Incident On 57th Street

Bruce Springsteen

Spanish Johnny drove in from the underworld last night
With bruised arms and broken rhythm and a beat-up old Buick but dressed just like dynamite
He tried sellin' his heart to the hard girls over on Easy Street
But they said, "Johnny, it falls apart so easily, and you know hearts these days are cheap"
And the pimps swung their axes and said, "Johnny, you're a cheater"
And the pimps swung their axes and said, "Johnny, you're a liar"
And from out of the shadows came a young girl's voice, said, "Johnny, don't cry"
Puerto Rican Jane, oh, won't you tell me, what's your name?
I want to drive you down to the other side of town
Where paradise ain't so crowded and there'll be action goin' down on Shanty Lane tonight
All the golden-heeled fairies in a real bitch-fight
Pull .38's and kiss their girls goodnightGoodnight, it's alright, Jane
Now let them black boys in to light the soul flame
We may find it out on the street tonight, baby
Or we may walk until the daylight, maybeWell, like a cool Romeo he made his moves, oh, she looked so fine
Like a late Juliet, she knew she'd never be true but then, she really didn't mind
Upstairs a band was playin' and the singer was singin' something about going home
She whispered, "Spanish Johnny, you can leave me tonight, but just don't leave me alone"
And Johnny cried, "Puerto Rican Jane, word is down, the cops have found the vein"
Them barefoot boys left their homes for the woods
Them little barefoot street boys, they said their homes ain't no good
They left the corners, threw away their switchblade knives and kissed each other goodbyeJohnny was sittin' on the fire escape, watchin' the kids playin' down the street
He called down, "Hey little heroes, summer's long, but I guess it ain't very sweet around here anymore"
Janey sleeps in sheets damp with sweat
Johnny sits up alone and watches her dream on, dream on
And the sister prays for lost souls, then breaks down in the chapel after everyone's goneJane moves over to share her pillow but opens her eyes to see Johnny up and putting his clothes on
She says, "Those romantic young boys, all they ever want to do is fight
Those romantic young boys, they're callin' through the window
Hey, Spanish Johnny, you want to make a little easy money tonight?"And Johnny whispered, "Goodnight, it's all tight, Jane
I'll meet you tomorrow night on Lover's Lane
We may find it out on the street tonight, now, baby
Or we may walk until the daylight, maybe"
Goodnight, it's alright, Jane
I'm gonna meet you tomorrow night on Lover's Lane
We can find it out on the street tonight, now, baby
Or we may walk until the daylight, maybe

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