

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 presence would 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