

Bruce Springsteen, Club Soul City

Pack up your bags
Don't look back
There's a little place
Out 'cross the the railroad tracks
If you're broken-hearted
And you don't know what to do
But they got a place down there that's just for you

Club Soul, Club Soul City, yeah yeah yeah
Club Soul, Club Soul City, oh yeah

There's a waitress at the back bar
Goes with the the guy that runs the place
She's got hair like a weeping willow
And tears running down her face
She's seen a lot of guys like you coming around
Looking for something that they've lost
Or trying to lose something that they've found
Down at

Club Soul, Club Soul City, yeah yeah yeah
Club Soul, Club Soul City, oh yeah

So if you're down on your spirit
And there ain't no-one who cares
If you're lost and you're lonely
You won't be lonely down there
You can't miss it, it's just up the highway
On the front door there's a sign that says
Restricted to the losing kind

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