

BLINDED BY THE LIGHT



Madman drummers bummers and Indians
in the summer with a teenage diplomat

In the dumps with the mumps as the
adolescent pumps his way into his hat

With a boulder on my shoulder,
feelin' kinda older I tripped the
merry-go-round

..
And she was blinded by the light
Oh, cut loose like a deuce another
runner in the night

Blinded by the light

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



GROWIN' UP



I stood stone-like at midnight,
suspended in my masquerade

I combed my hair till it was just
right and commanded the night brigade

I was open to pain and crossed by the
rain and I walked on a crooked crutch

I strolled all alone through a
fallout zone and come out with my
soul untouched

I hid in the clouded wrath of the
crowd, but when they said, "Sit
down," I stood up
Ooh... growin' up

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



MARY QUEEN OF ARKANSAS



Mary queen of Arkansas, it's not too
early for dreamin'

The sky is grown with cloud seed sown
and a bastard's love can be redeeming

...
Well, I'm just a lonely acrobat, the
live wire is my trade

I've been a shine boy for your acid
brat and a wharf rat of your state

Mary, my queen, your blows for
freedom are missing

You're not man enough for me to hate
or woman enough for kissing

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



DOES THIS BUS STOP AT 82nd STREET



Hey bus driver, keep the change
Bless your children, give them names
Don't trust men who walk with canes
Drink this and you'll grow wings on
your feet

Broadway Mary, Joan Fontaine
Advertiser on a downtown train
Christmas crier bustin' cane
He's in love again

Where dock worker's dreams mix with
panther's schemes To someday own the
rodeo

Tainted women in VistaVision
Perform for out-of-state kids at the
late show

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



LOST IN THE FLOOD



The ragamuffin gunner is returnin'
home like a hungry runaway.

He walks through town all alone - "He
must be from the fort," he hears the
high school girls say. His countrysi-
de's burnin' with wolfman fairies
dressed in drag for homicide

...
And I said, "Hey, gunner man, that's
quicksand, that's quicksand, that
ain't mud.

Have you thrown your senses to the
war, or did you lose them in the
flood?"

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



THE ANGEL



The angel rides with hunchbacked
children, poison oozing from his
engine

Wieldin' love as a lethal weapon, on
his way to hubcap heaven

Baseball cards poked in his spokes,
his boots in oil he's patiently
soaked

The roadside attendant nervously
jokes as the angel's tires stroke his
precious pavement

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



FOR YOU



Princess cards she sends me with her
regards

Barroom eyes shine vacancy, to see
her you gotta look hard
Wounded deep in battle, I stand
stuffed like some soldier undaunted
To her Cheshire smile, I'll stand on
file, she's all I ever wanted

...
I came for you, for you, I came for you
But you did not need my urgency
I came for you, for you, I came for you
But your life was one long emergency
And your cloud line urges me
And my electric surges free

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



SPIRIT IN THE NIGHT



Crazy Janey and her mission man
Were back in the alley tradin' hands
'Long came Wild Billy with his friend
G-Man

All duded up for Saturday night
...

And they dance like spirits in the
night (all night), in the night (all
night)

Oh, you don't know what they can do
to you

Spirits in the night (all night), in
the night (all night)

Stand up right now and let them shoot
through you

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



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IT'S HARD TO BE A SAINT IN THE CITY



I had skin like leather and the diamond-hard look of a cobra
I was born blue and weathered but I burst just like a supernova
I could walk like Brando right into the sun
Then dance just like a Casanova
...
When I strut down the street I could feel it's heartbeat
The sisters fell back and said "Don't that man look pretty"
The cripple on the corner cried out "Nickels for your pity"
Them gasoline boys downtown sure talk gritty
It's so hard to be a saint in the city

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY
PARK, NJ
- 1973



THE E STREET SHUFFLE



Sparks fly on E Street when the boy-prophets walk it, handsome and hot
All the little girls' souls grow weak when the man-child gives them a double shot
The schoolboy pops pull out all the stops on a Friday night
The teenage tramps in skin-tight pants do the E Street dance and everything's alright
Little kids down there either dancin' or hooked up in a scuffle
Dressed in snakeskin suits packed with Detroit muscle
They're doin' the E Street Shuffle

The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle
- 1973



4TH OF JULY, ASBURY PARK (SANDY)



Sandy the fireworks are hailin'
Over Little Eden tonight
Forcin' a light into all those stony faces
Left stranded on this warm July
...
And Sandy the Aurora is risin' behind us
Its pier lights our carnival life forever
Oh, love me tonight for I may never see you again
Hey Sandy girl
Na na baby

The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle
- 1973



KITTY'S BACK



Catlong sighs, holdin' Kitty's black tooth
She left to marry some top cat, ain't it the cold truth?
And there hasn't been a tally since Sally left the alley
Since Sally left with Big Pretty, things have got pretty thin
It's tight on this fence since them young dudes are musclin' in

