

Bruce Springsteen, Frankie

Dark weekends in the sun out on Chelsea Road
Descending the stairs, Frankie, my one
Check your makeup in the mirror c'mon babe let's go
We'll dance 'round this dirty town 'til the night is all done
Let all the finer things sleep alone tonight
Let all the minor kings lose their thrones tonight
Don't worry about us, baby, we'll be alright

Well everybody's dying, this town's closing down
They're all sittin' down at the courthouse waiting for 'em to take the flag down
I see strange flashes in the sky up above
Gonna spend the night at the drive-in with the one that I love
At dusk the stars all appear on the screen
Yeah, just like they do each night in my dreams
But tonight's no dream, Frankie, I can feel myself too
Well now and forever my love is for you

Walk softly tonight little stranger
Yeah into these shadows we're passing through
Talk softly tonight, little angel
You make all my dream worlds come true

Well lately I've been standing out in the freezing rain
Readin' them want ads out on Chelsea Road
I'm winging down the street in search of new games
Hustling through these nightlights' diamond glow
Well Frankie I don't know what I'm gonna find
Maybe nothing at all, maybe a world I can call mine
Shining like these streetlights down here on the strand
Bright as the rain in the palm of your hand

Walk softly tonight, little stranger
Into the shadows where lovers go
Talk softly to me, little angel