

Bruce Springsteen **"Murder Incorporated"**

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Bobby's got a gun that he keeps beneath his pillow
Out on the street your chances are zero
Take a look around you (come on now)
It ain't too complicated
You're messin' with Murder Incorporated

Now you check over your shoulder everywhere that you
go
Walkin' down the street there's eyes in every shadow
You better take a look around you (come on now)
That equipment you got's so outdated
You can't compete with Murder Incorporated
Everywhere you look now, Murder Incorporated

So you keep a little secret down deep inside your
dresser drawer
For dealing with the heat you're feelin' out on the killin'
floor
No matter where you step you feel you're never out of
danger

So the comfort that you keep's a gold-plated-snob-
nose-thirty-two
I heard you

You got a job downtown, man that leaves your head
cold
Everywhere you look life ain't got no soul
That apartment you live in feels like it's just a place to
hide
When you're walkin' down the street you won't meet no
one eye to eye
The cops reported you as just an another homicide
But I can tell that you were just frustrated
From living with Murder Incorporated
Everywhere you look now, Murder Incorporated
Murder Incorporated

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