

Bruce Springsteen "Jungeland"

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(early version)

Well the rangers had a home-coming in harlem late
last night
And the magic rat piloted his sleek machine across the
jersey state line
Barefoot girl sits drinking warm beer on the hood of an
old dodge
In the soft summer rain
Rat rolls up his pants, together they'd make a stab at
romance
And move down flamingo lane

Well now the maximum lawmen they run down the
flamingo chasing the rat
And the barefoot girl
But the kids they live like shadows in empty doorways
(but they live like shadows in the vacant doorways)
Always silent, holding hands
The rat pulls her close (the rat pulls mary close)
And from the churches to the jails there is silence in the
world
(all is silent in the world)
For tonight they'd take their chance
Down here in jungleland

Well ther's a crazy kind of light tonight
Brighter than the one that sparkles for prophets
Brighter than the giant exxon sign that brings this fair
city light
There's an opera out on the turnpike, there's a ballet
being fought outside
The
Alley
Well the cops they let their faces show and rips this
holy night
The streets alive with tough-kid jets in nova-light
machines
Boys flash guitars like bayonets and rip holes in their
jeans
Then the hungry and the haunted explode into rock 'n'
roll bands

They face off against each other when they meet
Down here in jungleland

The streets's on fire in a classic death waltz
Between the masters of flesh and fantasy
The poets down here don't write nothin' at all, they just
stand and and let
It all be
And in the quick of the night they reach for their
moment to make an honest

Stand
But they wind up wounded, not rightly dead, down here
in jungleland - yes
They do

Oh beneath the city their hearts beat, soul cool engines
tired and brave
Oh as the young (jungle) girls stand by fire angels
fallen in the city
In the tunnels of machines they'll hear the screams
Drowned out by the roarin' trains
Them rats above, oh locked in love
The rat saves her from the edge of an on-coming train
That angel rides a...
Down here in jungleland - oh yes they do
They hear the animals sing - oh oh oh

Alternative verses:

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In the parking lots the visionairies are dressed in the
latest rage
As the spanish angels dance soft and low in a blacked
arcade
But the lights are so bright as he crosses the room
The band moves into the song
He takes her hand, looks in her eyes and they're gone -
gone
In the tunnel of machines the rat chases his dreams
On that forever (lasting) burning light
So the barefoot girl crawls into bed, shakes her head
And with a kiss and a sigh she shuts out all the light

Beneath the city their hearts beat, soul cool engines
silent and...
Oh until the girls cry like silent angels in port authority
halls
In the tunnel of machines they'll hear the screams
Drowned out by the roarin' train
And layers above, oh locked in love
The rat reappears on flamingo lane

Then an angel rises from the sands
And disappears - down in jungleland

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