

The Format

"For You"

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"For You"

(originally by Bruce Springsteen)

Princess cards she sends me, with her regards
Oh, barroom eyes shine vacancy
To see her you gotta look hard
Wounded deep in battle
I stand stuffed like some soldier undaunted
To her cheshire smile I'll stand on file
She's all I ever wanted
But you let your blue walls get in the way of these facts
Honey, get your carpetbaggers off my back
You wouldn't even give me time to cover my tracks
You're saying, "Here's your mirror and your ball and
jack"
But they're not what I came for
And I'm sure you see that too

I came for you, for you, I came for you
But you did not need my urgency
I came for you, for you, I came for you
But your life was one long emergency
And the cloud line urges me, and my electric surges
free

Climb into my ambulance, your pulse is getting weak
Oh, reveal yourself all now to me girl
While you've got the chance to speak
'Cause they're waiting for you at Bellevue
With their oxygen masks
I could give it all to you now if only you could ask
But don't call for your surgeon even he says it's too late
It's not your lungs this time
It's your heart that holds your fate
Well don't give me money, honey, I don't want it back
You and your pony face and your union jack
Well take your local joker and teach him how to act
'Cause I swore I was never that way even when I really
cracked
Didn't you think I knew that you were born with the
power of a locomotive
Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound?

And your Chelsea suicide with no apparent motive
You could laugh and cry in a single sound, oh oh, oh oh

And your strength is devastating in the face of all these
odds
Remember how I kept you waiting when it was my turn
to be the god?

You were not quite half too proud when I found you
broken on the beach
Oh, remember how I poured salt on your tongue and
hung just out of reach?
And the band they played the homecoming theme as I
caressed your cheek
Oh that ragged, jagged melody, she still clings to me
like a leach
But that medal you wore on your chest always got in
the way
Like a little girl with a trophy so soft to buy her way
We were both hitchhikers but you had your ear tuned to
the roar
Of some metal-tempered engine on that alien, distant
shore
And now you left to find a better reason than the one
we were living for
And it's not that nursery mouth I came back for
It's not the way you're stretched out on the floor
'Cause I've broken all your windows and I've rammed
through all your doors
And who am I to tell you to lick my sore?
And you should see that too

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