

## **Bruce Springsteen** **"Jesse"**

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Oh jesse, you better start thinkin' about saving your neck  
Oh jesse, you put on that leather jacket like you put on respect  
You got cleats on your boots and a woman who shoots everytime you shuffle out the stage door  
And darling jesse, do you know what it's all for?  
Ah jesse, your manager brought by them eight by ten glossies of your band  
Oh jesse, he says you wear cross around your neck and come on with nails in your hands  
With your insides showing and your new york band blowin' them old chicago blues  
Ah jesse, can't you see you're the one jesse  
Ah sonny, this time it's you  
Well jesse, your child is slobbering all over your pants  
And jesse, your wife has fallen into a trance  
She's got eyes that tell no lies

She's seen so many wars  
Ah be a good boy jesse, tell her she don't have to look no more.  
Well jesse, he knows all the tricks to get the crowd reeling  
Oh and jesse, ya he rocks 'em with that old soul feeling  
And he walks off the stage in a self-adoring haze  
And gets shoved right out the door  
Whoa jesse, can't you see now boy that that's what it's all about jesse  
Not even time to do that old played out encore  
Whoa jesse

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