Bruce Springsteen, Cindy

I pick you up with flowers When you get off from work It's like you don't even care

It's like I'm some kind of jerk

I take you out on a date

And then you won't even kiss me

Boy when I ain't around

I'll bet you don't even miss me

I don't know why

I love you like I do

I try and try

You treat me like a fool

It makes me want to cry

It makes me feel so blue

But I just do, baby, I just do

I call you up

Just to pass the time

Soon as you hear my voice

You disconnect the line

And when I call you back

Your mother says you ain't home

Cindy I know that's you on the other end of this phone

Oh in this world

There ain't another like you

My little candy girl

So hard-hearted and cruel

I think that's what

Keeps me coming back

I'm a fool for you Cindy and I like it like that

I came to get you last night

Cindy, at quarter to six

Your daddy came to the door

He said Cindy got sick

She got sent home from work

With a note from the nurse

And my very presenceWould make your condition worse

But it ain't your health

'Cause well you sure look fine

Little girl it's something else

That's on my mind

Well you can give it to me

'Cause if it's good enough for you

It's good enough for me

I don't know why

I love you like I do

You make me cry

And feel like such a fool

I guess I like it

When you hurt me this way

You dish it out and I just put it away