Janey Needs a Shooter

Bruce Springsteen

Well, Janey's got a doctor who tears apart her insides
He investigates her and silently baits her sighs
He probes with his fingers
But knows her heart only through his stethoscope
His hands are cold and his body's so old
Janey turns him down like dope

Janey needs a shooter now
A shooter like me on her side
Janey needs a shooter now
A shooter man who knows her style
The way that I know her style

Well, Janey's got a priest, from his marble pulpit he smiles
He provides consolation and hears her confession anytime
In the pages of his Bible he holds from what Janey he hides
And with her doors open wide, she begs, "Come inside"
But he's been frozen so long on the outside

Janey needs a shooter now
A shooter like me on her side
Janey needs a shooter now
A shooter man who knows her style
The way that I know her style

Well, Janey's got a cop who lives around the block
And checks on her every night
And her skin turned pale as the siren he'd wail outside
When he knew I was inside
Janey's small and sometimes he scared her
So I held her real close, she was more a saint than a ghost
And told her I so long had been prepared for her

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The way that I know her style
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