

Bruce Springsteen, Balboa Park

He lay his blanket underneath the freeway
As the evening sky grew dark
Took a sniff of toncho from his cocaine
And headed thru Balboa Park
Where the men in their Mercedes
Come nightly to employ
In the cool San Diego evening
The services of the border boys
He grew up near the Zona Norte
With the hustlers and smugglers he hung out with
He swallowed their balloons of cocaine
Brought them across to the 12th streetstrip
Sleepin' in a shelter
If the night got to cold
Runnin' from the migra
Of the border patrol

Past the salvage yard 'cross the train tracks
And in thru the storm drain
They stretched their blankets out 'neath the freeway
And each one took a name
There was X-man and Cochise
Little Spider his sneakers covered in river mud
They come north to California
End up with the poison in their blood

He did what he had to for the money
Sometimes he sent home what he could spare
The rest went to high-top sneakers and toncho
And jeans like the gavachos wear

One night the border patrol swept 12th Street
A big car came fast down the Boulevard
Spider stood caught in its headlights
Got hit and went down hard
As the car sped away
Spider held his stomach
Limped to his blanket 'neath the freeway
Lay there tasting his own blood on his tongue
Closed his eyes and listened to he cars
Rushin' by so fast