

Bruce Springsteen, Henry Boy

They broke your toys this morning, Henry
Rode your board right into dust
Surrounded you with strangers who you could not trust
And then they had the gall
To write your name up on the girls' room wall
And send you out to Maria
Who spoke of babies and all
And wanted to shoot your joy
It's a hard world when you're the new kid in town
Ain't it, Henry Boy

Well the North side is for diamond-studded woman
Subtly selling their wares
And the West side is for debutantes
And would be millionaires
Oh the East side is for lost boys
Who know their moves too well
The South side is for gamblers, Henry Boy
The train stops once for Hell
It's a hard world when they're forcing you
To live your life out on Broadway
But Henry I'm sure you're gonna like it well

The constellation she points to Gate Eleven
That's where you got your connections
Let me take a look inside my magic book
I don't think you're beyond my inventions
Oh these doctor's appendages I'm giving you for wings
I'm sure it'll meet the occasion
I'm gonna mix you some magic, you'll spittin' sparks
And ready for the invasion

Oh and the Milky Way's a trip for dippers
They saw ya coming a mile away
In the amusement park you'll get clipped by rippers
Hiding behind candy 'cades
In the alleyway you'll get ripped by strippers
All who know your name
In the stalls sit the soldier-boy kissers
On leave for just a day
And Henry couldn't take it
He's gonna be a submariner
Riding underground for the Pope
Gonna stand on the corner of Broadway
And scream: "Up 'scope"