

Bruce Springsteen, Incident On 57th Street

Spanish Johnny drove in from the underworld last night with bruised arms and broken rhythm and a
He tried sellin' his heart to the hard girls over on Easy Street,
But they said, "Johnny, it falls apart so easy and you know hearts these days are cheap."
And the pimps swung their axes and said, "Johnny, you're a cheater."
Well, 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."
Puerto Rican Jane, oh won't you tell me what's your name.
I want to drive you down to the other side of town where paradise ain't so crowded and there'll be a
All the golden heeled fairies in a real bitch-fight pull thirty-eights and
kiss their girls goodnight.
Goodnight, it's alright, Jane
Now let them black boys in to light the soul flame,
We may find it out on the street tonight, baby,
Or we may walk until the daylight, maybe.

Well, like a cool Romeo he made his moves, oh she looked so fine
Like a late Juliet she knew she'd never be true but then she really didn't
mind,
Upstairs a band was playin' and the singer was singin' something about going home,
She whispered, "Spanish Johnny, you can leave me tonight, but just don't leave me alone."
And Johnny cried, "Puerto Rican Jane, word is down the cops have found the vein."
Them bare foot boys left their homes for the woods
Them little barefoot street boys, they said their homes ain't no good,
They left the corners, threw away their switchblade knives and kissed each other goodbye.

Johnny was sittin' on the fire escape watchin' the kids playin' down the
street,
He called down, "Hey little heroes, summer's long but I guess it ain't very sweet around here
Janey sleeps in sheets damp with sweat, Johnny sits up alone and watches her dream on, dream on
And the sister prays for lost souls then breaks down in the chapel after everyone's gone.
Jane moves over to share her pillow but opens her eyes to see Johnny up and putting his clothes on
She says, "Those romantic young boys, all they ever want to do is fight,
Those romantic young boys, they're callin' through the window:
Hey, Spanish Johnny, you want to make a little easy money tonight?"

And Johnny whispered, "Goodnight, it's all tight Jane,
I'll meet you tomorrow night on Lover's Lane
We may find it out on the street tonight now baby
Or we may walk until the daylight, baby."
Goodnight, it's alright Jane, I'm gonna meet you tomorrow night on Lover's Lane,
We can find it out on the street tonight, baby,
Or we may walk until it's daylight, maybe.