

Out in the Street

Bruce Springsteen

Put on your best dress baby
And darlin', fix your hair up right
Cause there's a party, honey
Way down beneath the neon lights
All day you've been working that hard line
Now tonight you're gonna have a good time

I work five days a week girl
Loading crates down on the dock
I take my hard earned money
And meet my girl down on the block
And Monday when the foreman calls time
I've already got Friday on my mind

When that whistle blows
Girl, I'm down the street
I'm home, I'm out of my work clothes
When I'm out in the street
I walk the way I wanna walk
When I'm out in the street
I talk the way I wanna talk
When I'm out in the street
When I'm out in the street

When I'm out in the street, girl
Well, I never feel alone
When I'm out in the street, girl
In the crowd I feel at home
The black and whites they cruise by
And they watch us from the corner of their eye

But there ain't no doubt, girl, down here
We ain't gonna take what they're handing out
When I'm out in the street
I walk the way I wanna walk
When I'm out in the street
I talk the way I wanna talk
Baby, out in the street I don't feel sad or blue
Baby, out in the street I'll be waiting for you

When the whistle blows
Girl, I'm down the street
I'm home, I'm out of my work clothes
When I'm out in the street
I walk the way I wanna walk
When I'm out in the street
I talk the way I wanna talk

When I'm out in the street
Pretty girls, they're all passing by
When I'm out in the street
From the corner, we give them the eye

Baby, out in the street I just feel all right
Meet me out in the street, little girl, tonight
Meet me out in the street
Meet me out in the street