

# Open All Night

## Bruce Springsteen

I had the carburetor cleaned and checked with her line blown out she's hummin' like a turbojet  
Propped her up in the backyard on concrete blocks for a new clutch plate and a new set of shocks  
Took her down to the carwash check the plugs and points  
I'm goin' out tonight I'm gonna rock that joint Early north Jersey industrial skyline I'm all set cobra jet  
creepin' through the nighttime  
Gotta find a gas station gotta find a payphone this turnpike sure is spooky at night when you're all alone  
Gotta hit the gas 'cause I'm runnin' late, this New Jersey n the mornin' like a lunar landscape The boss don't dig  
me so he put me on the nightshift  
It's an all night run to get back to where my baby lives  
In the wee wee hours your mind gets hazy radio relay towers won't you lead me to my baby  
Underneath the overpass trooper hits his party light switch  
Goodnight good luck one two powershift I met Wanda when she was employed behind the counter at the route  
60 Bobs Big Boy fried chicken on the front seat she's sittin' in my lap  
We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco roadmap  
I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill with them big brown eyes that make your heart stand still 5 A.M. oil  
pressure's sinkin' fast  
I make a pit stop wipe the windshield check the gas  
Gotta call my baby on the telephone  
Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home  
Sit tight little mamma I'm commin' round I got 3 more hours but I'm coverin' ground Your eyes get itchy in the  
wee wee hours sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers  
Radio's jammed up with gospel stations lost souls callin' long distance salvation  
Hey mr. deejay woncha hear my last prayer hey ho rock 'n roll deliver me from nowhere

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>