

Tiger Rose

Bruce Springsteen

Tiger rose, let me read some prose to you
Just as long as it shows my love, any verse will do
Honey, I could make you happy if you'd only let me heaven knows
My, my, tiger rose

Well, I went to work as usual on the local commuter train
I snuck back home early and I tiptoed to the window pane
There was a man eating from my refrigerator
He was dressed up in my clothes
Why, why, tiger rose?

I told you, you weren't any better
Than all those other dirty so-and-sos
You said I wasn't any different than a thousand other Joe Blows
Well, love disappears so quickly and when it goes it goes
Why, why, tiger rose?

My, my, tiger rose