

## **Bruce Springsteen**

# **"The E Street Shuffle"**

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Sparks fly on E Street when the boy prophets walk it  
handsome and hot,  
All the little girls' souls grow weak when the manchild  
gives them a double shot,  
The schoolboy pops pull out all the stops on a Friday  
night,  
The teenage tramps in skin-tight pants do the E Street  
dance and everything's alright,  
Little kids down there either dancin' or hooked up in a  
scuffle,  
Dressed in snake-skin suits packed with Detroit muscle  
They're doin' the E Street Shuffle.  
Now those E Street brats in twilight duel flashlight  
phantoms in full star  
stream,  
Down fire trails on silver nights with blonde girls  
pledged sweet sixteen,

The newsboys say the heat's been bad since Power  
Thirteen gave a trooper all he had in a summer scuffle,  
And Power's girl, Little Angel, been on the corner  
keepin' those crazy boys out of trouble,  
Little Angel steps the shuffle like she ain't got no  
brains,  
She's deaf in combat down on Lover's Lane  
She drives all them local boys insane.

Little Angel says, "Oh, everybody form a line.  
Oh, everybody form a line."

Sparks fly on E Street when the boy-prophets walk it  
handsome and hot,  
All them little girls' souls grow weak when the manchild  
gives them a double shot,  
Little Angel hangs out at Easy Joe's. it's a club where all  
the riot squad  
goes when they're cashin' in for a cheap hustle,

But them boys are still on the corner loose and doin'  
that lazy E Street  
Shuffle,  
As them sweet summer nights turn into summer

dreams Little Angel picks up Power and he slips on his  
jeans as they move on out down to the scene  
All the kids are dancin'.

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