The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle
- 1973



WILD BILLY'S CIRCUS STORY



The machinist climbs his Ferris wheel like a braid
And the fire-eater's lyin' in a pool of sweat, victim of the heat wave
Behind the tent, the hired hand tightens his legs on the sword swallower's blade
Circus town's on the shortwave
...
Fat lady, big mama, Missy Bimbo sits in her chair and yawns
And the man-beast lies in his cage sniffin' popcorn
And the midget licks his fingers and suffers Missy Bimbo's scorn
Circus town's been born

The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle
- 1973



INCIDENT ON 57th STREET



Spanish Johnny drove in from the underworld last night
With bruised arms and broken rhythm and a beat-up old Buick but dressed just like dynamite
He tried sellin' his heart to the hard girls over on Easy Street
But they said, "Johnny, it falls apart so easily, and you know hearts these days are cheap"
And the pimps swung their axes and said, "Johnny, you're a cheater"
And the pimps swung their axes and said, "Johnny, you're a liar"
And from out of the shadows came a young girl's voice, said, "Johnny, don't cry"

The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle
- 1973



ROSALITA (COME OUT TONIGHT)



Spread out now Rosie, doctor come cut loose her mama's reins
You know playin' blind man's bluff is a little baby's game
You pick up Little Dynamite, I'll pick up Little Gun
And together we're gonna go out tonight and make that highway run
You don't have to call me lieutenant, Rosie, and I don't want to be your son
The only lover I'm ever gonna need's your soft, sweet, little girl's tongue
And Rosie, you're the one

The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle
- 1973



NEW YORK CITY SERENADE



Billy, he's down by the railroad tracks
Sittin' low in the back seat of his Cadillac
Diamond Jackie, she's so intact
She falls so softly beneath him
Jackie's heels are stacked, Billy's got cleats on his boots
Together they're gonna boogaloo down Broadway and come back home with the loot
It's midnight in Manhattan, this is no time to get cute
It's a mad dog's promenade
So walk tall, or baby, don't walk at all

The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle
- 1973



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THUNDER ROAD



The screen door slams
Mary's dress waves
Like a vision she dances across the porch
As the radio plays

Roy Orbison singing for the lonely
Hey that's me and I want you only
Don't turn me home again
I just can't face myself alone again

Don't run back inside
Darling, you know just what I'm here for
So you're scared and you're thinking
That maybe we ain't that young anymore

Born to Run
- 1975



TENTH AVENUE FREEZE-OUT



Teardrops on the city
Bad Scooter searching for his groove
Seem like the whole world walking pretty
And you can't find the room to move
Well everybody better move over, that's all
'Cause I'm running on the bad side
I got my back to the wall
Tenth Avenue freeze-out
Tenth Avenue freeze-out

Born to Run
- 1975



NIGHT



You get up every morning at the sound
of the bell
You get to work late and the boss
man's giving you hell
Till you're out on a midnight run
Losing your heart to a beautiful one
And it feels right as you lock up the house
Turn out the lights and step out into
the night

Born to Run
- 1975



BACKSTREETS



One soft infested summer
Me and Terry became friends [Trying
in vain to breathe
The fire we born in
Catching rides to the outskirts
Tying faith between our teeth
Sleeping in that old abandoned beach house
Getting wasted in the heat
And hiding on the backstreets
Hiding on the backstreets
With a love so hard and filled with defeat
Running for our lives at night on
them backstreets

Born to Run
- 1975



BORN TO RUN



In the day we sweat it out on 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
Oh, 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

Born to Run
- 1975



SHE'S THE ONE



With her killer graces
And her secret places
That no boy can fill
With her hands on her hips
Oh and that smile on her lips
Because she knows that it kills me
With her soft French cream
Standing in that doorway like a dream
I wish she'd just leave me alone
Because French cream won't soften
them boots
And French kisses will not break that
heart of stone
With her long hair falling
And her eyes that shine like a
midnight sun
Oh she's the one

Born to Run
- 1975



MEETING ACROSS THE RIVER



Hey, Eddie, can you lend me a few
bucks
And tonight can you get us a ride
Gotta make it through the tunnel
Got a meeting with a man on the other
side

Hey Eddie, this guy, he's the real
thing
So if you want to come along
You gotta promise you won't say
anything
'Cause this guy don't dance
And the word's been passed this is
our last chance

Born to Run
- 1975



JUNGLELAND



The Rangers had a homecoming
In Harlem late last night
And the Magic Rat drove his sleek
machine
Over the Jersey state line
Barefoot girl sitting on the hood of
a Dodge
Drinking warm beer in the soft summer
rain
The Rat pulls into town rolls up his
pants Together they take a stab at
romance
And disappear down Flamingo Lane
...
Tonight all is silence in the world
As we take our stand
Down in Jungleland

Born to Run
- 1975



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