

Jazz Musician

Bruce Springsteen

Well it's Saturday night in New Jersey
And you're feeling kinda wet
Now the summer heat is getting you worried
So you try to look as innocent as you can as you sweat
And you've got a woman on the other side of the law
But it ain't cool to go see her yet
Because her ex-old man's a city cop
Who thinks he's auditioning for Dragnet
So you stand on the corner looking kinda torn
And in the Blue Light Lounge
Where death was born
The jazz musician blows his horn

You pop a letter to your baby in Richmond
'Cause you're feeling pretty down
She's kinda small but at least she's a rich one
Oh, and she needs you real bad
And sometimes that's all that counts
You had a teenage band and flying hands
And oh, you was pretty big, you were pretty big in the
South
But you passed out on stage and flew into a rage
And someone tried to revive you
mouth to mouth
You felt a pain in your chest
As you passed the crown
And in the Blue Light Lounge
The lights went down
And the audience slipped silently out of town

Well now the atheist he burns you for laughing out loud
Because he can't understand what you're saying
And the word's out when they pushed him in the hole
Everybody knows that he went out praying
Oh, now the park is dark but the sidewalk's bright
And alive with the light of the living
Oh and mama can I walk you home tonight
'Cause it's a big bad city
And this boy's got a lot for the giving I'm stranded in the jungle
First stage witness at a company killing
I'm clutching my high school diploma, shuffling my feet
Promised sixty bucks a week
And guaranteed top billing
Well you can live a life of love in New York
Only if you don't, if you don't love living
And I met this taxi driver who drives me around town
Telling tales of his back seat women

And out on the corner there's no room to move
'Cause everybody's trying so hard to groove
And in the Blue Light Lounge
The jazz musician plays his blues