

# Bruce Springsteen, White Town

It's midnight down in sector two  
Little girl walkin' dressed in innocence and cool  
Only fourteen and dressed up for the score  
Hold that breath now boy, he(?)  
She dances, baby, to the beat  
Of breaking glass and running feet

Down in White Town  
Down in White Town  
Down in White Town

Oh, she comes home from work and grabs something to eat  
Turn the corner and walks down her street  
In a row of houses, chic, shiny and dirty and grey  
Disappears like the scenery in another man's play  
And as she dances, oh, to the beat  
Oh the trooper stickin' dresses for the number on the sheet

Down in White Town  
Down in White Town  
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Down in White Town

Yeah, Mr. Outside, you're walkin' so free  
If you turn your eyes so you don't see  
You act like you're the hand turns the key  
And you become the hand that turns the key  
And no matter how I try I cannot understand  
The way that they will turn a man  
Into a stranger in his own land

Down in White Town  
(repeat to fade)