Bruce Springsteen
"Janey Needs a Shooter"

Well janey's got a doctor who tears apart her insides.
He investigates her and he silently bates her sighs
He probes with his fingers but he knows her heart only
through his stethoscope.
Hands are cold and his body's so old
Janey turns him down like dope.

Janey needs a shooter jack
A shooter like me on her side
Janey needs a shooter jack
A shooter man who knows her style
The way that I know her style

Well janey's got a priest from his marble pulpit he
smiles
He provides concilation and confessions at anytime
Through the pages of his Bible he holds from what
janey hides
With her doors open wide she begs come inside
But he's frozen in the clear on the outside

Janey needs a shooter jack
A shooter like me on her side
Janey needs a shooter jack
A shooter man who knows her style,
The way that I know her style

Well janey's got a cop who lives round the block and
checks on her everynight
From at through the jail outside her house his siren
roars when he knows that I'm inside
Well janey's small and sometimes he scares her
So I held her real close she flowed like a ghost

And I told her bye, so long, I can't play that dope.

Well janey needs a shooter jack
A shooter like me on her side
Janey needs a shooter jack
A shooter man who knows her style,
Janey needs a shooter jack
A shooter man on her side

Janey needs a shooter man
A shooter man who knows her style
The way that I know her style
A man who knows her style
The way that I know her style
A man who knows her style
The way that I know her style
A man who knows her style
The way that I know her style
A man who knows her style
The way that I know her style
A man who knows her style
The way I know your style
You need a man who knows your style
The way that I know your style
A man who knows her style
The way I know your style