

# Jungleland

Bruce Springsteen

The rangers had a homecoming in Harlem late last night  
And the Magic Rat drove his sleek machine over the Jersey state  
line

Barefoot girl sitting on the hood of a Dodge  
Drinking warm beer in the soft summer rain  
The Rat pulls into town, rolls up his pants  
Together they take a stab at romance and disappear down Flamingo  
Lane

Well the Maximum Lawman run down Flamingo chasing the Rat and the  
barefoot girl  
And the kids round here look just like shadows, always quiet, holding  
hands  
From the churches to the jails tonight all is silence in the world  
As we take our stand down in Jungleland

The midnight gang's assembled and picked a rendezvous for the night  
They'll meet 'neath that giant Exxon sign that brings this fair  
city light  
Man, there's an opera out on the Turnpike  
There's a ballet being fought out in the alley  
Until the local cop's cherry-top rips this holy night  
The street's alive as secret debts are paid  
Contacts made, they vanish unseen  
Kids flash guitars just like switch-  
blades, hustling for the record machine  
The hungry and the hunted explode into rock'n'roll bands  
That face off against each other out in the street  
Down in Jungleland

In the parking lot the visionaries dress in the latest rage  
Inside the backstreet girls are dancing to the records that the  
D.J. plays  
Lonely-hearted lovers struggle in dark corners  
Desperate as the night moves on, just one look and a whisper, and  
they're gone

Beneath the city two hearts beat  
Soul engines running through a night so tender  
In a bedroom locked, in whispers of soft refusal, and then surrender  
In the tunnels uptown, the Rat's own dream guns him down  
As shots echo down the hallways in the night  
No one watches, and the ambulance pulls away  
Or as the girl shuts out the bedroom light

Outside the street's on fire in a real death waltz  
Between what's flesh and what's fantasy  
Man, the poets down here don't write nothing at all,  
They just stand back and let it all be  
And in the quick of the night, they reach for their moment and  
try to make an honest stand  
But they wind up wounded, not even dead  
Tonight in Jungleland