

Bruce Springsteen

"E Street Shuffle"

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Sparks fly on E Street when the boy prophets walk it
handsome and hot
All the little girls' souls grow weak when the man-child
gives them a double
shot
Them schoolboy pops pull out all the stops on a Friday
night
The teenage tramps in skintight pants do the E Street
dance and everything's all
right
Well the kids down there are either dancing or hooked
up in a scuffle
Dressed in snakeskin suits packed with Detroit muscle
They're doin' the E Street Shuffle
Now those E Street brats in twilight duel flash like
phantoms in full star
stream
Down fire trails on silver nights with blonde girls
pledged sweet sixteen
The newsboys say the heat's been bad since Power
Thirteen gave a trooper all he
had in a summer scuffle
And Power's girl, Little Angel, been on the corner
keepin' those crazy boys out
of trouble
Little Angel steps the shuffle like she ain't got no brains
She's death in combat down on Lover's Lane
She drives all them local boys insane
Little Angel says, "Oh, oh, everybody form a line
Oh, oh, everybody form a line"
Sparks light on E Street when the boy prophets walk it
handsome and hot
All them little girls' souls grow weak when the man-
child gives them a double
shot
Little Angel hangs out at Easy Joe's, it's a club where all
the riot squad goes
when they're cashin' in for a cheap hustle
But them boys are still on the corner loose and doin'
that lazy E Street Shuffle

As them sweet summer nights turn into summer
dreams
Little Angel picks up Power and he slips on his jeans
And they move on out down to the scene

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