

New York City Serenade

Bruce Springsteen

Billy, he's down by the railroad tracks
Sittin' low in the back seat of his Cadillac
Diamond Jackie, she's so intact
She falls so softly beneath him
Jackie's heels are stacked, Billy's got cleats on his boots
Together they're gonna boogaloo down Broadway and come back home with the loot
It's midnight in Manhattan, this is no time to get cute
It's a mad dog's promenade
So walk tall, or baby, don't walk at all

Fish lady, fish lady, fish lady, she baits them tenement walls
She won't take corner boys, ain't got no money and they're so easy
I said, "Hey baby, won't you take my hand, walk me down Broadway
I'm a young man and I talk real loud, yeah baby, walk real proud for you
So shake it away, so shake away your street life
And hook up to the train
Hook up to the night train
Hook it up, hook up to the, hook up to the train"
But I know that she won't take the train
No, she won't take the train
No, she won't take the train
No, she won't take the train
She's afraid them tracks are gonna slow her down
And when she turns, this boy'll be gone
So long, sometimes you just gotta walk on

Hey vibes man, hey jazz man, play me your serenade
Any deeper blue and you're playin' in your grave
Save your notes, don't spend 'em on the blues boy
Save your notes, don't spend 'em on the darlin' yearlin' sharp boy
Straight for the church note ringin', vibes man sting a trash can
Listen to your junk man
Listen to your junk man
Listen to your junk man
Listen to your junk man
He's singin', singin', singin', singin'
All dressed up in satin, walkin' past the alley
Watch out for your junk man
Watch out for your junk man
Watch out for your junk man

