

BORN TO RUN

In the day we sweat it out in the streets of a runaway American dream

At night we ride through mansions of glory in suicide machines

Sprung from cages out on highway 9,

Chrome wheeled, fuel injected and steppin' out over the line

Baby this town rips the bones from your back

It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap

We gotta get out while we're young

'Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run

Wendy let me in I wanna be your friend

I want to guard your dreams and visions

Just wrap your legs round these velvet rims

and strap your hands across my engines

Together we could break this trap

We'll run till we drop, baby we'll never go back

Will you walk with me out on the wire

'Cause baby I'm just a scared and lonely rider

But I gotta find out how it feels

I want to know if love is wild, girl I want to know if love is real

Beyond the Palace hemi-powered drones scream down the boulevard

The girls comb their hair in rearview mirrors

And the boys try to look so hard

The amusement park rises bold and stark

Kids are huddled on the beach in a mist

I wanna die with you Wendy on the streets tonight

In an everlasting kiss

The highway's jammed with broken heroes on a last chance power drive

Everybody's out on the run tonight but there's no place left to hide

Together Wendy we'll live with the sadness

I'll love you with all the madness in my soul

Someday girl I don't know when we're gonna get to that place

Where we really want to go and we'll walk in the sun

But till then tramps like us baby we were born to run

Published on the "Born to Run" album.

Played quite every night from 09-May-1974, Cambridge, MA, a regular inclusion in each show from 1978 to 1988. Missed few nights in the Human Touch Tour (where it was often played acoustically) and reappeared in an outstanding full-band-every-night version in the Reunion Tour. Surely the song Bruce played more often. See the [early version lyrics](#).