

## Bruce Springsteen

### "Arabian Night"

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Shrieks of Sheiks as they run across the movie screen  
A thousand sand-dune soldiers led by an Arabian  
Queen  
And the harem girls move like fancy (Clancy's) dancers  
In my dirty dreams  
And I wake up on the floor clutching the bed-lamp  
And Mama comes in, she screams  
"Hey you been out with that tramp again last night  
You know that silver-sequined Arab black bitch  
The one that Mama don't like ?"  
But Mama she sings me moontime melodies  
With this great Top 40 hook  
She shrugs her shoulders, she don't care  
Papa just stares and says "Mary, look the girl's alright  
The girl's alright"

And there's a tenseness in the air He turns and says  
Don't you know, can't you feel it "Tell me son, what's  
the word ?"  
Because there's something hanging there 'Cos you  
know he can't hear it  
Pull back the mist and reveal it But don't go near it  
And even if you fear what you near It's criticized as too  
absurd  
Don't conceal it Even the animals fear it  
'Cos if what Mama feels is too real Papa says "Fetch me  
my flashlight,  
son"  
She just claims she don't feel it And she stumbles out  
the front door

So come out from behind your bunkers  
'Cos the lift-off's been a bust  
Oh Papa's Gone and Mama's dead  
And buried in my rocket dust  
You're alone now for the first time  
Don't worry, 'cos that's all right  
All fear will completely disappear  
Come the Arabian Night

Well the soundman smiles and turns the dials

To set the meter readin' rising  
He pulls the singer's voice from out of his pocket  
To see if the audience likes it  
Oh and in the very first row sits sweet Jenny Rue  
With a bell on her shoe and she wants him to make it  
He flicks

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