

## **Bruce Springsteen**

### **"For You"**

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Princess cards she sends me with her regards  
Barroom eyes shine vacancy, to see her you gotta look  
hard  
Wounded deep in battle, I stand stuffed like some  
soldier undaunted  
To her Cheshire smile, I'll stand on file, she's all I ever  
wanted  
But you let your blue walls get in the way of these facts  
Honey, get your carpetbaggers off my back  
You wouldn't even give me time to cover my tracks  
You said, "Here's your mirror and your ball and jacks"  
But they're not what I came for, and I'm sure you see  
that too

(CHORUS) I came for you, for you, I came for you  
But you did not need my urgency  
I came for you, for you, I came for you  
But your life was one long emergency  
And your cloud line urges me  
And my electric surges free

Crawl into my ambulance, your pulse is getting weak  
Reveal yourself all now to me, girl, while you've got the  
strength to speak  
'Cause they're waiting for you at Bellevue with their  
oxygen masks  
But I could give it all to you now, if only you could ask  
And don't call for your surgeon, even he says it's too  
late  
It's not your lungs this time, it's your heart that holds  
your fate  
Don't give me my money, honey, I don't want it back  
You and your pony face and your Union Jack  
Well, take your local joker and teach him how to act  
I swear I was never that way, even when I really cracked  
Didn't you think I knew that you were born with the  
power of a locomotive

Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound?  
And your Chelsea suicide with no apparent motive  
You could laugh and cry in a single sound

And your strength is devastating in the face of all these  
odds  
Remember how I kept you waiting when it was my turn  
to be the god?

You were not quite half so proud when I found you  
broken on the beach  
Remember how I poured salt on your tongue and hung  
just out of reach  
And the band, they played the homecoming theme as I  
caressed your cheek  
That ragged, jagged melody, she still clings to me like  
a leech  
But that medal you wore on your chest always got in  
the way  
Like a little girl with a trophy so soft to buy her way  
We were both hitchhikers but you had your ear tuned to  
the roar  
Of some metal-tempered engine on an alien, distant  
shore  
So you left to find a better reason than the one we were  
living for  
And it's not that nursery mouth that I came back for  
It's not the way you're stretched out on the floor  
'Cause I've broken all your windows and I've rammed  
through all your doors  
And who am I to ask you to lick my sores?  
And you should know that's true

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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