

Bruce Springsteen, Arabian Nights

Shrieks of Sheiks as they run across the movie screen
A thousand sand-dune soldiers led by an Arabian Queen
And the harem girls move like fancy (Clancy's) dancers
In my dirty dreams
And I wake up on the floor clutching the bed-lamp
And Mama comes in, she screams
"Hey you been out with that tramp again last night
You know that silver-sequined Arab black bitch
The one that Mama don't like ?"
But Mama she sings me moontime melodies
With this great Top 40 hook
She shrugs her shoulders, she don't care
Papa just stares and says "Mary, look the girl's alright
The girl's alright"

And there's a tenseness in the air-----He turns and says
Don't you know, can't you feel it-----"Tell me son, what's the word ?"
Because there's something hanging there--'Cos you know he can't hear it
Pull back the mist and reveal it-----But don't go near it
And even if you fear what you near-----It's criticized as too absurd
Don't conceal it-----Even the animals fear it
'Cos if what Mama feels is too real-----Papa says "Fetch me my flashlight,
son"
She just claims she don't feel it-----And she stumbles out the front door

So come out from behind your bunkers
'Cos the lift-off's been a bust
Oh Papa's Gone and Mama's dead
And buried in my rocket dust
You're alone now for the first time
Don't worry, 'cos that's all right
All fear will completely disappear
Come the Arabian Night

Well the soundman smiles and turns the dials
To set the meter readin' rising
He pulls the singer's voice from out of his pocket
To see if the audience likes it
Oh and in the very first row sits sweet Jenny Rue
With a bell on her shoe and she wants him to make it
He flicks a switch but Jenny moves too fast
And the audience sways to the sound of her shotgun blast
The manager comes running out from behind stage and says
Check the band's arms for bullet holes
Make that man roll up his sleeves"
The drummer shoots himself with cyanide
And then asks to be relieved
And me, I say "Well, it's too crazy in here
Which is the stage door out, I gotta get up tomorrow morning for work"
And the promoter says "Man, once you're in they all lead out
What's the matter man, ain't you heard ?
There's a war going on on the outside
And I'm paying you to sing like a bird
So get in and get tough or get up and get out
Because things aren't too tight"
I said "Don't worry, man, everything's gonna loosen up
Come the Arabian Night"
Come the Arabian Night

So I get back in my bed
But outside my window I hear another gang fight
It's Duke and the boys against the Devil's best man
And both sides have drawn their knives
And Duke he's a well-known knife-fighter

And with one quick jab he brings the Devil down
He smiles 'cos he knows there's a high bounty on Devils
In any God-fearin' town
Well they say Duke sold the Devil to some priest in Pennsylvania
To exhibit on his altar Christmas Night
But the Devil's eyes they still burn red with fire
As long as Duke walks upright
And he swears there's a going to be a showdown
Come sundown on the Arabian night