

Bruce Springsteen

"Frankie"

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Dark weekends in the sun, out on chelsea row
Descending the stairs, frankie my love
Check your make-up in the mirror
Come on, baby, let's go
We'll dance round this dirty town
'till the night is all done
Then all the finer things sleep alone tonight
Then all the minor kings lose their thrones tonight
Don't worry about me baby, I'll be alright

There's machines and there's fire
On the outside of town
Young boys for hire
Waiting to blow us all down
There are strange flashes in the sky up above
I'll spend the night at the movies
With my secret love
At dusk the stars all appear on the screen
Just like they do each night in my dreams
But tonight's no dream, frankie
I can feel myself move
Living and dying
Like I was born to do

Walk softly tonight little angel
I wanna be alone with you
Talk softly to me tonight angel
Make all my dream-world come true

I remember standing in the freezing rain
Reading them "want" ads out on chelsea row
Winging down the street in search of new games
Hustling through the night packs where the actors go
Frankie they are crazy, let's run and hide

In the darkness there'll be hidden worlds that shine
When all of the glory in this desperate land
Will rise like raindrops in the palm of our hands
Rise like the rain
Let your sadness rise
Walk softly tonight little angel
Into the shadows where the lovers go

Talk softly tonight angel
Whisper your secrets so soft and low

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