

Harry's Place

Bruce Springsteen

Downtown hipsters drinking up the drug line
Down in the kitchen working in the coal mine
Got a special sin, mister, you can't quite confess
Messy little problem, maybe baby need a new dress
Razor-back diamond you shine too hard
Need a hammer help you handle a little trouble in your backyard
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place) When Harry
speaks it's Harry's streets, in Harry's house it's Harry's roads
You don't wanna be around, brother, when Harry scolds
It's Harry's car, Harry's wife, Harry's dogs run Harry's town
Your blood and money spit shines Harry's crown
You don't fuck with Harry's money, you don't fuck Harry's girls
These are the rules, this is the world
(You bring it on down to Harry's Place)
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place) You need a little shot of something, dear, to improve your health
A taste of that one little weakness you allow yourself
You're looking for the key of that box you locked yourself in
Just stood up to the line and be one of Harry's friends
Shadow on the corner, no light, no sign
Nobody on the street 'cept the deaf, dumb, and blind
Now Connor's on the couch, Father McGowan's at the bar
Chief Horden's at the door checking who the fuck you are
C saw Bobby dressed in drag and Mr. Nice
Carry me into a back room and dim the lights
My arms strapped to the table, a thousand angels spinning up the room
A voice whispers in my head, "We do what we must do"
(When we bring it on down to Harry's Place)
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place) Nobody knows his number, nobody knows his name
If he didn't exist, it'd all go on just the same
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)

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