

# Rosalita (Come Out Tonight) - Live

Bruce Springsteen

Spread out now Rosie, doctor come cut loose her mama's reins  
You know playin' blind man's bluff is a little baby's game  
You pick up little dynamite, I'll pick up little gun  
And together we're gonna go out tonight and make that highway run  
You don't have to call me lieutenant, Rosie, and I don't want to be your son  
The only lover I'm ever gonna need's your soft, sweet, little girl's tongue  
And Rosie, you're the one Dynamite's in the belfry, baby, playin' with the bats  
Little gun's downtown in front of Woolworth's tryin' out his attitude on all the cats  
Papa's on the corner, waitin' for the bus  
Mama, she's home in the window, waitin' up for us  
She'll be there in that chair when they wrestle her upstairs, 'cause you know we ain't gonna come  
I ain't here on business, baby, I'm only here for fun  
And Rosie, you're the one Rosalita, jump a little higher  
Senorita, come sit by my fire  
I just want to be your lover, ain't no liar  
Rosalita, you're my stone desire Jack the Rabbit and Weak Knee Willie, don't you know they're gonna be there  
Ah Sloppy Sue and Big Bone Billy, they'll be coming up for air  
We're gonna play some pool, skip some school  
Act real cool, stay out all night, it's gonna feel alright  
So Rosie, come out tonight, little baby, come out tonight  
Windows are for cheaters, chimneys for the poor  
Oh, closets are for hangers, winners use the door  
So use it, Rosie, that's what it's there for Rosalita, jump a little higher  
Senorita, come sit by my fire  
I just want to be your lover, ain't no liar  
Rosalita, you're my stone desire, alright Now, I know your mama, she don't like me, 'cause I play in a rock and  
roll band  
And I know your daddy, he don't dig me, but he never did understand  
Your papa lowered the boom, he locked you in your room, I'm comin' to lend a hand  
I'm comin' to liberate you, confiscate you, I want to be your man  
Someday we'll look back on this and it will all seem funny  
But now you're sad, your mama's mad  
And your papa says he knows that I don't have any money  
Oh, your papa says he knows that I don't have any money  
Oh, so your daddy says he knows that I don't have any money  
Well, tell him this is his last chance to get his daughter in a fine romance  
Because a record company, Rosie, just gave me a big advance And my tires were slashed and I almost crashed,  
but the Lord had mercy  
And my machine, she's a dud, out stuck in the mud somewhere in the swamps of Jersey

Well, hold on tight, stay up all night, 'cause Rosie, I'm comin' on strong  
By the time we meet the morning light, I will hold you in my arms  
I know a pretty little place in Southern California, down San Diego way  
There's a little cafe, where they play guitars all night and all day  
You can hear them in the back room strummin'  
So hold tight, baby, 'cause don't you know daddy's comin'  
Everybody sing Rosalita, jump a little higher  
Senorita, come sit by my fire  
I just want to be your lover, ain't no liar  
Rosalita, you're my stone desire Hey hey hey hey  
Hey hey hey hey  
Hey hey hey hey  
Hey hey hey hey

Songwriters

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Published by

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