

Murder Incorporated

Bruce Springsteen

Bobby's got a gun that he keeps beneath his pillow
Out on the street your chances are zero
Take a look around you (come on now)
It ain't too complicated

You're messin' with Murder Incorporated Now you check over your shoulder everywhere that you go
Walkin' down the street there's eyes in every shadow
You better take a look around you (come on now)
That equipment you got's so outdated
You can't compete with Murder Incorporated

Everywhere you look now, Murder Incorporated So you keep a little secret down deep inside your dresser drawer
For dealing with the heat you're feelin' out on the killin' floor
No matter where you step you feel you're never out of danger
So the comfort that you keep's a gold-plated-snub-nose-thirty-two
I heard you You got a job downtown, man that leaves your head cold
Everywhere you look life ain't got no soul
That apartment you live in feels like it's just a place to hide
When you're walkin' down the street you won't meet no one eye to eye
The cops reported you as just an another homicide
But I can tell that you were just frustrated
From living with Murder Incorporated
Everywhere you look now, Murder Incorporated
Murder Incorporated

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