

Rosalita [Come Out Tonight]

Bruce Springsteen

Spread out now Rosie, doctor come cut loose her mama's reins
You know playin' blind man's bluff is a little baby's game
You pick up little dynamite, I'll pick up little gun
And together we're gonna go out tonight and make that highway run
You don't have to call me lieutenant, Rosie, and I don't want to be your son
The only lover I'm ever gonna need's your soft, sweet, little girl's tongue
And Rosie, you're the one Dynamite's in the belfry, baby, playin' with the bats
Little gun's downtown in front of Woolworth's tryin' out his attitude on all the cats
Papa's on the corner, waitin' for the bus
Mama, she's home in the window, waitin' up for us
She'll be there in that chair when they wrestle her upstairs, 'cause you know we ain't gonna come
I ain't here on business, baby, I'm only here for fun
And Rosie, you're the one Rosalita, jump a little higher
Senorita, come sit by my fire
I just want to be your lover, ain't no liar
Rosalita, you're my stone desire Jack the Rabbit and Weak Knee Willie, don't you know they're gonna be there
Ah Sloppy Sue and Big Bone Billy, they'll be coming up for air
We're gonna play some pool, skip some school
Act real cool, stay out all night, it's gonna feel alright
So Rosie, come out tonight, little baby, come out tonight
Windows are for cheaters, chimneys for the poor
Oh, closets are for hangers, winners use the door
So use it, Rosie, that's what it's there for Rosalita, jump a little higher
Senorita, come sit by my fire
I just want to be your lover, ain't no liar
Rosalita, you're my stone desire, alright Now, I know your mama, she don't like me, 'cause I play in a rock and
roll band
And I know your daddy, he don't dig me, but he never did understand
Your papa lowered the boom, he locked you in your room, I'm comin' to lend a hand
I'm comin' to liberate you, confiscate you, I want to be your man
Someday we'll look back on this and it will all seem funny
But now you're sad, your mama's mad
And your papa says he knows that I don't have any money
Oh, your papa says he knows that I don't have any money
Oh, so your daddy says he knows that I don't have any money
Well, tell him this is his last chance to get his daughter in a fine romance
Because a record company, Rosie, just gave me a big advance And my tires were slashed and I almost crashed,
but the Lord had mercy
And my machine, she's a dud, out stuck in the mud somewhere in the swamps of Jersey

Well, hold on tight, stay up all night, 'cause Rosie, I'm comin' on strong
By the time we meet the morning light, I will hold you in my arms
I know a pretty little place in Southern California, down San Diego way
There's a little cafe, where they play guitars all night and all day
You can hear them in the back room strummin'
So hold tight, baby, 'cause don't you know daddy's comin'
Everybody sing Rosalita, jump a little higher
Senorita, come sit by my fire
I just want to be your lover, ain't no liar
Rosalita, you're my stone desire Hey hey hey hey
Hey hey hey hey
Hey hey hey hey
Hey hey hey hey

Songwriters

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Published by

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