

# Bruce Springsteen, Out In The Street

Put on your best dress baby  
And darlin', fix your hair up right  
Cause there's a party, honey  
Way down beneath the neon lights  
All day you've been working that hard line  
Now tonight you're gonna have a good time  
I work five days a week girl  
Loading crates down on the dock  
I take my hard earned money  
And meet my girl down on the block  
And Monday when the foreman calls time  
I've already got Friday on my mind  
When that whistle blows  
Girl, I'm down the street  
I'm home, I'm out of my work clothes  
When I'm out in the street  
I walk the way I wanna walk  
When I'm out in the street  
I talk the way I wanna talk  
When I'm out in the street  
When I'm out in the street

When I'm out in the street, girl  
Well, I never feel alone  
When I'm out in the street, girl  
In the crowd I feel at home  
The black and whites they cruise by  
And they watch us from the corner of their eye  
But there ain't no doubt girl, down here  
We ain't gonna take what they're handing out  
When I'm out in the street  
I walk the way I wanna walk  
When I'm out in the street  
I talk the way I wanna talk  
Baby, out in the street I don't feel sad or blue  
Baby, out in the street I'll be waiting for you

When the whistle blows  
Girl, I'm down the street  
I'm home, I'm out of my work clothes  
When I'm out in the street  
I walk the way I wanna walk  
When I'm out in the street  
I talk the way I wanna talk  
When I'm out in the street  
Pretty girls, they're all passing by  
When I'm out in the street  
From the corner, we give them the eye  
Baby, out in the street I just feel all right  
Meet me out in the street, little girl, tonight  
Meet me out in the street  
Meet me out in the street