

# Bruce Springsteen, I Want You

The guilty undertaker sighs  
The lonesome organ grinder cries  
The silver saxophone says  
I should refuse you  
The cracked bells and washed out horns  
Blow into my face with scorn  
But it's not that way  
I wasn't born to lose you  
I want you I want you  
I want you so bad  
Honey I want you

The drunken politician leaps  
Upon the streets where mothers weep  
And the saviors who are fast asleep  
They wait for you  
And I wait for them to interrupt  
Me drinking from my broken cup  
And ask me to open up  
The gate for you

Now all my fathers  
They've gone down  
True love  
They've been without it  
But all their daughters  
Put me down  
'Cause I don't  
Think about it

Well I return to the queen of spades  
And talk with my chamber maid  
She knows that I'm not afraid to  
Look at her  
She is good to me and there's  
Nothing she doesn't see  
She knows where I'd like to be  
But it doesn't matter  
Now your dancing child with the chinese suit  
He spoke to me I took his flute  
No I wasn't very cute to him  
Was I  
But I did it because he lied  
Because he took you for a ride  
And because time was on his side  
And because I  
Want you I want you  
I want you so bad  
Honey I want you