

Bruce Springsteen

"Indicent On 57th Street"

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Album: The Wild, The Innocent & The E Street Shuffle

Spanish Johnny drove in from the underworld last night
With bruised arms and broken rhythm in a beat-up old
Buick

But dressed just like dynamite

He tried sellin' his heart to the hard girls over on Easy
Street

But they sighed "Johnny it falls apart so easy and you
know hearts these days are cheap"

And the pimps swung their axes and said "Johnny
you're a cheater."

Well the pimps swung their axes and said "Johnny
you're a liar"

And from out of the shadows came a young girl's voice
said: "Johnny don't cry"

Puerto Rican Jane, oh won't you tell me what's your
name.

I want to drive you down to the other side of town
where paradise ain't so crowded, there'll be action
goin' down on Shanty Lane tonight

All them golden-heeled fairies in a real bitch fight

Pull .38s and kiss the girls good night

Oh good night, it's alright Jane

Now let them black boys in to light the soul flame

We may find it out on the street tonight baby

Or we may walk until the daylight maybe

Well like a cool Romeo he made his moves, oh she
looked so fine

Like a late Juliet she knew he'd never be true but then
she really didn't mind

Upstairs a band was playin', the singer was singin'
something about goin' home

She whispered, "Spanish Johnny, you can leave me
tonight but just don't leave me alone"

And Johnny cried "Puerto Rican Jane, word is down the
cops have found the vein"

Oh them barefoot boys left their homes for the woods

Them little barefoot street boys they say homes ain't no

good

They left the corners, threw away all their switchblade
knives and kissed each other good-bye

Johnny was sittin' on the fire escape watchin' the kids
playin' down the street
He called down "Hey little heroes, summer's long but I
guess it ain't very sweet around here anymore"
Janey sleeps in sheets damp with sweat, Johnny sits up
alone and watches her dream on, dream on
And the sister prays for lost souls, then breaks down in
the chapel after everyone's gone

Jane moves over to share her pillow but opens her eyes
to see Johnny up and putting his clothes on
She says "Those romantic young boys
All they ever want to do is fight"
Those romantic young boys
They're callin' through the window
"Hey Spanish Johnny, you want to make a little easy
money tonight?"
And Johnny whispered:
Good night, it's all tight Jane
I'll meet you tomorrow night on Lover's Lane
We may find it out on the street tonight baby Or we may
walk until the daylight maybe

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