

# Sleepy Joe's Café

Bruce Springsteen

There's a place out on the highway 'cross the San Bernardino line  
Where the truckers and the bikers gather every night at the same time  
At seven the band comes in and locals dance the night away  
At Sleepy Joe's Café

I drive on down from the big town Friday when the clock strikes five  
As the red sun sets in the ocean, I start to come alive  
Summer girls in the parking lot slap on their makeup and they flirt the night away  
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Joe came home in '45 and took out a G.I. loan  
On a sleepy little spot an Army cook could call his own

He married May, the highway come in and they woke up to find  
They were sitting on top of a pretty little gold mine

Saturday night the lights are bright as the folks pour in from town  
Joe keeps the blues playin', at the bar May lays the beers down  
I come through the door and feel the workweek slip away  
See you out on the floor and Monday morning's a million miles away  
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