

Bruce Springsteen **"Santa Ana"**

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>from a tin roof top
The little boy did watch
The procession down through town
Through the museum
Where daniel walked with the devil
With them boys from the underground
Where the giants of science
Fight for tight control
Over the wild lands of new mexico
Sam houston's ghost's in texas
Fighting for his soul
And the town folks rest uneasy
Beneath the guns of kid cole
And the kid says: "hey, where's santa ana
He who could romance the dumb into talking
Take a chance with me tonight my contessa,
If it don't work out, I ain't lame, I can walk"

Now some folks they just can't take it
To the streets of this town
But sam easily can, and he lays his money down
Them cats in from the canyon
Strut their stuff in town
But there's only secret sinners here
Lord, there's only secret thieves
Only a fool would try to save
What the desert chose to leave

And now, hey there senorita,
With your playboys in their spanish bandanas
French cream won't soften them bullets baby
French kisses will not break your heart

Oh, painted night, set free with light
Glow outside the rainbow saloon
Match embraces with a spanish lady
Beneath a graduation moon
No more colleges, no more coronations
Some punk's idea of a teenage nation
Has forced santa ana to change his station from soldier
to cartoon
And the giants of science

Spend their days and nights
Not with wives, not with lovers
But searching for the lights
They started in the desert on their helicopter flights
Just to be lost in the dust and the night

Ah, hey my contessa
In your juke joint rides
You always bring candy for the kids
Come waltz with me tonight senorita
'cause only fools are alone on a night like this

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