

She's the One

Bruce Springsteen

With her killer graces and her secret places that no boy can fill
With her hands on her hips, oh, and that smile on her lips because she knows that it kills me
With her soft French cream, standing in that doorway like a dream, I wish she'd just leave me alone
Because French cream won't soften them boots and French kisses will not break that heart of stone
With her long hair falling and her eyes that shine like a midnight sun
Whoa-oh, she's the one
She's the one That thunder in your heart at night when you're kneeling in the dark,
it say's you're never gonna leave her
But there's this angel in her eyes that tells such desperate lies
and all you want to do is believe her
And tonight you'll try just one more time to leave it all behind and to break on through
Oh, she can take you, but if she wants to break you,
she's gonna find out that ain't so easy to do
And no matter where you sleep tonight or how far you run
Whoa-oh, she's the one
She's the one Oh oh, and just one kiss, she's fill them long summer nights with her tenderness
That secret pact you made, back when her love could save you from the bitterness
Oh, she's the one
Oh, she's the one
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Oh, she's the one

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