

Bruce Springsteen, And The Band Played

The moon hung like a shadow on a rung over Shangai
Them soldier boys were returning home screaming "Banzai"
And the kids are still playing their games
Gettin hustled and rustled out in the rain
As I sat inside listening to the broadcast
Oh save my soul sweet rock'n'roll 'cause I'm sinkin' fast
And then the band played
Out of nowhere, it was alright

Well now the legendary chaplain of the fightin' 51st was gettin' ready to go
I said: Padre, do you know a cheap virgin who like to tango?
He said: You can try Linda Lee,
Around the corner and across the sea
Oh word is out word is out she's fast
Oh blow me down Linda 'cause I'm sinkin' fast

Yes and them cats are sure getting fat
down in the train yard
And the sandman brings them dreams
to ship out in boxcars
The union says hold, break out the dice, break out the gold
It's lunchtime at last

And old Big Mama said: "Georges Raft's tonight on the late show"
She sits straddlin' a kitchen chair, really gung-ho
She shivers with chills, wet with her slot-card thrills
Hypnotically lost in the glass
And we all sigh with the sunrise
As we watch the credits pass
And the little blue dot went away

And then the morning cloak fell down
like a hoax over Sleepytown
Them garbage truck vigilantes out making their last rounds
The inheritor he sipped his beer
And poked fun at the queer
And threatened to kick his ass

And the bell rings, a horn blows
And he's outside pumpin' gas
But the things were movin' so slow tonight
So the kid goes back inside the station
And turns on his radio to his local AM station
And then the band played
Right on the radio, it was alright
And the boys in the band sung
And the band played, everybody