

Bruce Springsteen, Street Queen

She got high class,
She rides around in a cut down Chevy machine.
Her eyes are plate glass,
Oh and legs like a limousine.
She comes stocked with sass,
And pride ain't there to be mean.
She's the baddest thing this town's ever seen.
Oh, Street Queen.

Well, she got a turbine engine, mama,
With maximum thrust.
Cadillac hips, she's got the best on the strip,
She knows how to use a clutch.
She comes on shiny and black,
And, boys, if you hit her you better be tough.
Oh she's the slickest thing that I've ever seen.
Oh, Street Queen.

And you can always tell a moment she's around,
You can hear the loud engine roaring.
She says, "Come on, get in. Hey baby, you want to go for a ride?"
I know she sets your mind soaring.
Oh and the boys, they jump back,
As that engine unwinds.
I'm glued to my seat, mama,
As I watch that speed-o-meter climb.
Oh she moves so fast she's almost obscene.
Street Queen.

Well, if you're going to come streakin' down my street, baby,
Like an angel with them Chevy Wings.
If you're going to come streakin' down my street, baby,
Like an angel with them Chevy Wings.
You better watch out, Street Queen,
Cause you're messing with the king.