

# The E Street Shuffle

Bruce Springsteen

Sparks fly on E Street when the boy prophets walk it handsome and hot  
All the little girls' souls grow weak when the man-child gives them a double shot  
Them schoolboy pops pull out all the stops on a Friday night  
The teenage tramps in skintight pants do the E Street dance and everything's all right  
Well the kids down there are either dancing or hooked up in a scuffle  
Dressed in snakeskin suits packed with Detroit muscle  
They're doin' the E Street Shuffle

Now those E Street brats in twilight duel flash like phantoms in full star stream  
Down fire trails on silver nights with blonde girls pledged sweet sixteen  
The newsboys say the heat's been bad since Power Thirteen gave a trooper all he had in a summer scuffle  
And Power's girl, Little Angel, been on the corner keepin' those crazy boys out of trouble  
Little Angel steps the shuffle like she ain't got no brains  
She's death in combat down on Lover's Lane  
She drives all them local boys insane

Little Angel says, "Oh, oh, everybody form a line  
Oh, oh, everybody form a line"

Sparks light on E Street when the boy prophets walk it handsome and hot  
All them little girls' souls grow weak when the man-child gives them a double shot  
Little Angel hangs out at Easy Joe's, it's a club where all the riot squad goes when they're cashin' in for a cheap hustle  
But them boys are still on the corner loose and doin' that lazy E Street Shuffle  
As them sweet summer nights turn into summer dreams  
Little Angel picks up Power and he slips on his jeans  
And they move on out down to the scene  
All the kids are dancin'