Jungleland

Toners

The rangers had a homecoming in Harlem, late last night
And the magic rat drove his sleek machine, over Jersey state line
Barefoot girl, sitting on the hood of a Dodge
Drinking warm beer in soft summer rain
The rat pulls into town, rolls up his pants
Together they take a stab at romance and disappear
Down Flamingo lane
Well, the maximum lawman run down Flamingo
Chasing the rat and the barefoot girl
The kids round here look just like shadows
Always quiet, holding hands
From the churches to the jails
Tonight all is silence in the world
As we take our stand
Down in jungle land
The midnight gang's assembled
And picked a rendezvous for the night
They'll meet 'neath that giant Exxon sign
That brings this fair city light
Man, there's an opera out on the turnpike
There's a ballet being fought out in the alley
Until the local cops, cherry top, rips this holy night
The street's alive as secret debts are paid
Contacts made, they vanished unseen
Kids flash guitars just like switch blades
Hustling for the record machine
The hungry and the hunted
Explode into rock 'n' roll bands
Their faced off against each other out in the street
Down in jungle land
In the parking lot, the visionaries
Dressed in the latest rage
Inside the backstreet girls are dancing
To the records that the D.J. plays
Lonely hearted lovers struggle in dark corners
Desperate as the night moves on
And just one look and a whisper, they're gone
Beneath the city, two hearts beat
Soul engines running through a night so tender

In a bedroom locked, in whispers of soft refusal
And then, surrender in the tunnels uptown
The rat's own dream guns him down
As shots echo down them hallways in the night
No one watches when the ambulance pulls away
Or as the girl shuts out the bedroom light
Outside the street's on fire, in a real death waltz
Between what's flesh and what's fantasy
And then the poets down here, don't write nothing at all
They just stand back and let it all be
And in the quick of the night
They reach for their moment
And try to make an honest stand
But they wind up wounded, not even dead
Tonight in jungle land

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