

“WORKING ON THE HIGHWAY” – BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

“Working on the highway” és una cançó que va escriure i compondre Bruce Springsteen el 1984 pel disc “Born in the USA”. Altres cançons d’aquest mateix disc li han fet ombra a aquest tema, que ha guanyat posicions amb els anys.

Bruce Springsteen va néixer a Long Branch, Nova Jersey, els EUA, el 23 de setembre del 1949, i va créixer a Freehold. La seva inspiració per dedicar-se a la música va venir quan va veure Elvis Presley en l'Ed Sullivan Show. Als 13 anys va comprar la seva primera guitarra. Als 16, la seva mare va aconseguir un préstec per comprar-li una guitarra Kent que costava 60 dòlars, esdeveniment que va recordar en la seva cançó "The Wish" (El desig). El 1965, es va convertir en guitarrista en el grup The Castiles, i després també va assumir el paper de vocalista principal. La intensitat dels seus enregistraments i concerts amb la E Street Band el converteixen en un dels artistes més carismàtics del món del rock. No obstant això, ha estat considerat al costat de la E Street Band com la millor banda en directe de tots els temps.

LLETRA

Friday night's pay night guys fresh out of work
Talking about the weekend scrubbing off the dirt
Some heading home to their families some gone looking to get hurt
Some going down to Stovell wearing trouble on their shirts

I work for the county out on 95
All day I hold a red flag and watch the traffic pass me by
In my head I keep a picture of a pretty little miss
Someday mister I'm gonna lead a better life than this

Working on the highway laying down the blacktop
Working on the highway all day long I don't stop
Working on the highway blasting through the bedrock
Working on the highway, working on the highway

I met her at a dance down at the union hall
She was standing with her brothers back up against the wall
Sometimes we'd go walking down the union tracks
One day I looked straight at her and she looked straight back, i say

Working on the highway...

**I saved up my money and I put it all away
I went to see her daddy but we didn't have much to say
"Son can't you see that she's just a little girl
She don't know nothing about this cruel cruel world"**

**We lit out down to Florida we got along all right
One day her brothers came and got her and they took me in a black
and white
The prosecutor kept the promise that he made on that day
And the judge got mad and he put me straight away
I wake up every morning to the work bell clang
Me and the warden go swinging on the Charlotte County road gang**

Working on the highway...