

Bruce Springsteen, I Want You

The guilty undertaker sighs
The lonesome organ grinder cries
The silver saxophone says
I should refuse you
The cracked bells and washed out horns
Blow into my face with scorn
But it's not that way
I wasn't born to lose you
I want you I want you
I want you so bad
Honey I want you

The drunken politician leaps
Upon the streets where mothers weep
And the saviors who are fast asleep
They wait for you
And I wait for them to interrupt
Me drinking from my broken cup
And ask me to open up
The gate for you

Now all my fathers
They've gone down
True love
They've been without it
But all their daughters
Put me down
'Cause I don't
Think about it

Well I return to the queen of spades
And talk with my chamber maid
She knows that I'm not afraid to
Look at her
She is good to me and there's
Nothing she doesn't see
She knows where I'd like to be
But it doesn't matter
Now your dancing child with the chinese suit
He spoke to me I took his flute
No I wasn't very cute to him
Was I
But I did it because he lied
Because he took you for a ride
And because time was on his side
And because I
Want you I want you
I want you so bad
Honey I want you