

Bruce Springsteen, Santa Ana

From the tin rooftop the little boy did watch
The procession down through town
Through the museum where Daniel whupped the Devil
With them boys from the underground
Where the Giants of Science fight for tight control
Over the wildlands of New Mexico
Sam Houston's ghost's in Texas fighting for his soul
And the townsfolk rest uneasy beneath the guns of Kid Cole
And the kid says: "Hey, where's Santa Ana
He who could romance the dumb into talking
Take a chance with me tonight, my contessa,
If it don't work out I ain't lame, I can walk"
Now some folks think cancer's taken to the streets of this town
But Sandy eats her candy and then lays her money down
Them cats are in from the canyons to strut their stuff in town
But there's only secret sinners here
Lord, there's only secret thieves
Only a fool would try to save
What the desert chose to leave
And hey there senorita,
With your playboys in their Spanish bandanas
French cream won't soften those boots, baby
French kisses will not break your heart

Oh painted night set free with light
Glow outside the Rainbow Saloon
Matching braces with a Spanish lady
'Neath a graduation moon
No more colleges, no more coronations
Some punk's idea of a teenage nation
Has forced Santa Ana to change his station
From soldier to cartoon
And the Giants of Science spend their days and nights
Not with wives, not with lovers, but searchin' for the lights
They spotted in the desert on their helicopter flights
Just to be lost in the dust and the night
Hey my Contessa, in your juke joint rags you always bring candy for the kids
Come waltz with me tonight senorita