

Santa Ana

Bruce Springsteen

From the tin rooftop the little boy did watch the procession do
wn through town
Through the museum where Daniel whupped the Devil with them boy
s from the underground
Where the Giants of Science fight for tight control over the wi
ldlands of New Mexico
Sam Houston's ghost's in Texas fighting for his soul
And the townsfolk rest uneasy beneath the guns of Kid Cole (ahh
hh)
And the kid says, "Hey, where is Santa Ana?"
He who could romance the dumb into talking
Take a chance with me tonight, my contessa
If it don't work out I ain't lame, I can walk, hey!

Now some folks think cancer's taken to the streets of this town
But Sandy eats her candy and then lays her money down
Them cats are in from the canyons to strut their stuff in town
But there's only secret sinners here, Lord, there's only secret
thieves
Only a fool would try to save what the desert chose to leave
And now, hey there, senorita, with your playboys in their Spani
sh bandanas
French cream won't soften those boots, baby
French kisses will not break your heart, oh!

(O-ho, o-ho, o-ho, o-ho, o-ho, o-ho, ohh)

Oh, painted night set free with light glows outside the Rainbow
Saloon
Matching braces with a Spanish lady 'neath a graduation moon
No more colleges, no more coronations, some punk's idea of a te
enage nation
Has forced Santa Ana to change his station from soldier to cart
oon
And the Giants of Science spend their days and nights
Not with wives, not with lovers, but searching for the lights
They spotted in the desert on their helicopter flights
Just to be lost in the dust and the night
Hey, now my contessa, in your juke joint rags you always bring
candy for the kids
Come waltz with me tonight senorita 'cause only fools are alone
on a night like this, oh!

Woahhh, ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Woahhh, you're callin', come on darlin'
Alright!
Woahhhhh
Woahhh, alright

Woah, ha, woah