

Bruce Springsteen, Two Hearts In True Waltz Time

Well the first frame finds her running
But the night pushes her deep within the tunnel
She camouflages herself in dayglo paint
And she sings her love songs through a funnel
And she clings to the walls like a cat who calls
The shots for life and for death
Wearing nothing but the make-up she uses
To try and cover up for herself
Well if she can't hide her sword
She gives no terms for surrender
'Cause she's living the Third World War

The Tunnel Police, they steadily increase
The search for where she hides her kid
She swings on a vine across the State Line
they measured the length of her skid
She never goes back to do something she didn't
Or undo something she did
Smoke streams from the street
And the night is complete
With a long and fiery belch
She's just another Orphan Annie cartoon and a Raquel Welch

She rides like Caesar, brandishing a whip
On the hood of his squad car
As the siren wails she silently sails
Leaving footprints in the tar
Oh she breaks with the dawn
And by morning she's gone
Leaving nothing but another night
She returns to her home
Like a dog returns to a bone
Another unsatisfied wife

And there's little Booth
Secure from the truth
He wants her more than he's got the guts to say
'Cause as she needs to be real
He needs to conceal
The realness of his place
So he sings a little song
And in a chiffon sarong
She performs a black ballet in space
But she's another flop with a fancy name
And he's just another cop with a pretty face
So together they commit the ultimate crime
Two hearts locked in true waltz time