

Spirit In The Night (live)

Bruce Springsteen

Crazy Janey and her mission man
Were back in the alley tradin' hands
'Long came Wild Billy with his friend G-Man
All duded up for Saturday night
Well, Billy slammed on his coaster brakes
And said, "Anybody want to go on up to Greasy Lake?
It's about a mile down on the dark side of Route 88
I got a bottle of ros  so let's try it
We'll pick up Hazy Davy and Killer Joe
And I'll take you all out to where the gypsy angels go
They're build like light
And they dance like spirits in the night (all night), in the night (all night)
Oh, you don't know what they can do to you
Spirits in the night (all night), in the night (all night)
Stand up right now and let them shoot through you Well now, Wild Billy was a crazy cat
And he shook some dust out of his coonskin cap
He said, "Trust some of this, it'll show you where you're at
Or at least it'll help you really feel it"
By the time we made it up to Greasy Lake
I had my head out the window and Janey's fingers were in the cake
I think I really dug her 'cause I was too loose to fake
I said, I'm hurt, she said, honey, let me heal it
And we danced all night to a soul fairy band
And she kissed me just right, like only a lonely angel can
She felt so nice
Just as soft as a spirit in the night (all night), in the night (all night)
Janey don't know what she do to you
Spirit in the night (all night), in the night (all night)
Stand right up and let her shoot through me Now, the night was bright and the stars threw light
On Billy and Davy dancin' in the moonlight
They were down near the water in a stone mud fight
Killer Joe gone passed out on the lawn
Well now, Hazy Davy got really hurt
He ran into the lake in just his socks and his shirt
Me and Crazy Janey was makin' love in the dirt
Singin' our birthday songs
Janey said it was time to go
So we closed our eyes and said goodbye to Gypsy Angel Row
Felt so right

Together we moved like spirits in the night (all night), in the night (all night) Oh you don't know what they can
do to you
Spirit in the night (all night), all night (all night)
Oh, stand right up and let her shoot through you
Like a spirit in the night (all night), all night (all night)
All night (all night), all night (all night), all night (all night), all night (all night)
All night
All night

Songwriters

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Published by

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