

# Bruce Springsteen, Balboa Park

He lay his blanket underneath the freeway  
As the evening sky grew dark  
Took a sniff of toncho from his cocaine  
And headed thru Balboa Park  
Where the men in their Mercedes  
Come nightly to employ  
In the cool San Diego evening  
The services of the border boys  
He grew up near the Zona Norte  
With the hustlers and smugglers he hung out with  
He swallowed their balloons of cocaine  
Brought them across to the 12th streetstrip  
Sleepin' in a shelter  
If the night got to cold  
Runnin' from the migra  
Of the border patrol

Past the salvage yard 'cross the train tracks  
And in thru the storm drain  
They stretched their blankets out 'neath the freeway  
And each one took a name  
There was X-man and Cochise  
Little Spider his sneakers covered in river mud  
They come north to California  
End up with the poison in their blood

He did what he had to for the money  
Sometimes he sent home what he could spare  
The rest went to high-top sneakers and toncho  
And jeans like the gavachos wear

One night the border patrol swept 12th Street  
A big car came fast down the Boulevard  
Spider stood caught in its headlights  
Got hit and went down hard  
As the car sped away  
Spider held his stomach  
Limped to his blanket 'neath the freeway  
Lay there tasting his own blood on his tongue  
Closed his eyes and listened to he cars  
Rushin' by so fast