

Open All Night

Bruce Springsteen

Well, I had the carburetor, baby, cleaned and checked with her
line blown out she's hummin' like a turbojet
Propped her up in the backyard on concrete blocks for a new clutch plate and a new set of shocks
Took her down to the carwash, check the plugs and points
Well, I'm goin' out tonight. I'm gonna rock that joint

Early north Jersey industrial skyline I'm a all-set cobra jet creepin' through the nighttime
Gotta find a gas station, gotta find a payphone this turnpike sure is spooky at night when you're all alone
Gotta hit the gas, baby. I'm running late, this New Jersey in the mornin' like a lunar landscape

Now, the boss don't dig me, so he put me on the nightshift
It's an all night run to get back to where my baby lives
In the wee wee hours your mind gets hazy radio relay towers, won't you lead me to my baby?
Underneath the overpass, trooper hits his party light switch
Goodnight good luck one two power shift

I met Wanda when she was employed behind the counter at route 60 Bob's Big Boy
Fried Chicken on the front seat, she's sittin' in my lap
We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco roadmap
I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill with them big brown eyes that make your heart stand still

Well, at five a.m., oil pressure's sinkin' fast
I make a pit stop, wipe the windshield, check the gas
Gotta call my baby on the telephone
Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home
Sit tight, little mama, I'm comin' 'round I got three more hours, but I'm
coverin' ground

Your eyes get itchy in the wee wee hours sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers
Radio's jammed up with gospel stations lost souls callin' long distance salvation
Hey, mister deejay, woncha hear my last prayer hey, ho, rock'n' roll, deliver me from nowhere