It's Hard to Be a Saint In the City

Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band

I had skin like leather and the diamond-hard look of a cobra
I was born blue and weathered but I burst just like a supernova
I could walk like Brando right into the sun, then dance just like a Casanova

With my blackjack and jacket and hair slicked sweet Silver star studs on my duds, just like a Harley in heat

When I strut down the street, I could feel its heart beat

The sisters fell back and said, "Don't that man look pretty"

The cripple on the corner cried out, "Nickels for your pity"

Then gasoline boys downtown sure talk gritty

It's so hard to be a saint in the cityI was the king of the alley, Mama, I could talk some trash

I was the prince of the paupers, crowned downtown at the beggar's bash

I was the pimp's main prophet, I kept everything cool

Just a backstreet gambler with the luck to lose

And when the heat came down it was left on the ground

The devil appeared like Jesus through the steam in the street

Showin' me a hand I knew even the cops couldn't beat

I felt his hot breath on my neck as I dove into the heat

It's so hard to be a saint when you're just a boy out on the streetAnd the sages of the subway sit just like the living dead

As the tracks clack out the rhythm, their eyes fixed straight ahead

They ride the line of balance and hold on by just a thread

But it's too hot in these tunnels, you can get hit up by the heat

You get up to get out at your next stop, but they push you back in your seat

Your heart starts beatin' faster as you struggle to your feet

Then you're out at that hole and back up on the streetAnd then South Side sisters sure look pretty

The cripple on the corner cries out, "Nickels for your pity"

And then downtown boys, they sure talk gritty

It's so hard to be a saint in the city

Songwriters

BRUCE SPRINGSTEENPublished by

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