

Devil's Arcade

[Bruce Springsteen](#)

Remember the morning we dug up your gun
The worms in the barrel, the hanging sun
Those first nervous evenings of perfume and gin
The lost smell on your breath as I helped you get it in
The rush of your lips, the feel of your name
The beat in your heart, the devil's arcade You said "Heroes are needed, so heroes get made"
Somebody made a bet, somebody paid
The cool desert morning and nothing to save
Just metal and plastic where your body caved
The slow games of poker with Lieutenant Ray
In the ward with the blue walls, a sea with no name
Where you lie adrift with the heroes of the devil's arcade You sleep and you dream, your buddies Charlie and
James
And wake with a thick desert dust on your skin [Instrumental]

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