## Bruce Springsteen "Open All Night"

Visit "Open All Night" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, I had the carburator, baby, cleaned and checked With her line blown out she's hummin' like a turbojet Propped her up in the backyard on concrete blocks For a new clutch plate and a new set of shocks Took her down to the carwash, check the plugs and point

Well, I'm goin' out tonight. I'm gonna rock that joint Early north Jersey industrial skyline I'm a all-set cobra jet creepin' through the nighttime Gotta find a gas station, gotta find a pay phone This turnpike sure is spooky at night when you're all alone

Gotta hit the gas, baby. I'm running late
This New Jersey in the mornin' like a lunar landscape

Now, the boss don't dig me, so he put me on the night shift

It's an all-night run to get back to where my baby lives In the wee, wee hours your mind gets hazy Radio relays towers, won't you lead me to my baby? Underneath the overpass, trooper hits his party light switch

Good night, good luck. One, two power shift I met Wanda when she was employed Behind the counter at Route Sixty Bob's Big Boy Fried Chicken

On the front seat, she's sittin' in my lap
We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco road map
I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill
With them big brown eyes that make your heart stand
still

Well, at five a.m., oil pressure's sinkin' fast

I make a pit stop, wipe the windshield, check the gas Gotta call my baby on the telephone
Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home
Sit tight, little mama, I'm comin' 'round
I got three more hours, but I'm coverin' ground
Your eyes get itchy in the wee, wee hours
Sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers
Radio's jammed up with gospel stations
Lost souls callin' long distance salvation

## Hey, mister deejay, won'tcha hear my last prayer? Hey, ho, rock'n'roll, deliver me from nowhere

Visit <u>Bruce Springsteen</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.