

# Murder Incorporated

Bruce Springsteen

Bobby's got a gun that he keeps beneath his pillow  
Out on the street your chances are zero  
Take a look around you (come on down)  
It ain't too complicated  
You're messin' with Murder Incorporated

Now you check over your shoulder everywhere that you go  
Walkin' down the street, there's eyes in every shadow  
You better take a look around you (come on down)  
That equipment you got's so outdated  
You can't compete with Murder Incorporated  
Everywhere you look now, Murder Incorporated

So you keep a little secret down deep inside your dresser drawer  
From dealing with the heat you're feelin' down on the killin' floor  
No matter where you step you feel you're never out of danger  
So the comfort that you keep's a gold-plated snub-nose thirty-two  
I heard that you

You got a job downtown, man it leaves your head cold  
And everywhere you look life ain't got no soul  
That apartment you live in feels like it's just a place to hide  
When your walkin' down the streets you won't meet no one eye to eye  
The cops reported you as just another homicide  
But I can tell that you was just frustrated  
from livin' with Murder Incorporated

Everywhere you look now  
Murder Incorporated