

# Bruce Springsteen, Open All Night

Well, I had the carburator, baby, cleaned and checked  
With her line blown out she's hummin' like a turbojet  
Propped her up in the backyard on concrete blocks  
For a new clutch plate and a new set of shocks  
Took her down to the carwash, check the plugs and point  
Well, I'm goin' out tonight. I'm gonna rock that joint  
Early north Jersey industrial skyline  
I'm a all-set cobra jet creepin' through the nighttime  
Gotta find a gas station, gotta find a pay phone  
This turnpike sure is spooky at night when you're all alone  
Gotta hit the gas, baby. I'm running late  
This New Jersey in the mornin' like a lunar landscape

Now, the boss don't dig me, so he put me on the night shift  
It's an all-night run to get back to where my baby lives  
In the wee, wee hours your mind gets hazy  
Radio relays towers, won't you lead me to my baby?  
Underneath the overpass, trooper hits his party light switch  
Good night, good luck. One, two power shift  
I met Wanda when she was employed  
Behind the counter at Route Sixty Bob's Big Boy Fried Chicken  
On the front seat, she's sittin' in my lap  
We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco road map  
I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill  
With them big brown eyes that make your heart stand still  
Well, at five a.m., oil pressure's sinkin' fast

I make a pit stop, wipe the windshield, check the gas  
Gotta call my baby on the telephone  
Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home  
Sit tight, little mama, I'm comin' `round  
I got three more hours, but I'm coverin' ground  
Your eyes get itchy in the wee, wee hours  
Sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers  
Radio's jammed up with gospel stations  
Lost souls callin' long distance salvation  
Hey, mister deejay, won'tcha hear my last prayer?  
Hey, ho, rock'n'roll, deliver me from nowhere