAIN IN THE RIVER" MIXED BY CHRIS LORD-ALGE / MASTERED BY TED JENSEN AT STERLING MASTERING (NASHVILLE, TN) / RECORDED AT: BOXWOOD, COLTS NECK, NJ / THRILL HILL, BEVERLY HILLS, CA / STONE HILL STUDIO, NJ

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EXCEPT: "BLIND SPOT," "SOMETHING IN THE WELL," "WAITING ON THE END OF THE WORLD"

PRODUCED BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, CHUCK PLOTKIN, JON LANDAU.

"SUNDAY LOVE," "HIGH SIERRA," "SUNLINER" - PRODUCED BY RON ANIELLO WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

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MUSIC CONTRACTOR: SHARV SUTCLIFFE / LEGACY A&R: TIMOTHY J. SMITH

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THANKS AND ALL LOVE TO PATTI, EVAN, JESS AND SAM

