The Ghost Of Tom Joad-Bruce Springsteen

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Bm
Men walkin' long the railroad tracks.
D                       Bm       A
Goin' someplace, there's no goin' back.
A
Highway patrol choppers comin' up over the ridge.
    Bm                  A         Bm
Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge.

Shelter line stretchin' round the corner.
D              Bm        A
Welcome to the new world order.

Families sleepin' in their cars in the Southwest.
   Bm               A         Bm
No home, no job, no peace, no rest.

CHORUS:
    G
The highway is alive tonight,
             D                      A        Bm
But nobody's kiddin' nobody about where it goes.
    A
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light,
Bm                 A        Bm
Searchin' for the ghost of Tom Joad.

He pulls a prayer book out of his sleeping bag.
Preacher lights up a butt and takes a drag.
Waitin' for when the last shall be first and the first shall be last.
In a cardboard box 'neath the underpass.
Got a one-way ticket to the promised land.
You got a hole in your belly and a gun in your hand.
Sleeping on a pillow of solid rock, bathin' in the city aqueduct.

CHORUS:

Now Tom said, "Mom, wherever there's a cop beatin' a guy
Wherever a hungry newborn baby cries
Where there's a fight 'gainst the blood and hatred in the air
Look for me Mom I'll be there
Wherever there's somebody fightin' for a place to stand
Or a decent job or a helpin' hand
Wherever somebody's strugglin' to be free
Look in their eyes Mom you'll see me."

CHORUS:
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