Bruce Springsteen, Loose Change

Met her at a friendly little bar down along the coast She said it was her birthday so we had us a nice little toast Drove around for a while, smoked a few cigarettes Took her back to my place, she slipped off her party dress She sat for a while on the edge of the bed just talkin' Loose change in my pocket Loose change in my pocket

Pint of gin in my boot cuff, I'm drivin' for a drink and a dance Sittin' on the next stool, miss a little time on her hands Yeah I knew she was trouble, but trouble sure was lookin' fine And when I pulled her close what I knew kinda slipped my mind We lay in bed and watched the moon come up crawling Loose change in my pocket Loose change in my pocket

I pour another drink, wait for the night to get through Stars are burning in that black void so far away and blue

Now I'm sittin' at a red light I feel somethin' tickin' way down
The night's moving like a slow train crawling through this shithole town
Got my bags packed in the back and I'm tryin' to get going again
But red just goes to green and green goes red and then
Then all I hear's the clock on the dash tick-tocking
Loose change in my pocket