

# Santa Ana

## Bruce Springsteen

>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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