

Bruce Springsteen, Queen Of The Supermarket

There's a wonderful world where all you desire
and everything you've longed for is at your fingertips,
where the bittersweet taste of life is at your lips,
where aisles and aisles of dreams await you,
the cool promise of ecstasy fills the air.
At the end of each working day she's waiting there.

I'm in love with the queen of the supermarket.
As the evening sky turns blue,
a dream awaits in aisle number two.

With my shopping cart I move through the heart
of a sea of fools so blissfully unaware
that they're in the presence of something wonderful and rare.
The way she moves behind the counter.
Beneath her white apron her secrets remain hers.
As she bag the groceries, her eyes so bored and sure she's unobserved.

I'm in love with the queen of the supermarket.
There's nothing I can say.
Each night I take my groceries
and I drift away.
And I drift away.

Guidance from the gods above.
At night I pray for the strength to tell her
why I love, I love, I love, I love her so.
Take my place in the checkout line
till one moment, her eyes meet mine
and lift it up, lift it up, lift it up, lift it up.

I'm in love with the queen of the supermarket.
Though a company cap covers her hair,
nothing can hide the beauty waiting there
The beauty waiting there.

I'm in love with the queen of the supermarket.
I'm in love with the queen of the supermarket.

As I lift my groceries into my car
I turn back for a moment and catch a smile
that blows this whole fuckin' place apart.

I'm in love with the queen of the supermarket.
I'm in love with the queen of the supermarket.
I'm in love with the queen of the supermarket.