

Eastern Conference Champions

"Springsteen"

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(Nobody's got us.
Call like you're so wonderful.
Cause maybe I'll go buy a whore
And spend my cash looking for
A familiar smell or a sweet embrace
Just squeeze your hand against your...)

Face.

From New York to L.A.,
Detroit to Philly,
Any warm body makes a home.
Blood shy, love shy,
Tongue-tied and hand-cuffed,
Call me up when you want some fun.

But maybe I'll go buy a whore
And spend my cash looking for
A familiar smell or a sweet embrace
Just squeeze my hand against your face.

It was all a part of it.
It was all a part of
A way to get away.

Wednesday morning, you woke to find me,
A hungover version of the former.
Selfish and burned-out
Cross eyed, well crossed out.
Cross your heart
'Cause here comes the heartache.

Maybe I'll go cut my hair and shave my beard
And pray for luck.
Cause my brother said I'd find the one,
"Just keep your eyes open to some."
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da...

Cause when you go, I stay behind
And wait up and wait around for--
Cause when you want me, you can find me,

And wait up and wait.
And wait.
And wait.

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