

# Bruce Springsteen, Iceman

Sleepy town ain't got the guts to budge  
Baby, this emptiness has already been judged  
I wanna go out tonight, I wanna find out what I got

You're a strange part of me, you're a preacher's girl  
And I don't want no piece of this mechanical world  
Got my arms open wide and my blood is running hot

We'll take the midnight road right to the devil's door  
And even the white angels of Eden with their flamin' swords  
Won't be able to stop us from hitting town in this dirty old Ford

Well it don't take no nerve when you got nothing to guard  
I got tombstones in my eyes and I'm running real hard  
My baby was a lover and the world just blew her away

Once they tried to steal my heart, beat it right outta my head  
But baby they didn't know that I was born dead  
I am the iceman, fighting for the right to live  
I say better than the glory roads of heaven better off riding  
Hellbound in the dirt, better than the bright lines of the freeway  
Better than the shadows of your daddy's church