

We take care of our own by Bruce Springsteen

| I've been knocking on the door | Where're the eyes, the eyes with the will to see |
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| That holds the throne | Where're the hearts that run over with mercy |
| I've been looking for the map that leads me home | Where's the love that has not forsaken me |
| I've been (1) on (2) hearts | Where's the work that'll set my hands, my soul free |
| Turned to stone | Where's the spirit that'll reign, (7) over me |
| The (3) of good intentions | Where's the promise from sea to shining sea |
| Has gone dry as a bone | Where's the promise from sea to shining sea |
| We take care of our own | Wherever this flag's flown |
| We take care of our own | Wherever this flag's flown |
| Wherever this flag's flown | Wherever this flag's flown |
| We take care of our own | We take care of our own |
| From Chicago to New Orleans | We take care of our own |
| From the muscle to the bone | Wherever this flag's flown |
| From the shotgun shack to the Super Dome | We take care of our own |
| (4) ain't no help, the cavalry stayed home | We take care of our own |
| (5) ain't no one hearing the bugle blowing | We (8) care of our own |
| We take care of our own | (9) this flag's flown |
| We take care of our own | We take (10) of our own |
| Wherever this flag's flown | |
| We take (6) of our own | |



- 1. stumbling
- 2. good
- 3. road
- 4. There
- 5. There
- 6. care
- 7. reign
- 8. take
- 9. Wherever
- 10. care

Fill in the gaps